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Prakaṭārthavivaraṇam

[A COMMENTARY ON THE PRADYAKSHIKASŪTRA OF ŚRI ŚANKARA]

VOLUME I

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LIFE

PREFACE

THIS abridged edition of Trevelyan's 'Life of Macaulay' has been prepared with the primary object of making that standard biography suitable, in size and substance, for detailed study by students in Indian Universities. An account of Macaulay's life and opinions is here given as nearly as possible in Macaulay's own words, by means of extracts from his letters, journals and speeches ; and it is hoped that the result might be found acceptable to the general reader as well as to the undergraduate student.

K. S.

INTRODUCTION

I. SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN

Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Baronet, O.M., P.C., LL.D., D.C.L., D.L., (1838-1928), was the son of Sir Charles Trevelyan, an Indian Civil Servant,¹ who was Assistant Secretary to the Treasury² in England between 1840 and 1859, and later Governor of Madras and Financial Member of Council to the Government of India. His mother was Macaulay's sister, Hannah More. His elder sister, Margaret,³ born in India in 1835, married in 1858 Sir Henry Holland, who later became Lord Knutsford. Sir George's three sons are: (1) Sir Charles P. Trevelyan, Baronet, P.C., President of the Board of Education in the two Labour Ministries; (2) Mr. R. C. Trevelyan, the famous poet and translator; and (3) Mr. G. M. Trevelyan, O.M., Regius Professor of History at Cambridge, and the author of several works on English and Italian history. Sir George and all his sons were educated at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Macaulay looked upon his nieces, Margaret and Alice, and his nephew, George, as his own children; and "a happier, a more affectionate, a more book-loving, talk-loving, laughter-loving household there was not in Britain, especially whenever 'Uncle Tom' came round to make up the number."⁴ In order to keep pace with Uncle Tom's jokes and allusions, Margaret, Alice and George developed "a strong book-mindedness", which they never shook off, and they read great masses of history and poetry as a pleasure and a pastime.

¹ See pages 78-80.

² See pages 118 and 191.

³ See pages 96 and 145.

⁴ G. M. Trevelyan's *Memoir of Sir George Otto Trevelyan*. Longmans. 1932.

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As Macaulay in his boyhood was admitted to the intimacy of Zachary Macaulay and Wilberforce and Thornton, so, from his uncle and his father, George in his youth "heard and overheard talk inspired by interest in public affairs, zeal for administrative reform and scrupulousness about public money."

Trevelyan was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge; and in the Classical Tripos of 1861 was placed second in the order of merit. Like his uncle, he had intellectual and social gifts, but no skill in games and no taste for mathematics. From his uncle he had learned to look upon Trinity as "the wide, open field of friendship, freedom, work and youthful laurels. All his life long he felt towards Trinity as an Athenian towards Athens". In 1885, he was elected an Honorary Fellow of Trinity.

Macaulay's death in 1859 was "not an unmixed catastrophe to his nephew. It set him free from the burden of his own too loyal heart". He passed under the wider and nobler influence of Browning, Ruskin and Carlyle, and developed an aristocratic and artistic temper, an intellectual refinement, which distinguished him from Macaulay, who, in spite of all his learning and statesmanship, was but 'a common man'.

In 1862-3, George was in India as Private Secretary to his father, then Member of Council in Calcutta. In 1864 was published, in book form, *The Competition-wallah* (a vivid account of what he saw and thought of Anglo-Indian society), and in 1865, *Cawnpore* (a narrative of a phase of the Mutiny).

In 1864, he returned to London and entered society and politics, becoming M.P. for Tynemouth in 1865. From 1868 to 1886, he represented the Scottish Border Boroughs in Parliament; and, under the influence of Bright, this heir to a baronetcy became a Radical and a purist in politics.

He took an active part in the passing of the Tests Act of 1871, which threw open Oxford and Cambridge to all British subjects irrespective of creed. In this

agitation, he was associated with Dicey and Henry Sidgwick; the latter of whom resigned his Trinity Fellowship rather than do violence to his conscience by continued acceptance of the church formulas.

He roused public opinion against the system of Purchases in the Army; and in 1871 helped to pass a measure abolishing the system which allowed the well-to-do to monopolise the prize-posts in the Army. Being opposed to jobbery and favouritism in the Civil Service as in the Army, he supported Gladstone in the introduction of open competition by examination.

Unable to support a Bill for increasing grants to denominational schools, Trevelyan, now Civil Lord of the Admiralty, resigned his office. Though an ambitious man, he gave up the chance of a career for the sake of a conscientious scruple.

But he did not depend on office for work or happiness. In 1869, after years of waiting, he had married Miss Caroline Philips, of Manchester. This lady, during sixty years of married life, radiated the passive beauty "of a quiet character and of a wisdom that seldom speaks and never loudly". She died, six months before her husband, in January 1928.

The Government from which Trevelyan had resigned retained power, and he continued to give it his loyal support, till 1874. When his party went out of office, he took up his literary work seriously; and the six years of opposition enabled him to produce his *Macaulay* (1876) and his *Early History of Charles James Fox* (1880). His *History of the American Revolution* (1899-1914) was the result of his final retirement from politics in 1897.

In 1880 Gladstone returned to power and Trevelyan became once more Civil Lord of the Admiralty. In 1882 Lord Frederick Cavendish, a friend and kinsman of Gladstone, sent over as Chief Secretary to Ireland charged with a policy of peace, was assassinated at Phoenix Park. In the same year and in pursuance of the same policy of conciliation, Trevelyan took up the duties of Chief Secretary. He resisted every temptation to slide into

military rule, while maintaining law and order, in Ireland. But, of course, the time was yet far off for a real solution of the Irish problem.

Returning from Ireland in 1884, he became a Cabinet Minister as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

In Gladstone's new ministry of 1885, Trevelyan became Secretary for Scotland, but resigned in 1886. He held this place again under Gladstone from 1892 to 1895.

In the General Election of 1886, he was defeated at the Border Boroughs, which he had represented in Parliament for nearly twenty years. In July 1887, he was returned at a by-election by the Bridgeton division of Glasgow and sat for this constituency for ten years, till his final retirement from politics in 1897.

At his father's death in 1886, he inherited the ancestral estate of Wallington in Northumberland as well as the baronetcy. The Welcombe estate in Warwickshire came to his wife in 1890. In these delectable country houses he spent a quiet life, reading, writing, shooting and entertaining. He died in August 1928.

II. BIOGRAPHY

The function of biography is "the truthful transmission of personality". The biographer is both a scientist and an artist; he has to ascertain and state 'facts'; he has also to 'create' a personality, to make his hero live before us. Truth to actuality (which is solid like granite) and the essence of personality (which is intangible like a rainbow) have to be combined in various proportions. A biography, like a painted portrait or landscape or a history-play, may be merely faithful or merely interesting, or it may be both true and beautiful. Some biographies are as accurate and dry as scientific documents; others are pure works of art; but the best biographies are a little of both. This composite quality is not proposed as a test. There are indeed no rules, no

formulas which can produce (or explain) the success of a biography. But we know good biographies when we see them; and there are good biographies of more than one type; in some, the scientific, and in others, the artistic elements predominate.

The business of biography being the true and vivid delineation of a person, the success of a biography can generally be accounted for by three conditions, namely,—(1) the hero should have the power, by his achievements or his character or both, of permanently interesting humanity, (2) the writer should know or discover the facts of the life, and have the gift of reviving or recreating the personality of the hero; and (3) the scale and the method of the work should be appropriate to the claims of the hero and the gifts of the biographer.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is "the best specimen of biography that has yet been written in any tongue." Macaulay's dogmatic superlatives were for once justified, in their application to Boswell's *Johnson*. But love of paradox betrayed Macaulay into a grotesque underestimate of Boswell the man. Recent American research has proved that the real Boswell was very different from the tipsy dunce, parasite and coxcomb of Macaulay's *Edinburgh* article; and that his great work is not a miracle¹ but admits of a quite natural explanation. "The triumph is due to an unexampled confluence of two very unusual phenomena. A biographic theme of unprecedented breadth and energy found biographic treatment of an abnormally microscopic intensity."² The hero was a great and many-sided personality; the method

¹ Boswell had acquired a European reputation as a man of letters before he was thirty, he was "the celebrated Mr. Boswell" and better known on the continent than Dr. Johnson. The *Life of Johnson* was no single book miraculously produced by an inexperienced author. It was the crowning achievement of an artist who for more than twenty-five years had been deliberately disciplining himself for such a task.

E. A. Pottle—*Literary Career of Boswell*

² Sir Sidney Lee—"Principles of Biography"

of reporting his movements and conversation was most minute and circumstantial; the scale of the work was immense; the writer was a deliberate and trained hero-worshipper. The result was the creation, by the true biographic method, of a personality which is only paralleled by Plato's creation of Socrates.

Other great biographies in English are: Walton's *Lives*¹, *The Life of Col. Hutchinson* by his wife, Mason's *Gray*, Lockhart's *Scott*, Carlyle's *Sterling*, Trevelyan's *Macaulay*, Froude's *Carlyle* and Macaulay's own short biographies (first published in the *Encyclopædiæ Britannica*) of Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson and the Younger Pitt.

This list ignores 'modern' or 'artistic' (as opposed to 'traditional') biography², a savoury concoction purveyed by Lytton Strachey, Andre Maurois, Harold Nicolson and 'Ephesian',—valets to whom their subjects are not heroes but victims. 'Modern' biography is a means of expression, a means of escape, for the author and the reader; it is quite as much a work of art as a poem or a novel; the writer's mind and art interest us more than the facts in the biography. The subject is treated with more intimacy than respect; the pipe, pigs and potatoes of 'Mr Lloyd Macdonaldwin' crowd out his principles; and the reader catches from the biographer, not admiration, faith or hope, but a bleak disillusionment and a cynical atheism of all human virtue.

Trevelyan's *Macaulay* is a very good example of 'traditional' biography; a workmanlike and efficient production, 'constructed as perfectly as possible'; a straightforward narrative of events linking together the many, wisely-chosen quotations from Macaulay's own letters and journals, which convey with perfect candour and vividness the personality of the subject. Trevelyan's 'Macaulay' is not a miraculous 'creation' like Boswell's

¹ See page 6 and *note*

² Imaginative biography, that most detestable field for the exercise of human ingenuity.—G Thorn Drury.

Johnson or Plato's Socrates; neither is it a 'work of art' like *Ariel* or *Elizabeth and Essex*. In the sober judgment of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Trevelyan's work is "one of the best biographies in the English language."

III. 'THE LIFE OF MACAULAY'

Of 'traditional' biography itself, there is more than one type; and G. M. Trevelyan speaks of a 'particular type of biography' of which the book has been very generally regarded as the model. This type is called, usually in disparagement, the "Victorian" or the "official" type of biography. The marks of this type are:—The hero is a prominent public figure, a statesman or religious leader, like Gladstone or Campbell-Bannerman or Newman; the author is a political or spiritual disciple or close relation; the *Life* is based largely on letters, diaries, public speeches, official despatches, etc.; conversation is described rather than reported; the hero's character is not analysed with psychological subtlety; a veil of decorum is drawn over his love-affairs (if any) and his private weaknesses; respectability rather than truth or beauty of portraiture is the aim.

Trevelyan's *Macaulay* is neither cynical nor scientific, neither an imaginative creation nor a psychological study; it is the plain, straightforward account, largely in the hero's own words, of the life and opinions of an author and politician.

There are many dangers lurking in this type of biography. Trevelyan's work avoids all of them. It is *not* a piece of history; it is neither panegyric nor propaganda, neither a magnified epitaph nor an expanded tract; it is not didactic, either politically or morally; it is not written with a purpose. If it teaches us any lessons, they are inherent in the public and private life of Macaulay himself.

It is not fair to blame Trevelyan for the faults of his imitators. The success of his *Macaulay* has been

responsible for many of those ponderous monuments erected by 'filial piety or misdirected friendship' over worthies who are best forgotten; those fat volumes 'with their ill-digested masses of material, their slipshod style, their tone of tedious panegyric, their lamentable lack of selection, of detachment, of design.'¹

Besides being free from these defects of official biography, Trevelyan's *Macaulay* conveys to us a vivid and satisfying sense of Macaulay's personality.

A good subject for biography is one who has claims to permanent remembrance. But very often interesting and memorable personalities are also volatile and elusive, like the bouquet of some good wine; infinitely various, such departed spirits cannot be distinctly recalled and are refractory to biographic treatment. Pepys, Burns, Shelley, Byron, were such volatile beings, with moods that were always changing but were all alike sincere; even Wordsworth and Newman were in their old age very different persons from what they were in youth.

Macaulay's personality was simple, homogeneous and all of a piece; his character was early 'set' and remained firm. No one could describe him as "an everchanging colony of feelings, a coral reef of diverse personalities." He had no subtlety, no reserve, no mystery; no internal divisions, no self-contradictions. He had no weaknesses to hide, no falsehoods to live up to, no mistakes to regret. There are no discrepancies between his letters or speeches and his private journals, between what he declared to others and what he confessed to himself. His feelings and opinions were clear and emphatic. Lord Melbourne once said, "I wish I were as cocksure of any one thing as Macaulay is of everything." And Macaulay's fortune was as free from change as his nature from complexity. As a peer of the realm, he was substantially what he was as a scholar of Trinity. In the words of Gladstone, "full-orbed he was seen above

¹ Lytton Strachey.

the horizon; and full-orbed, after thirty-five years of constantly emitted splendour, he sank below it."

Plato did everything for Socrates; Boswell did a great deal for Johnson. Certainly, more people know Johnson through Boswell than through Johnson's own writings. Trevelyan did far less for Macaulay than either of these for their hero. Nevertheless, the service of the *Life* to Macaulay's fame has been great. Before 1876, Macaulay was known by his writings and his public life; his manliness, his high public spirit and generous patriotism, his political integrity and party loyalty, were known. It was the biography that brought out his irresistibly attractive personal character, his tenderness of affection, his devotion to his father and his sisters¹, to his nephew and nieces,² the touching beauty of his domestic life from childhood to old age, his extreme sensibility,³ his benevolence, especially to writers of books, and his incessant labour⁴ to achieve correctness and clearness in his writing. His character is so lovable, he is so completely the ideal 'uncle of optimistic fiction', that we heartily sympathise with the writer's almost filial affection for his subject and are thankful that the biographer is no Rhadamanthine judge but a creature moved by the bias of kinship. In spite of his hero-worship, Trevelyan gives a frank account of his uncle's life and opinions. Macaulay's simple, honest nature easily stands, and would indeed have welcomed, this unsophisticated official treatment. Leslie Stephen says that Trevelyan's *Life* "is such a piece of thorough literary workmanship as would have delighted its subject." Morley praises "its careful execution, its brightness of style, its good taste, its sound judgment," and goes so far as to suggest that it "was a better book than the History of England" (Macaulay's *magnum opus*). But the certificate the author himself valued most was the following letter of Carlyle's:—

¹ Pp. 11, 28, 53, 60, 80-2, 94, 193. ² Pp. 96, 101, 144, 145, 184.

³ Pp. 146, 215.

⁴ Pp. 146-7, 148, 160, 162, 178, and note at p. 215.

5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea,

3 April 1876.

Dear Trevelyan,

Yesterday I finished the 'Life of Lord Macaulay', which you were so kind and mindful as to send me on the Monday morning previous, and which has given me a week's reading, by far the best I have had for a long while. I thank you much for that act of beneficence; and cannot forbear, at the same time, testifying that I think it a work excellently done, and that will through long times be interesting to many readers. I have nowhere found in any biography, not even in 'Boswell's Johnson', a human life and character more clearly, credibly and completely brought home to the conception of every intelligent reader; nor have I, it is to be added, in all my reading found any human character that is to my notion more singular and unique. Very strange to me indeed that unexampled power of memory, of voracious reading and of clear articulate utterance; making your uncle a miracle to his own generation and memorable, were it only as a bit of psychology, to many generations that are coming. A man of thorough honesty, withal, and of sound human sense in regard to all practical matters, and of a most affectionate, tender and equitable nature, and such a placid and complete satisfaction with his lot, outward and inward, in this world as fills me with a cheerful amazement.

Your own part of the affair I think you have performed to admiration: nothing hidden and yet no offence given; an excellent brief History of the period, as well as of its speaking man. In short, I can with perfect truth congratulate you, and say, as I believe the whole world will do, Euge, euge!

*With many thanks,**Yours ever truly,**T. Carlyle,*

Trevelyan thought this letter precious, and added: "Nothing has given me so much satisfaction as to find that the *eminent* literary men, who were not overfond of my uncle *qua* literary man, have been quite won over by his private personality. Witness Carlyle, Morley, Leslie Stephen, Froude."

IV. MACAULAY.

Carlyle might well be filled with cheerful amazement by Macaulay's "placid and complete satisfaction¹ with his lot." For Macaulay was indeed the happiest of men and a cheerful and complete contrast to the whole race of authors. His good fortune was not only lifelong; it survived him and pursued his *Life* and after-fame. Till his fifty-second year he never knew ill-health and throughout his life he enjoyed with unmitigated zest the pleasures of study and social intercourse. An infant prodigy, the best read boy at school, celebrated² as an Essayist at 25, a parliamentary orator³ at 30, an idol of society and a leader in literature and politics; a voracious reader,⁴ endowed with a marvellous memory;⁵ an author whose *Essays*⁶ became a standard work in his forty-second year, whose poems were as popular as Scott's, whose *History*⁷ was more widely read than 'the last fashionable novel'; and who made 20,000*l* by his pen in one year;⁸ an orator who filled the House of Commons in five minutes and who turned the settled

¹ See pages 123-4, 159, 163, 168, 183, 186.

² See p. 54.

³ For Macaulay as a speaker, see pages 24, 32, 35, 52, 115, 171-5.

⁴ See pp. 10, 69, 71, 74, 98-99, 103, 188-90.

⁵ pp. 9, 144, 158.

⁶ published in three volumes. See p. 130.

⁷ See pp. 126, 150-1, and chapters XII and XIII, *passim*.

⁸ See p. 182.

opinion of the House by a single speech;¹ the master of a style² which has been the envy and despair of generations of journalists; an upright politician,³ an unwearied benefactor,⁴ a brave and tender-hearted man; Macaulay merited, in abundant measure, admiration, respect and love.

But great as Macaulay was in many ways, he suffered both as a man and as a writer from severe limitations.

Ignorant of art, blind and deaf to some of the highest things in poetry,⁵ indifferent to science, impervious to new ideas and impressions, he rejoiced in a commonplace materialism, which is, indeed, one of the secrets of his enduring popularity. His enormous reading, his wonderful memory, his brilliant and effective style, could not save him from the reproach of 'commonness'.

Macaulay lacked the recipient spirit, the patience and humility which is content to grope slowly towards the light, the gift of inward meditation. Neither a sage nor a bard but a worldling, he was the man-in-the-street raised to the highest power of efficiency. Mountains and skies, and pure poetry and philosophy, had no meaning for him; his eyes were not set "toward that beauty which is not of today or yesterday, which was before we were, and will be when we are gathered to our fathers"; he could not tell us of "the things which belong unto our peace."

Macaulay was, indeed, 'the great apostle of the Philistines'⁶ and 'the Pre-eminent Victorian.'⁷ He has also been called 'a prig and a pedant.'⁸

He had a Philistine contempt for 'all foreigners and philosophers', which he stated with an emphasis more honest than wise. He roundly denounced all the higher intellectual and spiritual interests as 'mere humbug', and preferred 'the first cobbler to Seneca' All this is

¹ See pp 131-2, 152, 169-71

² See p 25

³ Pp 49-51, 55, 85, 116, 135-9, 165-6

⁴ Pp 160, 162, 182, 193

⁵ See pp 15, 105, notes at pp 198, 209

⁶ Matthew Arnold

⁷ M. S. C. Roberts

⁸ Rev Montagu Summers See note at p 212

abhorrent to thinkers. But this narrow insularity was the strength, this self-satisfied materialism was the panoply of proof, of Macaulay the administrator, the man of action and the popular Essayist. Modern Indian Education, the greatest benefit of British Rule, derives its force and energy from the dynamic ignorance¹ of Macaulay, whose Minute cleared an insufferable mess by the cheerful Mark Tapley process of pitching everything Indian, good as well as bad, into the fire. It was India's supreme good fortune that her first official educator was more efficient than cultured.

Macaulay's self-complacent Victorianism was largely justified by the conditions of the age. During his lifetime, the face of political, social and industrial England had been transformed. And "this material progress was accompanied by a great and real elevation of intellectual and moral standards".² An age which had witnessed the passing of the Reform Bill, the repeal of the Corn Laws, the removal of Catholic disabilities, the creation of representative Local Government, the establishment of the penny post, and the use of steamships, railways and the electric telegraph,—such an age naturally called for paeans of grateful joy from its own children, although a more disillusioned generation sees only the seamier side of all this 'progress.'

'Pedantry' and 'priggishness' are hard names for his wideawake and uncompromising honesty. He was a widely-read man, who was neither proud nor ashamed, but quite conscious, of his vast learning; a virtuous and upright man, who was neither ashamed nor proud, but quite conscious, of his virtue. The charge amounts to this, that he never posed as worse than he was. Of course, he was never knowingly hypocritical.³ The world would be a far, far better place if there were more such prigs and pedants as Macaulay in it.

¹ See notes at p. 206.

² Sir Richard Jebb.

³ Zachary Macaulay's strictness would have turned any one else into a canting hypocrite. Cf. p. 81; contra. pp. 11-12, 19-20.

Macaulay's shortcomings as a writer are more apparent to the specialist and the scholar than to the general reader. He was not a 'scientific historian'. His History was not economic or constitutional, but descriptive and political; it was the sum of innumerable interesting biographies rather than an account of the organic evolution of institutions. But within his own special sphere of historical writing, Macaulay was supreme. He had a 'positive genius' for fluent and straightforward narration, vivid, picturesque, brilliant; and he achieved an artistic command of telling detail by incessant labour,¹ by an immense knowledge completely mastered and always ready at call.

In judging Macaulay's contribution to historiography, allowance must be made for the gap between his intention² and his achievement. His original design was to write the History of England from the accession of James II to the death of George IV, a period of 145 years from 1685 to 1830. The first two volumes (published in 1849) brought the story down to 1688; the third and fourth volumes (published in 1855) brought it down to 1697; the fifth volume (edited by Mrs. Trevelyan and published two years after his death) stops with 1701. Thus, he actually dealt with a little over a tenth of the period he had planned to cover. Macaulay's History is no more than a fragment, though a magnificent one.

Macaulay was very modest in his estimate³ of his Essays. They are indeed extremely unequal⁴ in their merits. Of the *Edinburgh* Essays, some of the best are *Sir William Temple*, *the Elder Pitt* (1844), *Clive* and *Hastings*. Perhaps the worst are *Burleigh* and *Bacon*. The 'populace' failed to distinguish between the good and the bad, but learned from all of them what a brilliant and attractive form of literature the essay can be.

Macaulay's *Lays* are not poetry in the sense in which

¹ See pp. 146-7, 162, 178

² See p. 107.

³ See pp. 126-7.

⁴ See pp. 130-1, the best are generally the latest.

Keats's odes or Shelley's lyrics are poetry; but they are stirring ballads filled with the civic spirit of ancient Rome

As historian, essayist and poet, Macaulay produced nothing of the highest kind or quality; but he made a great many people read history, poetry and the essay, who, but for him, would have avoided these things as utterly beyond them. He popularised forms which he could not himself bring to perfection.

His five short lives in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* can be praised without qualification as perfect masterpieces in their kind. His most mature work, in a style quieter and more subdued but not less strong or attractive than that of the Essays, with the matter carefully selected and artistically condensed, these *Lives* have not been surpassed by anything that he, or any other biographer working on a comparable scale, has produced. Macaulay's best piece is the *Life of the Younger Pitt*, published in the last year of his life.

The chief merits of Macaulay's celebrated style are lucidity, decisiveness, emphasis, vividness. These qualities are more appropriate to oratory or journalism than to the highest literary prose; they appeal more powerfully to the young than to the old, to the unlearned than to the scholarly. This style is not 'rhetorical' in the sense that it is artificial or insincere. Its defects no less than its merits are those of Macaulay's mind and not of his art. His style is metallic; 'crude, brutal, coarse, vulgar', with 'its stamping emphasis, its over-coloured tropes, its exaggerated expressions, its unlovely staccato.'¹ This is so because his imagination was not creative, but merely pictorial; because his mind lacked Negative Capability² and was apt 'to force all things into firm outline, and give them a sharply defined edge.'

¹ Morley.

² "that is, when a man is capable of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason" (Keats)

His clearness and effectiveness as well as his unlovely hardness are due to this tyranny of the concrete, and of a minute and tenacious memory. His memory indeed was formal and mechanical; not a worker of magic, 'waker of longing, the enchantress who turns the common to the heavenly and fills men's eyes with tears' Incapable and contemptuous of metaphysical speculation, of doubt or diffidence, he saw and remembered and stated with undue emphasis only that which appealed to the eye by its 'magnificence or oddity. He does not even suspect the existence of the very complex texture of Indian culture; his description of India (p. 47), like that of Westminster Hall in the same Essay, is the confident handiwork of a journalist who sees and triumphantly elaborates the obvious, hitting haystacks with certainty; not a poet's intimations, in music and symbol, of his dim intuitions of profound truth. Morley complains too, with justice, that his temper is 'at enmity with the whole spirit of truth.' His propositions are too unqualified and general, and strike by their energy and exhaustiveness rather than their accuracy. His style is as unphilosophical as it is unpoetical.

The lesson that we can learn from Macaulay's style is a moral, not an intellectual, lesson. He can give us the desire for a clear, articulate utterance, the courage to say what we mean. Contrast some characteristic Macaulayan passages (pp. 50-51 on election pledges, p. 83 on the Black Act, p. 99 on the Indian climate, p. 133 on Barère, p. 159 on architecture,) with the cautious feebleness caricatured in the following admonition: "Brethren, unless you repent, in a measure, and be converted, as it were, you are likely, I regret to say, to be damned to some extent " A study of Macaulay's trenchant paragraphs can save us from the loathsome sin of prudence, which of all literary sins is the deadliest to the mind and spirit of man.

CHAPTER I

1800—1818

Macaulay's early years—His childish productions—Mrs. Hannah More—Shelford—Dean Milner—Aspenden Hall—The boy's habits and mental endowments—His home—The Clapham set—The boy's relations with his father—The political ideas amongst which he was brought up, and their influence on the work of his life.

[Macaulay's grandfather and great-grandfather were Scotch ministers. His father, Zachary Macaulay, was a friend of Wilberforce and himself a brave and unselfish leader of the movement against Slave Trade. His uncle, Colin Macaulay, was a general in the Indian Army. His aunt's husband was Mr. Thomas Babington, of Rothley Temple, in Leicestershire.]

THOMAS Babington Macaulay, the eldest child of his parents, was born on October 25, 1800, at Rothley Temple. When the child was two years old, the family moved into a house in the High Street of Clapham. Here the boy passed a quiet and most happy childhood. From the time that he was three years old he read incessantly, for the most part lying on the rug before the fire, with his book on the ground, and a piece of bread and butter in his hand. He did not care for toys, but was very fond of taking his walk, when he would hold forth to his companion, whether nurse or mother, telling interminable stories out of his own head, or repeating what he had been reading in language far above his years. His memory retained without effort the phraseology of the book which he had been last engaged on, and he talked, as his maid said, "quite printed words," which produced an effect that appeared formal, and often, no doubt, exceedingly

droll. Mrs. Hannah More was fond of relating how she called at Mr. Macaulay's, and was met by a fair, pretty, slight child, with abundance of light hair, about four years of age, who came to the front door to receive her, and tell her that his parents were out, but that if she would be good enough to come in he would bring her a glass of old spirits: a proposition which greatly startled the good lady, who had never aspired beyond cowslip wine. When questioned as to what he knew about old spirits, he could only say that Robinson Crusoe often had some. About this period his father took him on a visit to Lady Waldegrave at Strawberry Hill, and was much pleased to exhibit to his old friend the fair bright boy, dressed in a green coat with red collar and cuffs, a frill at the throat, and white trousers. After some time had been spent among the wonders of the Orford Collection, of which he ever after carried a catalogue in his head, a servant who was waiting upon the company in the great gallery spilt some hot coffee over his legs. The hostess was all kindness and compassion, and when, after a while, she asked how he was feeling, the little fellow looked up in her face and replied: "Thank you, madam, the agony is abated."

While still the merest child he was sent as a day-scholar to Mr. Greaves. Mrs. Macaulay explained to Tom that he must learn to study without the solace of bread and butter, to which he replied: "Yes, mama, industry shall be my bread and attention my butter." But, as a matter of fact, no one ever crept more unwillingly to school. Each several afternoon he made piteous entreaties to be excused returning after dinner, and was met by the unvarying

formula: "No, Tom, if it rains cats and dogs, you shall go."

His reluctance to leave home had more than one side to it. Not only did his heart stay behind, but the regular lessons of the class took him away from occupations which in his eyes were infinitely more delightful and important; for these were probably the years of his greatest literary activity. In September 1808, his mother writes: "My dear Tom continues to show marks of uncommon genius. He gets on wonderfully in all branches of his education, and the extent of his reading, and of the knowledge he has derived from it, are truly astonishing in a boy not yet eight years old. He is at the same time as playful as a kitten. You will believe that to him we never appear to regard anything he does as anything more than a schoolboy's amusement. He took it into his head to write a compendium of Universal History about a year ago, and he really contrived to give a tolerably connected view of the leading events from the Creation to the present time, filling about a quire of paper. He told me one day that he had been writing a paper, which Henry Daly was to translate into Malabar, to persuade the people of Travancore to embrace the Christian religion. On reading it I found it to contain a very clear idea of the leading facts and doctrines of that religion, with some strong arguments for its adoption. He was so fired with reading Scott's Lay and Marmion, the former of which he got entirely, and the latter almost entirely, by heart, merely from his delight in reading them, that he determined on writing himself a poem in six cantos which he called the 'Battle of Cheviot.' After he had finished about three of the cantos of about 120 lines each, which he

did in a couple of days, he became tired of it. I make no doubt he would have finished his design, but, as he was proceeding with it, the thought struck him of writing an heroic poem to be called 'Olaus the Great, or the Conquest of Mona,' in which, after the manner of Virgil, he might introduce in prophetic song the future fortunes of the family;—among others, those of the hero who aided in the fall of the tyrant of Mysore, after having long suffered from his tyranny; and of another of his race who had exerted himself for the deliverance of the wretched Africans. He has just begun it. He has composed I know not how many hymns."

To a somewhat later period probably belongs a vast pile of blank verse, entitled "Fingal, a poem in XII books;" two of which are in a complete and connected shape, while the rest of the story is lost amidst a labyrinth of many hundred scattered lines, so transcribed as to suggest a conjecture that the boy's demand for foolscap had outrun the paternal generosity.

It is worthy of note that the voluminous writings of his childhood, dashed off at headlong speed in the odds and ends of leisure from school-study and nursery routine, are not only perfectly correct in spelling and grammar, but display the same lucidity of meaning, and scrupulous accuracy in punctuation and the other minor details of the literary art, which characterise his mature works.

Nothing could be more judicious than the treatment that Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay adopted towards their boy. They never handed his productions about, or encouraged him to parade his powers of conversation or memory. They abstained from any word or act which might foster in him a perception

of his own genius. One effect of his early discipline showed itself in his freedom from vanity and susceptibility. Another result was his habitual overestimate of the average knowledge possessed by mankind. Judging others by himself, he credited the world at large with an amount of information which certainly few have the ability to acquire, or the capacity to retain. If his parents had not been so diligent in concealing from him the difference between his own intellectual stores and those of his neighbours, it is probable that less would have been heard of Lord Macaulay's Schoolboy.

The system pursued at home was continued at Barley Wood, the place where the Misses More resided from 1802 onwards. Mrs. Macaulay gladly sent her boy to a house where he was encouraged without being spoiled, and where he never failed to be a welcome guest. The kind old ladies made a real companion of him, and greatly relished his conversation; while at the same time, with their ideas on education, they would never have allowed him, even if he had been so inclined, to forget that he was a child. Mrs. Hannah More, who had the rare gift of knowing how to live with both young and old, was the most affectionate and the wisest of friends, and readily undertook the superintendence of his studies, his pleasures, and his health. She would keep him with her for weeks, listening to him as he read prose by the ell, declaimed poetry by the hour, and discussed and compared his favourite heroes, ancient, modern, and fictitious, under all points of view and in every possible combination.

It is pleasant to know that to Mrs. Hannah More was due the commencement of what eventually

became the most readable of libraries, as is shown in a series of letters extending over the entire period of Macaulay's education. When he was six years old she writes: "Though you are a little boy now, you will one day, if it please God, be a man: but long before you are a man I hope you will be a scholar. I therefore wish you to purchase such books as will be useful and agreeable to you *then*, and that you employ this very small sum in laying a little tiny corner-stone for your future library." A year or two afterwards she thanks him for his "two letters, so neat and free from blots. By this obvious improvement you have entitled yourself to another book. You must go to Hatchard's and choose. I think we have nearly exhausted the Epics. What say you to a little good prose? Johnson's *Hebrides*, or Walton's *Lives*, unless you would like a neat edition of Cowper's poems or *Paradise Lost* for your own eating? In any case choose something which you do not possess."

Zachary Macaulay's circumstances during these years were good, and constantly improving. The position of the father was favourable to the highest interests of his children. A boy has the best chance of being well brought up in a household where there is solid comfort, combined with thrift and simplicity; and the family was increasing too fast to leave any margin for luxurious expenditure. Before the eldest son had completed his thirteenth year he had three brothers and five sisters.

In 1812 Macaulay was sent to a private school, kept by the Rev. Mr. Preston, at Little Shelford, a village in the immediate vicinity of Cambridge. Shelford was strongly under the influence of the neighbouring university; an influence which

Mr. Preston, himself a fellow of Trinity, wisely encouraged. The boys were penetrated with Cambridge ambitions and ways of thought; and frequent visitors brought to the table, where master and pupils dined in common, the freshest Cambridge gossip of the graver sort.

Little Macaulay received much kindness from Dean Milner, the President of Queen's College. The Dean, who had boundless goodwill for all his fellow creatures at every period of life, provided that they were not Jacobins or sceptics, recognised the promise of the boy, and entertained him at his college residence on terms of friendliness, and almost of equality. After one of these visits he writes to Mr. Macaulay: "Your lad is a fine fellow. He shall stand before kings, he shall not stand before mean men."

Shelford: February 22, 1813.

My dear Papa,—As this is a whole holiday, I cannot find a better time for answering your letter. With respect to my health, I am very well, and tolerably cheerful, as Blundell, the best and most clever of all the scholars, is very kind, and talks to me, and takes my part. He is quite a friend of Mr. Preston's. The other boys, especially Lyon, a Scotch boy, and Wilberforce, are very good-natured and we might have gone on very well had not one—, a Bristol fellow, come here. He is unanimously allowed to be a queer fellow, and is generally characterised as a foolish boy, and by most of us as an ill-natured one. In my learning I do Xenophon every day, and twice a week the Odyssey, in which I am classed with Wilberforce, whom all the boys allow to be very clever, very droll, and very impudent. We

do Latin verses twice a week, and I have not yet been laughed at, as Wilberforce is the only one who hears them, being in my class. We are exercised also once a week in English composition, and once in Latin composition, and letters of persons renowned in history to each other. We get by heart Greek grammar or Virgil every evening. As for sermon-writing, I have hitherto got off with credit, and I hope I shall keep up my reputation. We have had the first meeting of our debating society the other day, when a vote of censure was moved for upon Wilberforce, but he getting up said, "Mr. President, I beg to second the motion". By this means he escaped. The kindness which Mr. Preston shows me is very great. He always assists me in what I cannot do, and takes me to walk out with him every now and then. My room is a delightful snug little chamber, which nobody can enter, as there is a trick about opening the door. I sit like a king, with my writing-desk before me; for, (would you believe it?) there is a writing-desk in my chest of drawers; my books on one side, my box of papers on the other, with my arm-chair and my candle; for every boy has a candlestick, snuffers, and extinguisher of his own. Being pressed for room, I will conclude what I have to say to-morrow, and ever remain,

Your affectionate son,
THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

In the course of the year 1814 Mr. Preston removed his establishment to Aspenden Hall near Buntingford in Hertfordshire: a large old-fashioned mansion, standing amidst extensive shrubberies, and a pleasant undulating domain sprinkled with fine

timber. Here Macaulay spent four most industrious years, doing less and less in the class-room as time went on, but enjoying the rare advantage of studying Greek and Latin by the side of such a scholar as Malden. The two companions were equally matched in age and classical attainments, and at the university maintained a rivalry so generous as hardly to deserve the name. Each of the pupils had his own chamber, which the others were forbidden to enter under the penalty of a shilling fine.

In this seclusion, removed from the delight of family intercourse, (the only attraction strong enough to draw him from his books,) the boy read widely, unceasingly, more than rapidly. The secret of his immense acquirements lay in two invaluable gifts of nature,—an unerring memory, and the capacity for taking in at a glance the contents of a printed page. During the first part of his life he remembered whatever caught his fancy without going through the process of consciously getting it by heart. As a child, during one of the numerous seasons when the social duties devolved upon Mr. Macaulay, he accompanied his father on an afternoon call, and found on a table the Lay of the Last Minstrel, which he had never before met with. He kept himself quiet with his prize while the elders were talking, and, on his return home, sat down upon his mother's bed, and repeated to her as many cantos as she had the patience or the strength to listen to. At one period of his life he was known to say that, if by some miracle of Vandalism all copies of Paradise Lost and the Pilgrim's Progress were destroyed off the face of the earth, he would undertake to reproduce them both from recollection whenever a revival of learning came.

Macaulay's extraordinary faculty of assimilating printed matter at first sight remained the same through life. To the end he read books more quickly than other people skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as anyone else could turn the leaves. 'He seemed to read through the skin,' said one who had often watched the operation. And this speed was not in his case obtained at the expense of accuracy. Anything which had once appeared in type had in his eyes an authority which led him to look upon misquotation as a species of minor sacrilege.

The tone of his correspondence during these years sufficiently indicates that he lived almost exclusively among books. He wrote to Mr. Hudson, a gentleman in the East India House: "I know not whether 'peeping at the world through the loopholes of retreat' be the best way of forming us for engaging in its busy and active scenes. I am sure it is not a way to my taste. Poets may talk of the beauties of nature, the enjoyments of a country life, and rural innocence: but there is another kind of life which, though unsung by bards, is yet to me infinitely superior to the dull uniformity of country life. London is the place for me. Its smoky atmosphere, and its muddy river, charm me more than the pure air of Hertfordshire, and the crystal currents of the river Rib. Nothing is equal to the splendid varieties of London life, 'the fine flow of London talk,' and the dazzling brilliancy of London spectacles. Such are my sentiments, and, if ever I publish poetry, it shall not be pastoral. Nature is the last goddess to whom my *devoirs* shall be paid."

This votary of city life was still two months short of completing his fifteenth year!

Lady Trevelyan thus describes their life at Clapham: "I think that my father's strictness was a good counterpoise to the perfect worship of your uncle by the rest of the family. To us he was an object of passionate love and devotion. To us he could do no wrong. His unruffled sweetness of temper, his unfailing flow of spirits, his amusing talk, all made his presence so delightful that his wishes and his taste were our law. He hated strangers; and his notion of perfect happiness was to see us all working round him while he read aloud a novel, and then to walk all together on the Common, or, if it rained, to have a frightfully noisy game of hide-and-seek. I have often wondered how our mother could ever have endured our noise in her little house. My earliest recollections speak of the intense happiness of the holidays, beginning with finding him in Papa's room in the morning; the awe at the idea of his having reached home in the dark after we were in bed, and the Saturnalia which at once set in;—no lessons; nothing but fun and merriment for the whole six weeks. In the year 1816 we were at Brighton for the summer holidays, and he read to us Sir Charles Grandison. It was always a habit in our family to read aloud every evening. Among the books selected I can recall Clarendon, Burnet, Shakespeare, (a great treat when my mother took the volume,) Miss Edgeworth, Mackenzie's Lounger and Mirror, and, as a standing dish, the Quarterly and the Edinburgh Reviews. Poets too, especially Scott and Crabbe, were constantly chosen. Poetry and novels, except during Tom's holidays, were forbidden in the daytime, and stigmatised as 'drinking drams in the morning.' "

Morning or evening, Mr. Macaulay disapproved of novel-reading; but, too indulgent to insist on having his own way in any but essential matters, he lived to see himself the head of a family in which novels were more read, and better remembered, than in any household of the United Kingdom.

From a marvellously early date in Macaulay's life public affairs divided his thoughts with literature, and as he grew to manhood, began more and more to divide his aspirations. A boy who was admitted to the intimacy of politicians like Zachary Macaulay and Wilberforce and Thornton, and was accustomed to hear matters of state discussed exclusively from a public point of view without any afterthought of ambition, or jealousy, or self-seeking, could hardly fail to grow up a patriotic and disinterested man. "What is far better and more important than all is this, that I believe Macaulay to be incorruptible. You might lay ribbons, stars, garters, wealth, titles before him in vain. He has an honest genuine love of his country, and the world would not bribe him to neglect her interests." Thus said Sydney Smith, who of all his real friends was the least inclined to over-praise him.

The memory of Thornton and Babington, and the other worthies of their day and set, is growing dim, and their names already mean little in our ears. Part of their work was so thoroughly done that the world, as its wont is, has long ago taken the credit of that work to itself. But in one shape or another honest performance always lives, and the gains that accrued from the labours of these men are still on the right side of the national ledger. Among the most permanent of those gains is their undoubted share in the improvement of our political integrity

by direct, and still more by indirect, example. It would be ungrateful to forget in how large a measure it is due to them that one, whose judgments upon the statesmen of many ages and countries have been delivered to an audience vast beyond all precedent, should have framed his decisions in accordance with the dictates of honour and humanity, of ardent public spirit and lofty public virtue.

CHAPTER II

1818—1824

Macaulay goes to the University—His love for Trinity College—His contemporaries at Cambridge—The Union Debating Society—University studies, successes, and failures—The Mathematical Tripos—The Trinity Fellowship—Prize Poems—Novel-reading—A Reading-party—Macaulay takes pupils.

IN October 1818 Macaulay went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge.

Of all his places of sojourn during his joyous and shining pilgrimage through the world, Trinity, and Trinity alone, had any share with his home in Macaulay's affection and loyalty. To the last he regarded it as an ancient Greek, or a mediæval Italian, felt towards his native city. As long as he had place and standing there, he never left it willingly or returned to it without delight. The only step in his course about the wisdom of which he sometimes expressed misgiving was his preference of a London to a Cambridge life. The only dignity that in his later days he was known to covet was an honorary fellowship, which would have allowed him again to look through his window upon the college grass-plots and to sleep within sound of the splashing of the fountain; again to breakfast on commons, and dine beneath the portraits of Newton and Bacon on the dais of the hall. From the door of his rooms, along the wall of the Chapel, there runs a flagged pathway which affords an acceptable relief from the rugged pebbles that surround it. Here as a Bachelor of Arts he would walk, book in hand, morning after morning throughout the long vacation. That

was the spot where in his failing years he specially loved to renew the feelings of the past; and some there are who can never revisit it without the fancy that there, if anywhere, his dear shade must linger.

He was fortunate in his contemporaries. Among his intimate friends were the two Coleridges—Derwent, the son, and Henry Nelson, who was destined to be the son-in-law, of the poet. Then there was Praed, fresh from editing the *Etonian*, as a product of collective boyish effort unique in its literary excellence and variety; and Charles Austin, whose fame would now be more in proportion to his extraordinary abilities, had not his unparalleled success as an advocate tempted him before his day to retire from the toils of a career of whose rewards he already had enough.

The day and the night together were too short for one who was entering on the journey of life amidst such a band of travellers. So long as a door was open, or a light burning, in any of the courts, Macaulay was always in the mood for conversation and companionship. On such occasions it must have been well worth the loss of sleep to hear Macaulay playing Austin with sarcasms upon the doctrine of the Greatest Happiness, which then had still some gloss of novelty; and urging an interminable debate on Wordsworth's merits as a poet, in which the Coleridges, as in duty bound, were ever ready to engage. In this particular field he acquired a skill of fence which rendered him the most redoubtable of antagonists. Many years afterwards, at the time when the *Prelude* was fresh from the press, he was maintaining against the opinion of a large and mixed society that the poem was unreadable. At last, overborne by the united indignation of so many

of Wordsworth's admirers, he agreed that the question should be referred to the test of personal experience; and on inquiry it was discovered that the only individual present who had got through the *Prelude* was Macaulay himself.

In 1820 the Cambridge Union was emerging from a period of tribulation and repression. The authorities of the university, who had never been very much inclined to countenance the practice of political discussion among the undergraduates, set their faces against it more than ever at an epoch when the temper of the time increased the tendency of young men to run into extremes of partisanship. At length a compromise was extorted from the reluctant hands of the Vice-Chancellor, and the Club was allowed to take into consideration public affairs of a date anterior to the century. It required less ingenuity than the leaders of the Union had at their command to hit upon a method of dealing with the present under the guise of the past. Resolutions which called upon the meeting to declare that the boon of Catholic Emancipation should have been granted in the year 1795, or that our Commercial Policy previous to 1800 should have been founded on the basis of Free Trade, were clearly susceptible of great latitude of treatment.

Faint recollections still survive of a discussion upon the august topic of the character of George the Third. "To whom do we owe it," asked Macaulay, "that while Europe was convulsed with anarchy and desolated with war, England alone remained tranquil, prosperous, and secure? To whom but the Good Old King? Why was it that, when neighbouring capitals were perishing in the flames, our own was illuminated only for triumphs? You

may find the cause in the same three words: the Good Old King." Praed, on the other hand, would allow his late monarch neither public merits nor private virtues. "A good man! If he had been a plain country gentleman with no wider opportunities for mischief, he would at least have bullied his footmen and cheated his steward."

Macaulay's intense enjoyment of all that was stirring and vivid around him undoubtedly hindered him in the race for university honours; though his success was sufficient to inspire him at the time, and to give him abiding pleasure in the retrospect. He twice gained the Chancellor's medal for English verse, with poems admirably planned, and containing passages of real beauty; and in 1821 he established his classical repute by winning a Craven University scholarship in company with two men who both subsequently became Professors of Greek at University College, London.

He defined a scholar as one who reads Plato with his feet on the fender. In the Fellowship examination of the year 1824, he obtained the honour which in his eyes was the most desirable that Cambridge had to give. The delight of the young man at finding himself one of the sixty masters of an ancient and splendid establishment, the pride with which he signed his first order for the college plate, and dined for the first time at the high table in his own right; the reflection that these privileges were the fruit, not of favour or inheritance, but of personal industry and ability,—were matters on which he loved to dwell long after the world had loaded him with its most envied prizes.

In 1818, he writes to his mother from Cambridge: "I can scarcely bear to write on Mathematics or

Mathematicians. Oh for words to express my abomination of that science, if a name sacred to the useful and embellishing arts may be applied to the perception and recollection of certain properties in numbers and figures! Oh that I had to learn astrology, or demonology, or school divinity! Oh that I were to pore over Thomas Aquinas, and to adjust the relation of Entity with the two Predicaments, so that I were exempted from this miserable study! 'Discipline' of the mind! Say rather starvation, confinement, torture, annihilation! But it must be. I feel myself becoming a personification of Algebra, a living trigonometrical canon, a walking table of Logarithms. All my perceptions of elegance and beauty gone, or at least going. By the end of the term my brain will be 'as dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage.' Oh to change Cam for Isis! But such is my destiny; and, since it is so, be the pursuit contemptible, below contempt or disgusting beyond abhorrence, I shall aim at no second place. But three years! I cannot endure the thought. I cannot bear to contemplate what I must have to undergo. Farewell then Homer and Sophocles and Cicero.

Farewell happy fields
Where joy for ever reigns! Hail, horrors, hail,
Infernal world!

How does it proceed? Milton's descriptions have been driven out of my head by such elegant expressions as the following

$$\cos x = 1 - \frac{x^2}{1.2} + \frac{x^4}{1.2.3.4} - \frac{x^6}{1.2.3.4.5.6}$$

$$\tan \overline{a+b} = \frac{\tan a + \tan b}{1 - \tan a \tan b}$$

My classic must be Woodhouse, and my amuse-

ments summing an infinite series. Farewell, and tell Selina and Jane to be thankful that it is not a necessary part of female education to get a headache daily without acquiring one practical truth or beautiful image in return. Again, and with affectionate love to my Father, farewell wishes your most miserable and mathematical son,

T. B. MACAULAY."

Cambridge: January 5, 1820

My dear Father,—Nothing that gives you disquietude can give me amusement. Otherwise I should have been excessively diverted by the dialogue which you have reported with so much vivacity; the accusation; the predictions; and the elegant agnomen of "the novel-reader" for which I am indebted to this incognito.

Alas! that I should never have found out how accurate an observer was measuring my sentiments, numbering the novels which I criticised, and speculating on the probability of my being plucked. "I was familiar with all the novels whose names he had ever heard." If so frightful an accusation did not stun me at once, I might perhaps hint at the possibility that this was to be attributed almost as much to the narrowness of his reading on this subject as to the extent of mine. There are men here who are mere mathematical blocks, who plod on their eight hours a day to the honours of the Senate House; who leave the groves which witnessed the musings of Milton, of Bacon, and of Gray, without one liberal idea or elegant image, and carry with them into the world minds contracted by unmingled attention to one part of science, and memories stored only with technicalities. How often have

I seen such men go forth into society for people to stare at them, and ask each other how it comes that beings so stupid in conversation, so uninformed on every subject of history, of letters, and of taste, could gain such distinction at Cambridge! It is in such circles, which, I am happy to say, I hardly know but by report, that knowledge of modern literature is called novel-reading: a commodious name, invented by ignorance and applied by envy, in the same manner as men without learning call a scholar a pedant, and men without principle call a Christian a Methodist. To me the attacks of such men are valuable as compliments. The man whose friend tells him that he is known to be extensively acquainted with elegant literature may suspect that he is flattering him; but he may feel real and secure satisfaction when some Johnian sneers at him for a novel-reader.¹

As to the question whether or not I am wasting time, I shall leave that for time to answer. I cannot afford to sacrifice a day every week in defence and explanation as to my habits of reading. I value, most deeply value, that solicitude which arises from your affection for me: but let it not debar me from justice and candour. Believe me ever, my dear Father,

Your most affectionate son,

T. B. M.

Macaulay liked Cambridge too well to spend the long vacation elsewhere except under strong compulsion; but in 1821, with the terrors of the

¹ My uncle was fond of telling us how he would walk miles out of Cambridge in order to meet the coach which brought the last new Waverley novel.

Mathematical Tripos already close at hand, he was persuaded into joining a reading party in Wales with a Mr. Bird as tutor.

Llanrwst : July—, 1821.

My dear Mother,—You see I know not how to date my letter. My calendar in this sequestered spot is as irregular as Robinson Crusoe's after he had missed one day in his calculation. I have no intelligence to send you, unless a battle between a drunken attorney and an impudent publican which took place here yesterday may deserve the appellation. You may perhaps be more interested to hear that I sprained my foot, and am just recovering from the effects of the accident by means of opodeldoc which I bought at the tinker's. For all trades and professions here lie in a most delightful confusion. The druggist sells hats; the shoemaker is the sole bookseller, if that dignity may be allowed him on the strength of the three Welsh Bibles, and the guide to Caernarvon, which adorn his window; ink is sold by the apothecary; the grocer sells ropes, (a commodity which, I fear, I shall require before my residence here is over,) and tooth-brushes. A clothes-brush is a luxury yet unknown to Llanrwst. As to books, for want of any other English literature, I intend to learn *Paradise Lost* by heart at odd moments. But I must conclude. Write to me often, my dear Mother, and all of you at home, or you may have to answer for my drowning myself, like Gray's bard, in "Old Conway's foaming flood," which is most conveniently near for so poetical an exit.

Ever most affectionately yours,
T. B. M.

Cambridge. July 26, 1822.

My dear Father,—I have been engaged to take two pupils for nine months of the next year. I am to give them an hour a day, each; and am to receive a hundred guineas. It gives me great pleasure to be able even in this degree to relieve you from the burden of my expenses here. My pupils are young, one being fifteen and the other thirteen years old, but I hear excellent accounts of their proficiency, and I intend to do my utmost for them. Farewell.

T. B. M.

CHAPTER III

1824—1830

Macaulay is called to the bar—Does not make it a serious profession—Speech before the Anti-Slavery Society—The Edinburgh Review and the Essay on Milton—Macaulay's personal appearance—His defects and virtues, likings and antipathies—Zachary Macaulay's circumstances—Description of the family habits of life in great Ormond Street—Macaulay is made Commissioner of Bankruptcy—Enters Parliament.

MACAULAY was called to the bar in 1826, and joined the Northern circuit. On the evening that he first appeared at mess, when the company were retiring for the night, he was observed to be carefully picking out the longest candle. An old King's Counsel, who noticed that he had a volume under his arm, remonstrated with him on the danger of reading in bed, upon which he rejoined with immense rapidity of utterance: "I always read in bed at home; and, if I am not afraid of committing parricide, and matricide, and fratricide, I can hardly be expected to pay any special regard to the lives of the bagmen of Leeds". And, so saying, he left his hearers staring at one another, and marched off to his room, little knowing that, before many years were out, he would have occasion to speak much more respectfully of the Leeds bagmen.

Under its social aspect Macaulay heartily enjoyed his legal career. But he did not seriously look to the bar as a profession, and he got no business worth mention, either in London or on circuit.

He was busy enough, however, in fields better adapted than the law to his talents and his

temperament. He took a part in a meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society held on the 25th of June 1824, with the Duke of Gloucester in the chair. Those who know what the annual meeting of a well-organised and disciplined association is, may imagine the whirlwind of cheers which greeted the declaration that the hour was at hand when "the peasant of the Antilles will no longer crawl in listless and trembling dejection round a plantation from whose fruits he must derive no advantage, and a hut whose door yields him no protection; but, when his cheerful and voluntary labour is performed, he will return with the firm step and erect brow of a British citizen from the field which is his freehold to the cottage which is his castle."

The Edinburgh Review, which for three and twenty years had shared in and promoted the rising fortunes of the Liberal cause, had now attained its height—a height unequalled before or since—of political, social, and literary power. But already the anxious eye of the master seemed to discern symptoms of decline. Jeffrey was "growing feverish about new writers." In January 1825 he says in a letter to a friend in London: "Can you not lay your hands on some clever young man who would write for us?" Overtures had already been made to Macaulay, and that same year his article on Milton appeared in the August number.

The effect on the author's reputation was instantaneous. Like Lord Byron, he awoke one morning and found himself famous. The beauties of the work were such as all men could recognise, and its very faults pleased. Murray declared that it would be worth the copyright of Childe Harold to have Macaulay on the staff of the Quarterly. The

family breakfast table in Bloomsbury was covered with cards of invitation to dinner from every quarter of London, and his father groaned in spirit over the conviction that thenceforward the law would be less to him than ever. A warm admirer of Robert Hall, Macaulay heard with pride how the great preacher, then wellnigh worn out with that long disease, his life, was discovered lying on the floor, employed in learning by aid of grammar and dictionary enough Italian to enable him to verify the parallel between Milton and Dante. But the compliment that of all others came most nearly home,—the only commendation of his literary talent which even in the innermost domestic circle he was ever known to repeat,—was the sentence with which Jeffrey acknowledged the receipt of his manuscript: "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style."

Macaulay's outward man was never better described than in two sentences of Praed's. "There came up a short manly figure, marvellously upright, with a bad neckcloth, and one hand in his waistcoat pocket. Of regular beauty he had little to boast; but in faces where there is an expression of great power, or of great good humour, or both, you do not regret its absence." He had a massive head, and features of a powerful and rugged cast, but so constantly lit up by every joyful and ennobling emotion that it mattered little if, when absolutely quiescent, his face was rather homely than handsome.

Macaulay was utterly destitute of bodily accomplishments, and he viewed his deficiencies with supreme indifference. He could neither swim, nor row, nor drive, nor skate, nor shoot. He seldom crossed a saddle, and never willingly. When in

attendance at Windsor as a cabinet minister he was informed that a horse was at his disposal. 'If her Majesty wishes to see me ride,' he said, 'she must order out an elephant.' The only exercise in which he can be said to have excelled was that of threading crowded streets with his eyes fixed upon a book. He might be seen in such thoroughfares as Oxford Street, and Cheapside, walking as fast as other people walked, and reading a great deal faster than anybody else could read.

Vehemence, over-confidence, the inability to recognise that there are two sides to a question or two people in a dialogue, are defects which during youth are perhaps inseparable from gifts like those with which he was endowed. At Cambridge he would say of himself that, whenever anybody enunciated a proposition, all possible answers to it rushed into his mind at once; and it was said of him by others that he had no politics except the opposite of those held by the person with whom he was talking. To that charge, at any rate, he did not long continue liable. He left college a staunch and vehement Whig, eager to maintain against all comers, and at any moment, that none but Whig opinions had a leg to stand upon.

Even as a very young man nine people out of ten liked nothing better than to listen to him: which was fortunate; because in his early days he had scanty respect of persons, either as regarded the choice of his topics, or the quantity of his words. But with his excellent temper, and entire absence of conceit, he soon began to learn consideration for others in small things as well as in great. By the time he was fairly launched in London he was agreeable in company, as well as forcible and amusing.

So loyal and sincere was Macaulay's nature that he was unwilling to live upon terms of even apparent intimacy with people whom he did not like, or could not esteem. He loved to place his purse, his influence, and his talents at the disposal of a friend; and anyone whom he called by that name he judged with indulgence, and trusted with a faith that would endure almost any strain.

He reserved his pugnacity for quarrels undertaken on public grounds, and fought out with the world looking on as umpire. He had no mercy for bad writers, and notably for bad poets, unless they were in want of money; in which case he became, within his means, the most open-handed of patrons. He was too apt to undervalue both the heart and the head of those who desired to maintain the old system of civil and religious exclusion, and who grudged political power to their fellow-countrymen, or at any rate to those of their fellow-countrymen whom he was himself prepared to enfranchise. Independent, frank, and proud almost to a fault, he detested the whole race of jobbers and time-servers, parasites and scandal-mongers, led-captains, led-authors, and led-orators.

When Macaulay went to college he was justified in regarding himself as one who would not have to work for his bread. His father believed himself to be already worth a hundred thousand pounds. But the prosperity of the house of Macaulay and Babington was short-lived. The senior member of the firm gave his whole heart, and five-sixths of his time, to objects unconnected with his business. While waiting for a fellowship, Macaulay was glad to make a hundred guineas by taking pupils; and, as time went on, it became evident that he was to be an

eldest son only in the sense that, throughout the coming years of difficulty and distress, his brothers and sisters would depend mainly upon him for comfort, guidance, and support. He acknowledged the claim cheerfully, lovingly, and, indeed, almost unconsciously. He quietly took up the burden which his father was unable to bear; and, before many years had elapsed, the fortunes of all for whose welfare he considered himself responsible were abundantly assured. Such was his high and simple nature, that it may well be doubted whether it ever crossed his mind that to live wholly for others was a sacrifice at all.

In 1823 the family settled in 50 Great Ormond Street. Here the Macaulays remained till 1831. "Those were to me," says Lady Trevelyan, "years of intense happiness. There might be money troubles, but they did not touch us. Our lives were passed after a fashion which would seem indeed strange to the present generation. My father, ever more and more engrossed in one object, gradually gave up all society; and my mother never could endure it.

"In the morning there was some pretence of work and study. In the afternoon your uncle always took my sister Margaret and myself a long walk. What anecdotes he used to pour out about every street, and square, and court, and alley! There are many places I never pass without 'the tender grace of a day that is dead' coming back to me. Then, after dinner, he always walked up and down the drawing-room between us chatting till tea time. Our noisy mirth, his wretched puns, so many a minute, so many an hour! Then we sang, none of us having any voices, and he, if possible, least of all: but still

the old nursery songs were set to music, and chanted."

While warmly attached to all his nearest relations, Macaulay lived in the closest and most frequent companionship with his sisters Hannah and Margaret, younger than himself by ten and twelve years respectively.

Education in the Macaulay family was not on system. Of what are ordinarily called accomplishments the daughters had but few, and Hannah fewest of any; but, ever since she could remember anything, she had enjoyed the run of a good standard library, and had been allowed to read at her own time, and according to her own fancy. The feeling with which Macaulay and his sister regarded books differed from that of other people in kind rather than in degree. When they were discoursing together about a work of history or biography, a bystander would have supposed that they had lived in the times of which the author treated, and had a personal acquaintance with every human being who was mentioned in his pages. The past was to them as the present and the fictitious as the actual. On matters of the street or of the household they would use the very language of Mrs. Elton and Mrs. Bennet, Mr. Woodhouse, Mr. Collins, and John Thorpe, and the other inimitable actors on Jane Austen's unpretending stage: while they would debate the love affairs and the social relations of their own circle in a series of quotations from Sir Charles Grandison or Evelina.

The fun that went on in Great Ormond Street was of a jovial, and sometimes uproarious, description. Even when the family was by itself, the school-room and the drawing-room were full of young people; and friends and cousins flocked in numbers to a

resort where so much merriment was perpetually on foot. There were seasons during the school holidays when the house overflowed with noise and frolic from morning to night; and Macaulay, who at any period of his life could literally spend whole days in playing with children, was master of the innocent revels. Games of hide-and-seek that lasted for hours, with shouting and the blowing of horns up and down the stairs and through every room, were varied by ballads, which like the Scalds of old, he composed during the act of recitation, while the others struck in with the chorus.

His Trinity fellowship brought him in nearly three hundred pounds annually, and the Edinburgh Review nearly two hundred. In January 1828, Lord Lyndhurst made him a Commissioner of Bankruptcy. The emoluments of the office made up his income for the three or four years during which he held it, to about nine hundred pounds per annum. His means were more than sufficient for his wants, but too small, and far too precarious, for the furtherance of the political aspirations which now were uppermost in his mind. "Public affairs", writes Lady Trevelyan, "were become intensely interesting to him. Canning's accession to power, then his death, the repeal of the Test Act, the Emancipation of the Catholics, all in their turn filled his heart and soul. He himself longed to be taking his part in Parliament, but with a very hopeless longing.

"In February 1830 I was staying at Mr. Wilberforce's at Highwood Hill when I got a letter from your uncle, enclosing one from Lord Lansdowne, who told him that he had been much struck by the articles on Mill, and that he wished to be the means of first introducing their author to public life by proposing

to him to stand for the vacant seat at Calne. Lord Lansdowne expressly added that it was your uncle's high moral and private character which had determined him to make the offer, and that he wished in no respect to influence his votes, but to leave him quite at liberty to act according to his conscience. I remember flying into Mr. Wilberforce's study, and, absolutely speechless, putting the letter into his hands. He read it with much emotion, and returned it to me saying: 'Your father has had great trials, obloquy, bad health, many anxieties. One must feel as if Tom were given him for a recompense.' He was silent for a moment, and then his mobile face lighted up, and he clapped his hand to his ear, and cried: 'Ah! I hear that shout again. Hear! Hear! What a life it was!' "

And so, on the eve of the most momentous conflict that ever was fought out by speech and vote within the walls of a senate-house, the young recruit went gaily to his post in the ranks of that party whose coming fortunes he was prepared loyally to follow, and the history of whose past he was destined eloquently, and perhaps imperishably, to record.

CHAPTER IV

1830—1832

His maiden speech—Lafayette—The new Parliament meets—The Reform Bill—Political success—London Society—Mr. Thomas Flower Ellis—Margaret Macaulay's Journal—Macaulay as a politician—Letters.

THROUGHOUT the last two centuries of our history there never was a period when a man conscious of power, impatient of public wrongs, and still young enough to love a fight for its own sake, could have entered Parliament with a fairer prospect of leading a life worth living, and doing work that would requite the pains, than at the commencement of the year 1830.

On the 5th of April, 1830, Macaulay addressed the House of Commons on the second reading of Mr. Robert Grant's bill for the Removal of Jewish Disabilities.

"The power of which you deprive the Jew consists in maces, and gold chains, and skins of parchment with pieces of wax dangling from their edges. The power which you leave the Jew is the power of principal over clerk, of master over servant, of landlord over tenant. As things now stand a Jew may be the richest man in England. He may possess the means of raising this party and depressing that; of making East Indian directors; of making members of Parliament. The influence of a Jew may be of the first consequence in a war which shakes

Europe to the centre. His power may come into play in assisting or thwarting the greatest plans of the greatest princes; and yet, with all this confessed, acknowledged, undenied, you would have him deprived of power! Does not wealth confer power? How are we to permit all the consequences of that wealth but one? I cannot conceive the nature of an argument that is to bear out such a position. If we were to be called on to revert to the day when the warehouses of Jews were torn down and pillaged, the theory would be comprehensible. But we have to do with a persecution so delicate that there is no abstract rule for its guidance. You tell us that the Jews have no legal right to power, and I am bound to admit it: but in the same way, three hundred years ago they had no legal right to be in England, and six hundred years ago they had no legal right to the teeth in their heads. But, if it is the moral right we are to look at, I hold that on every principle of moral obligation the Jew has a right to political power."

He was on his legs once again, and once only, during his first Session; doing more for future success in Parliament by his silence than he could have effected by half a dozen brilliant perorations. A crisis was rapidly approaching when a man gifted with eloquence, who by previous self-restraint had convinced the house that he did not speak for speaking's sake, might rise almost in a day to the very summit of influence and reputation.

Macaulay, whose re-election for Calne had been a thing of course, posted off to Paris at the end of August, journeying by Dieppe and Rouen, and eagerly enjoying a first taste of continental travel.

Macaulay had excellent opportunities for seeing

behind the scenes during the closing acts of the great drama that was being played out through those summer months. The Duc de Broglie, then Prime Minister, treated him with marked attention, both as an Englishman of distinction, and as his father's son. He was much in the Chamber of Deputies, and witnessed that strange and pathetic historical revival when, after an interval of forty such years as mankind had ever known before, the aged La Fayette again stood forth, in the character of a disinterested dictator, between the hostile classes of his fellow-countrymen.

"La Fayette is Commander in Chief of the National Guard of France. The number of these troops in Paris alone is upwards of forty thousand. The Government find a musket and bayonet; but the uniform, which costs about ten napoleons, the soldiers provide themselves. All the shopkeepers are enrolled, and I cannot sufficiently admire their patriotism. My landlord, Meurice, a man who, I suppose, has realised a million francs or more, is up one night in four with his firelock doing the duty of a common watchman."

On the evening of the 2nd of March 1831, Macaulay made the first of his Reform speeches. When he sat down the Speaker sent for him, and told him that in all his prolonged experience he had never seen the House in such a state of excitement. Even at this distance of time it is impossible to read aloud the last sentences without an emotion which suggests to the mind what must have been their effect when declaimed by one who felt every word that he spoke, in the midst of an assembly agitated by hopes and apprehensions such as living men have never

known, or have long forgotten.¹ Sir Thomas Denman,

¹ "Have they forgotten how the spirit of liberty in Ireland, debaired from its natural outlet, found a vent by forbidden passages? Have they forgotten how we were forced to indulge the Catholics in all the license of rebels, merely because we chose to withhold from them the liberties of subjects? Do they wait for associations more formidable than that of the Corn Exchange, for contributions larger than the Rent, for agitators more violent than those who, three years ago, divided with the King and the Parliament the sovereignty of Ireland? Do they wait for that last and most dreadful paroxysm of popular rage, for that last and most cruel test of military fidelity? Let them wait, if their past experience shall induce them to think that any high honour or any exquisite pleasure is to be obtained by a policy like this. Let them wait, if this strange and fearful infatuation be indeed upon them, that they should not see with their eyes, or hear with their ears, or understand with their heart. But let us know our interest and our duty better. Turn where we may, within, around, the voice of great events is proclaiming to us, Reform, that you may preserve. Now, therefore, while everything at home and abroad forebodes ruin to those who persist in a hopeless struggle against the spirit of the age, now, while the crash of the proudest throne of the Continent is still resounding in our ears, now, while the roof of a British palace affords an ignominious shelter to the exiled heir of forty kings, now, while we see on every side ancient institutions subverted, and great societies dissolved, now, while the heart of England is still sound, now, while old feelings and old associations retain a power and a charm which may too soon pass away, now, in this your accepted time, now, in this your day of salvation, take counsel, not of prejudice, not of party spirit, not of the ignominious pride of a fatal consistency, but of history, of reason, of the ages which are past, of the signs of this most portentous time. Pronounce in a manner worthy of the expectation with which this great debate has been anticipated, and of the long remembrance which it will leave behind. Renew the youth of the State. Save property, divided against itself. Save the multitude, endangered by its own ungovernable passions. Save the aristocracy, endangered by its own unpopular power. Save the greatest, the fairest and most highly civilised community that ever existed, from calamities which may in a few days sweep away all the rich heritage of so many ages of wisdom and glory. The danger is terrible. The time is short. If this bill should be rejected, I pray to God that none of those who concur in rejecting it may ever remember their votes with unavailing remorse, amidst the wreck of laws, the confusion of ranks, the spoliation of property, and the dissolution of social order."

who rose later on in the discussion, said, with universal acceptance, that the orator's words remained tingling in the ears of all who heard them, and would last in their memories as long as they had memories to employ. That sense of proprietorship in an effort of genius, which the House of Commons is ever ready to entertain, effaced for a while all distinctions of party. "Portions of the speech", said Sir Robert Peel, "were as beautiful as anything I have ever heard or read. It reminded one of the old times." The names of Fox, Burke, and Canning were during that evening in everybody's mouth; and Macaulay overheard with delight a knot of old members illustrating their criticisms by recollections of Lord Plunket. He had reason to be pleased; for he had been thought worthy of the compliment which the judgment of Parliament reserves for a supreme occasion.

Among the earliest economical reforms undertaken by the new Government was a searching revision of our Bankruptcy jurisdiction, in the course of which his Commissionership was swept away, without leaving him a penny of compensation. "I voted for the Bankruptcy Court Bill", he said in answer to an inquisitive constituent. "There were points in that Bill of which I did not approve, and I only refrained from stating those points because an office of my own was at stake." When this source fell dry he was for a while a poor man; for a member of Parliament, who had others to think of besides himself, is anything but rich on sixty or seventy pounds a quarter as the produce of his pen, and a college income which has only a few more months to run. At a time when his Parliamentary fame stood at its highest he was reduced to sell the gold medals which

he had gained at Cambridge; but he was never for a moment in debt; nor did he publish a line prompted by any lower motive than the inspiration of his political faith, or the instinct of his literary genius.

With political distinction came social success, more rapid and more substantial, perhaps, than has ever been achieved by one who took so little trouble to win or to retain it. Macaulay had been well received in the character of an Edinburgh Reviewer, and his first great speech in the House of Commons at once opened to him all the doors in London that were best worth entering. Lady Holland listened to him with unwonted deference, and scolded him with a circumspection that was in itself a compliment. Rogers spoke of him with friendliness, and to him with positive affection, and gave him the last proof of his esteem and admiration by asking him to name the morning for a breakfast-party. He bore his honours quietly, and enjoyed them with the natural and hearty pleasure of a man who has a taste for society, but whose ambitions lie elsewhere.

Before very long his habits and tastes began to incline in the direction of domesticity, and even of seclusion; and, indeed, at every period of his life he would gladly desert the haunts of "the great," to seek the cheerful and cultured simplicity of his home, or the conversation of that one friend who had a share in the familiar confidence which Macaulay otherwise reserved for his nearest relatives. This was Mr. Thomas Flower Ellis, Reporter of the King's Bench. Though both Fellows of the same college, they missed each other at the university, and it was not until 1827, on the Northern circuit, that their acquaintance began. "Macaulay has

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joined," writes Mr. Ellis: "an amusing person; somewhat boyish in his manner, but very original." The young barristers had in common an insatiable love of the classics; and similarity of character, not very perceptible on the surface, soon brought about an intimacy which ripened into an attachment as important to the happiness of both concerned as ever united two men through every stage of life and vicissitude of fortune. Mr. Ellis had married early; but in 1839 he lost his wife, and Macaulay's helpful and heartfelt participation in his great sorrow riveted the links of a chain that was already indissoluble. Mr. Ellis survived his friend little more than a year; not complaining or lamenting but going about his work like a man from whose day the light has departed.

A Journal kept at intervals by Margaret Macaulay affords a pleasant and faithful picture of her brother's home-life during the years 1831 and 1832.

"I think I was about twelve when I first became very fond of my brother, and from that time my affection for him has gone on increasing during a period of seven years. I shall never forget my delight and enchantment when I first found that he seemed to like talking to me. His manner was very flattering to such a child, for he always took as much pains to amuse me, and to inform me on anything I wished to know, as he could have done to the greatest person in the land. I have heard him express great disgust towards those people who, lively and agreeable abroad, are a dead weight in the family circle. I think the remarkable clearness of his style proceeds in some measure from the habit of conversing with very young people, to whom he has a great deal to explain and impart.

"*March 3, 1831*—Yesterday morning Hannah and I walked part of the way to his chambers with Tom, and, as we separated, I remember wishing him good luck and success that night. He went through it most triumphantly, and called down upon himself admiration enough to satisfy even his sister. I like so much the manner in which he receives compliments. He does not pretend to be indifferent, but smiles in his kind and animated way, with

'I am sure it is very kind of you to say so', or something of that nature. His voice from cold and over-excitement got quite into a scream towards the last part. A person told him that he had not heard such speaking since Fox 'You have not heard such screaming since Fox,' he said

March 30, 1831—Tom has just left me, after a very interesting conversation. He spoke of his extreme idleness. He said, 'I never knew such an idle man as I am. When I go in to Empson or Ellis their tables are always covered with books and papers. I cannot stick at anything for above a day or two. I mustered industry enough to teach myself Italian. I wish to speak Spanish. I know I could master the difficulties in a week, and read any book in the language at the end of a month, but I have not the courage to attempt it. If there had not been really something in me, idleness would have ruined me.'

"I said that I was surprised at the great accuracy of his information, considering how desultory his reading had been. 'My accuracy as to facts', he said, 'I owe to a cause which many men would not confess. It is due to my love of castle-building. The past is in my mind soon constructed into a romance.' He then went on to describe the way in which from his childhood his imagination had been filled by the study of history. 'With a person of my turn,' he said, 'the minute touches are of as great interest, and perhaps greater, than the most important events. Spending so much time as I do in solitude, my mind would have rusted by gazing vacantly at the shop windows. As it is, I am no sooner in the streets than I am in Greece, in Rome, in the midst of the French Revolution. Precision in dates, the day or hour in which a man was born or died, becomes absolutely necessary. A slight fact, a sentence, a word, are of importance in my romance. Pepys's Diary formed almost inexhaustible food for my fancy. I seem to know every inch of Whitehall. I go in at Hans Holbein's gate, and come out through the matted gallery. The conversations which I compose between great people of the time are long, and sufficiently animated in the style, if not with the merits, of Sir Walter Scott's. The old parts of London, which you are sometimes surprised at my knowing so well, those old gates and houses down by the river, have all played their part in my stories.' He spoke, too, of the manner in which he used to wander about Paris, weaving tales of the Revolution, and he thought that he owed his command of language greatly to this habit.

May 21, 1831—Tom was from London at the time my mother's death occurred, and things fell out in such a manner that the first information he received of it was from the newspapers. He came home directly. He was in an agony of distress, and gave way at first to violent bursts of feeling. During the whole of the week he was with us all day, and was the greatest comfort

to us imaginable. He talked a great deal of our sorrow, and led the conversation by degrees to other subjects, bearing the whole burden of it himself, and interesting us without jarring with the predominant feeling of the time. I never saw him appear to greater advantage—never loved him more dearly.

"January 8, 1832.—I am glad Tom has reviewed old John Bunyan. Many are reading it who never read it before. Yesterday, as he was sitting in the Athenæum, a gentleman called out, 'Waiter, is there a copy of the Pilgrim's Progress in the library?' As might be expected, there was not."

Many, who readily admit that Macaulay's name will go down to posterity linked with eventful times and great deeds, make that admission with reference to times not his own, and deeds in which he had no part except to commemorate them with his pen. To him, as to others, a great reputation of a special order brought with it the consequence that the credit which he deserved for what he had done well, was overshadowed by the renown of what he did best. The world, which has forgotten that Newton excelled as an administrator, and Voltaire as a man of business, remembers somewhat faintly that Macaulay was an eminent orator and, for a time at least, a strenuous politician. The universal voice of his contemporaries, during the first three years of his parliamentary career, testifies to the leading part which he played in the House of Commons, so long as with all his heart he cared, and with all his might he tried, to play it.

To gain and keep this great position Macaulay possessed the power, and in early days did not lack the will. The prudence, the energy, the self-reliance, which he displayed in another field, might have been successfully directed to the conduct of an executive policy, and the management of a popular assembly. Macaulay never showed himself deficient in the qualities which enable a man to trust his own

sense; to feel responsibility, but not to fear it; to venture where others shrink; to decide while others waver; with all else that belongs to the vocation of a ruler in a free country. But it was not his fate: it was not his work: and the rank which he might have claimed among the statesmen of Britain was not ill exchanged for the place which he occupies in the literature of the world.

To Hannah More Macaulay.

London: May 30, 1831

Well, my dear, I have been to Holland House. In the drawing-room I had a long talk with Lady Holland about the antiquities of the house, and about the purity of the English language, wherein she thinks herself a critic.

She is certainly a woman of considerable talents and great literary acquirements. To me she was excessively gracious; yet there is a haughtiness in her courtesy which, even after all that I had heard of her, surprised me. The centurion did not keep his soldiers in better order than she keeps her guests. It is to one "Go," and he goeth; and to another "Do this," and it is done. "Ring the bell, Mr. Macaulay." "Lay down that screen, Lord Russell; you will spoil it." "Mr. Allen, take a candle and show Mr. Cradock the picture of Buonaparte." Lord Holland is, on the other hand, all kindness, simplicity, and vivacity. He talked very well both on politics and on literature. He asked me in a very friendly manner about my father's health, and begged to be remembered to him.

Ever yours
T. B. M.

To Hannah and Margaret Macaulay.

London June 7, 1831.

Yesterday I dined at Marshall's, and was almost consoled for not meeting Rammohun Roy by a very pleasant party. The great sight was the two wits, Rogers and Sydney Smith.

I had a good deal of pleasant conversation with Rogers. He was telling me of the curiosity and interest which attached to the persons of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron. When Sir Walter Scott dined at a gentleman's in London some time ago, all the servant-maids in the house asked leave to stand in the passage and see him pass. He was, as you may conceive, greatly flattered. About Lord Byron, whom he knew well, he told me some curious anecdotes. When Lord Byron passed through Florence, Rogers was there. They had a good deal of conversation, and Rogers accompanied him to his carriage. The inn had fifty windows in front. All the windows were crowded with women, mostly English women, to catch a glance at their favourite poet. Among them were some at whose houses he had often been in England, and with whom he had lived on friendly terms. He would not notice them, or return their salutations. Rogers was the only person that he spoke to.

The worst thing that I know about Lord Byron is the very unfavourable impression which he made on men, who certainly were not inclined to judge him harshly, and who, as far as I know, were never personally ill-used by him. Sharp and Rogers both speak of him as an unpleasant, affected, splenetic person. I have heard hundreds and thousands of people who never saw him rant about him: but I

never heard a single expression of fondness for him fall from the lips of any of those who knew him well. Yet, even now, after the lapse of five-and-twenty years, there are those who cannot talk for a quarter of an hour about Charles Fox without tears.

I told Sydney Smith that my meeting him was some compensation for missing Rammohun Roy. Sydney broke forth: "Compensation! Do you mean to insult me? A beneficed clergyman, an orthodox clergyman, a nobleman's chaplain, to be no more than compensation for a Brahmin; and a heretic Brahmin too, a fellow who has lost his own religion and can't find another; a vile heterodox dog, who, as I am credibly informed, eats beef-steaks in private! A man who has lost his caste! who ought to have melted lead poured down his nostrils, if the good old Vedas were in force as they ought to be."

These are some Boswelliana of Sydney; not very clerical, you will say, but indescribably amusing to the hearers, whatever the readers may think of them.

Ever yours
T. B. M.

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

London · June 29, 1831.

My dear Sister,—I find that my article on Byron is very popular; one among a thousand proofs of the bad taste of the public. I am to review Croker's edition of Bozzy. It is wretchedly ill done. The notes are poorly written, and shamefully inaccurate. There is, however, much curious information in it. I intend the book for you, when I have finished

my criticism on it. You are, next to myself, the best read Boswellite that I know.

Ever yours
T. B. M.

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

London : July 25, 1831.

My dear Sister,—On Saturday evening I went to Holland House. Her Ladyship is all courtesy and kindness to me; but her demeanour to some others, particularly to poor Allen, is such as it quite pains me to witness. He is really treated like a negro slave. “Mr. Allen, go into my drawing-room and bring my reticule.” “Mr. Allen, go and see what can be the matter that they do not bring up dinner.” “Mr. Allen, there is not enough turtle-soup for you. You must take gravy-soup or none.” Yet I can scarcely pity the man. He has an independent income; and, if he can stoop to be ordered about like a footman, I cannot so much blame her for the contempt with which she treats him.

Perhaps I may write again tomorrow.

Ever yours
T. B. M.

CHAPTER V

1832—1834

The Reform Bill passes—Macaulay appointed Commissioner of the Board of Control—Contested election at Leeds—Macaulay's bearing as a candidate—Canvassing—Pledges—Margaret Macaulay's marriage—How it affected her brother—He is returned for Leeds—Session of 1832—Macaulay's Speech on the India Bill—The West Indian question—Macaulay resigns office—He gains his point, and resumes his place—Death of Wilberforce—Macaulay is appointed Member of the Supreme Council of India—Letters to Hannah Macaulay, Lord Lansdowne, and Mr. Napier.

THE old system died hard; but in May 1832 came its final agony. The Reform Bill had passed the Commons, but was being delayed by the Upper House. Earl Grey resigned, and the Duke of Wellington, with a loyalty which certainly did not stand in need of such an unlucky proof, came forward to meet the storm. But he could not get colleagues to assist him in the Cabinet, or supporters to vote with him in Parliament, or soldiers to fight for him in the streets; and it was evident that in a few days his position would be such as could only be kept by fighting.

The revolution had in truth commenced. At a meeting of the political unions at Birmingham a hundred thousand voices had sung the words:

God is our guide No swords we draw.
We kindle not war's battle fires.
By union, justice, reason, law,
We claim the birthright of our sires.

But those very men were now binding themselves by a declaration that, unless the Bill passed, they

would pay no taxes, nor purchase property distrained by the tax-gatherer. In thus renouncing the first obligation of a citizen they did in effect draw the sword, and they would have been cravens if they had left it in the scabbard. Lord Milton did something to enhance the claim of his historic house upon the national gratitude by giving practical effect to this audacious resolve; and, after the lapse of two centuries, another Great Rebellion, more effectual than its predecessor, but so brief and bloodless that history does not recognise it as a rebellion at all, was inaugurated by the essentially English proceeding of a quiet country gentleman telling the Collector to call again. The crisis lasted just a week. The Duke advised the King to recall his Ministers; and his Majesty, in his turn, honoured the refractory lords with a most significant circular letter, respectful in form, but unmistakable in tenor. A hundred peers of the Opposition took the hint, and contrived to be absent whenever Reform was before the House; and on the 7th of June the Bill became an Act, in very much the same shape, after such and so many vicissitudes, as it wore when Lord John Russell first presented it to Parliament.

Macaulay, whose eloquence had signalised every stage of the conflict, was not left without his reward. He was appointed one of the Commissioners, and soon afterwards the Secretary, of the Board of Control, which, from 1784 onwards, represented the Crown in its relations to the East Indian directors. His speeches and essays teem with expressions of a far deeper than official interest in India and her people; and his minutes remain on record, to prove that he did not affect the sentiment for a literary or

oratorical purpose. The attitude of his own mind with regard to our Eastern empire is depicted in the following passage on Burke, in the essay on Warren Hastings:

“India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun; the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa-tree; the rice-field and the tank; the huge trees, older than the Mogul Empire, under which the village crowds assemble; the thatched roof of the peasant’s hut, and the rich tracery of the mosque, where the imaum prayed with his face to Mecca; the drums, the banners and gaudy idols; the devotee swinging in the air; the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side; the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect; the turbans and the flowing robes; the spears and the silver maces; the elephants with their canopies of state; the gorgeous palankin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady—all those things were to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed—as the objects which lay on the road between Beaconsfield and St. James’s Street. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors laid gold and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns, to the wild moor where the gipsy-camp was pitched—from the bazaars, humming like bee-hives with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyænas. He had just as lively an idea of the insurrection at Benares as of Lord George Gordon’s riots, and of the execution of Nuncomar as of the execution of

Dr. Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London."

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

London · September 20, 1832

My dear Sister,—I am at home again from Leeds, where everything is going on as well as possible. I, and most of my friends, feel sanguine as to the result. About half my day was spent in speaking, and hearing other people speak, in squeezing and being squeezed; in shaking hands with people whom I never saw before, and whose faces and names I forget within a minute after being introduced to them. The rest was passed in conversation with my leading friends, who are very honest substantial manufacturers. They feed me on roast beef and Yorkshire pudding; at night they put me into capital bedrooms; and the only plague which they give me is that they are always begging me to mention some food or wine for which I have a fancy, or some article of comfort and convenience which I may wish them to procure.

I travelled to town with a family of children who ate without intermission from Market Harborough, where they got into the coach, to the Peacock at Islington, where they got out of it. They breakfasted as if they had fasted all the preceding day. They dined as if they had never breakfasted. They ate on the road one large basket of sandwiches, another of fruit, and a boiled fowl: besides which there was not an orange-girl, an old man with cakes, or a boy with filberts, who came to the coach-side when we stopped to change horses, of whom they did not buy something.

On Saturday I go to Holland House, and stay there till Monday. Her Ladyship wants me to take up my quarters almost entirely there; but I love my own chambers and independence, and am neither qualified nor inclined to succeed Allen in his post.

Ever yours

T. B. M.

The town of Leeds was alive with the agitation of a turbulent, but not very dubious, contest. Macaulay's relations with the electors whose votes he was courting are too characteristic to be omitted altogether from the story of his life. This young politician, who depended on office for his bread, and on a seat in the House of Commons for office, adopted from the first an attitude of high and almost peremptory independence which would have sat well on a Prime Minister in his grand climacteric.

London · August 3, 1832.

“My dear Sir,—I am truly happy to find that the opinion of my friend at Leeds on the subject of canvassing agrees with that which I have long entertained. The practice of begging for votes is, as it seems to me, absurd, pernicious, and altogether at variance with the true principles of representative government. The suffrage of an elector ought not to be asked, or to be given as a personal favour. It is as much for the interest of constituents to choose well, as it can be for the interest of a candidate to be chosen. To request an honest man to vote according to his conscience is superfluous. To request him to vote against his conscience is an insult. The practice of canvassing is quite reasonable under a system in which men are sent to Parliament to serve themselves. It is the height of absurdity under a system under which men are sent to Parliament to serve the public. While we had only a mock representation, it was natural enough that this practice should be carried to a great extent. I trust it will soon perish with the abuses from which it sprung. I trust that the great and intelligent body of people who have obtained the elective franchise will see that seats in the House of Commons ought not to be given, like rooms in an almshouse, to urgency of solicitation, and that a man who surrenders his vote to caresses and

supplications forgets his duty as much as if he sold it for a bank-note. I hope to see the day when an Englishman will think it as great an affront to be courted and lauded upon in his capacity of elector as in his capacity of jurymen. He would be shocked at the thought of finding an unjust verdict because the plaintiff or the defendant had been very civil and pressing, and, if he would reflect, he would, I think, be equally shocked at the thought of voting for a candidate for whose public character he felt no esteem, merely because that candidate had called upon him, and begged very hard, and had shaken his hand very warmly. My conduct is before the electors of Leeds. My opinions shall on all occasions be stated to them with perfect frankness. If they approve that conduct, if they concur in those opinions, they ought, not for my sake, but for their own, to choose me as their member. To be so chosen, I should indeed consider as a high and enviable honour, but I should think it no honour to be returned to Parliament by persons who, thinking me destitute of the requisite qualifications, had yet been wrought upon by cajolery and importunity to poll for me in despite of their better judgment.

"I wish to add a few words touching a question which has lately been much canvassed; I mean the question of pledges. In this letter, and in every letter which I have written to my friends at Leeds, I have plainly declared my *opinions*. But I think it, at this conjuncture, my duty to declare that I will give *no pledges*. I will not bind myself to make or to support any particular motion. I will state as shortly as I can some of the reasons which have induced me to form this determination. The great beauty of the representative system is, that it unites the advantages of popular control with the advantages arising from a division of labour. Just as a physician understands medicine better than an ordinary man, just as a shoemaker makes shoes better than an ordinary man, so a person whose life is passed in transacting affairs of State becomes a better statesman than an ordinary man. In politics, as well as every other department of life, the public ought to have the means of checking those who serve it. If a man finds that he derives no benefit from the prescription of his physician, he calls in another. If his shoes do not fit him, he changes his shoemaker. But when he has called in a physician of whom he hears a good report, and whose general practice he believes to be judicious, it would be absurd in him to tie down that physician to order particular pills and particular draughts. While he continues to be the customer of a shoemaker, it would be absurd in him to sit by and mete every motion of that shoemaker's hand. And in the same manner, it would, I think, be absurd in him to require positive pledges, and to exact daily and hourly obedience, from his representative. My opinion is, that electors ought at first to choose cautiously; then to confide liberally; and, when the term for which they have selected their member has expired, to review

his conduct equitably, and to pronounce on the whole taken together.

"If the people of Leeds think proper to repose in me that confidence which is necessary to the proper discharge of the duties of a representative, I hope that I shall not abuse it. If it be their pleasure to fetter their members by positive promises, it is in their power to do so. I can only say that on such terms I cannot conscientiously serve them

"I hope, and feel assured, that the sincerity with which I make this explicit declaration, will, if it deprive me of the votes of my friends at Leeds, secure to me what I value far more highly, their esteem

"Believe me ever, my dear Sir,

"Your most faithful Servant,

"T B MACAULAY."

This frank announcement, taken by many as a slight, and by some as a downright challenge, produced remonstrances which, after the interval of a week, were answered by Macaulay in a second letter :

"Nothing is easier than for a candidate to avoid unpopular topics as long as possible, and, when they are forced on him, to take refuge in evasive and unmeaning phrases. Nothing is easier than for him to give extravagant promises while an election is depending, and to forget them as soon as the return is made. I will take no such course. I do not wish to obtain a single vote on false pretences. Under the old system I have never been the flatterer of the great. Under the new system I will not be the flatterer of the people. The truth, or what appears to me to be such, may sometimes be distasteful to those whose good opinion I most value. I shall nevertheless always abide by it, and trust to their good sense, to their second thoughts, to the force of reason, and the progress of time. If, after all, their decision should be unfavourable to me, I shall submit to that decision with fortitude and good humour. It is not necessary to my happiness that I should sit in Parliament, but it is necessary to my happiness that I should possess, in Parliament or out of Parliament, the consciousness of having done what is right."

While Macaulay was stern in his refusal to gratify his electors with the customary blandishments, he gave them plenty of excellent political instruction. There is no better sample of Macaulay's extempore speaking than the first words which he addressed to

his committee at Leeds after the Reform Bill had received the Royal assent. "I find it difficult to express my gratification at seeing such an assembly convened at such a time. All the history of our own country, all the history of other countries, furnishes nothing parallel to it. Look at the great events in our own former history, and in everyone of them, which, for importance, we can venture to compare with the Reform Bill, we shall find something to disgrace and tarnish the achievement. It was by the assistance of French arms and of Roman bulls that King John was harassed into giving the Great Charter. In the times of Charles I., how much injustice, how much crime, how much bloodshed and misery, did it cost to assert the liberties of England! But in this event, great and important as it is in substance, I confess I think it still more important from the manner in which it has been achieved. Other countries have obtained deliverances equally signal and complete, but in no country has that deliverance been obtained with such perfect peace; so entirely within the bounds of the Constitution; with all the forms of law observed; the government of the country proceeding in its regular course; every man going forth unto his labour until the evening. France boasts of her three days of July, when her people rose, when barricades fenced the streets, and the entire population of the capital in arms successfully vindicated their liberties. They boast, and justly, of those three days of July; but I will boast of our ten days of May. We, too, fought a battle, but it was with moral arms. We, too, placed an impassable barrier between ourselves and military tyranny; but we fenced ourselves only with moral barricades. Not

one crime committed, not one acre confiscated, not one life lost, not one instance of outrage or attack on the authorities or the laws. Our victory has not left a single family in mourning. Not a tear, not a drop of blood, has sullied the pacific and blameless triumph of a great people."

About the same time, an event occurred which touched him more nearly than could any possible turn of fortune in the world of politics. His sister Margaret became engaged to Mr. Edward Cropper, of Liverpool, and was soon after married.

Macaulay's was essentially a virile intellect. He wrote, he thought, he spoke, he acted, like a man. The public regarded him as an impersonation of vigour, vivacity, and self-reliance; but his own family, together with one, and probably only one, of his friends, knew that his affections were only too tender, and his sensibilities only too acute.

He writes to Hannah from Leeds on December 12th 1832: "I am sitting in the midst of two hundred friends, all mad with exultation and party spirit, all glorying over the Tories, and thinking me the happiest man in the world. And it is all that I can do to hide my tears, and to command my voice, when it is necessary for me to reply to their congratulations. Dearest, dearest sister, you alone are now left to me. Whom have I on earth but thee?"

On the 29th of January, 1833, commenced the first Session of the Reformed Parliament. He seldom addressed the House. His abstinence from the passing topics of Parliamentary controversy obtained for him a friendly, as well as an attentive, hearing from both sides of the House whenever he spoke on his own subjects; and did much to smooth the progress of those immense and salutary reforms

with which the Cabinet had resolved to accompany the renewal of the India Company's Charter. The Company was relieved of its commercial attributes, and became a corporation charged with the function of ruling Hindoostan. Slavery was abolished; and it was ordained that no native of the British territories in the East should "by reason only of his religion, place of birth, descent, or colour, be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment." Mr. Charles Grant, President of the Board of Control, said of Macaulay's speech: "It exhibited all that is noble in oratory; all that is sublime, I had almost said, in poetry; all that is truly great, exalted, and virtuous in human nature." Another M. P. said to Macaulay: "Sir, having heard that speech may console the young people for never having heard Burke."

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

Smoking-Room of the House of Commons:
June 6, 1833

My Darling,—I have some gossip for you about the *Edinburgh Review*. Napier is in London, and has called on me several times. He has been with the publishers, who tell him that the sale is falling off; and in many private parties, where he hears sad complaints. The universal cry is that the long dull articles are the ruin of the *Review*. As to myself, he assures me that my articles are the only things which keep the work up at all. Longman and his partners correspond with about five hundred booksellers in different parts of the kingdom. All these booksellers, I find, tell them that the *Review* sells, or does not sell, according as there are, or are not,

articles by Mr. Macaulay. So, you see, I, like Mr. Darcy, shall not care how proud I am. At all events, I cannot but be pleased to learn that, if I should be forced to depend on my pen for subsistence, I can command what price I choose.

T. B. M.

[In the Government Bill for the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, it was provided that the emancipated slaves would be registered as apprenticed labourers and would be "subject to the restriction of labouring, for a time to be fixed by Parliament, for their present owners" Macaulay was anxious to abolish, or to reduce, the period of twelve years which was proposed for the apprenticeship, and the firmness of his principles was put to a severe test. He was paying off his father's debts, and was the main hope and reliance of his brothers and sisters, and he was not in a hurry to act the martyr.]

Macaulay's colleagues, who, without knowing his whole story, knew enough to be aware that he could ill afford to give up office, were earnest in their remonstrances; but he answered shortly, and almost roughly: "I cannot go counter to my father. He has devoted his whole life to the question, and I cannot grieve him by giving way when he wishes me to stand firm." During the crisis of the West India Bill, Zachary Macaulay and his son were in constant correspondence. There is something touching in the picture which these letters present of the older man, (whose years coming to a close in poverty which was the consequence of his having always lived too much for others), discussing quietly and gravely how, and when, the younger was to take a step that in the opinion of them both would be fatal to his career: and this with so little consciousness that there was anything heroic in the course which they were pursuing, that it appears never to

have occurred to either of them that any other line of conduct could possibly be adopted.

On the 11th of July 1833, he writes to his sister : "The Slavery Bill is miserably bad. I am fully resolved not to be dragged through the mire, but to oppose, by speaking and voting, the clauses which I think objectionable. I have told Lord Althorp this, and have again tendered my resignation. He hinted that he thought that the Government would leave me at liberty to take my own line, but that he must consult his colleagues. I told him that I asked for no favour; that I knew what inconvenience would result if official men were allowed to dissent from Ministerial measures, and yet to keep their places; and that I should not think myself in the smallest degree ill-used if the Cabinet accepted my resignation. This is the present posture of affairs."

A few days later, Government announced that the term of apprenticeship would be reduced from twelve years to seven.

"The papers," Macaulay writes to his father, "will have told you all that has happened, as far as it is known to the public. The secret history you will have heard from Buxton. As to myself, Lord Althorp told me yesterday night that the Cabinet had determined not to accept my resignation. I have therefore the singular good luck of having saved both my honour and my place, and of having given no just ground of offence either to the Abolitionists or to my party-friends. I have more reason than ever to say that honesty is the best policy."

This letter is dated the 27th of July. On that day week, Wilberforce was carried to his grave in

Westminster Abbey. He died with the promised land full in view. Before the end of August Parliament abolished slavery, and the last touch was put to the work that had consumed so many pure and noble lives. In a letter of congratulation to Zachary Macaulay, Mr. Buxton says: "Surely you have reason to rejoice. My sober and deliberate opinion is that you have done more towards this consummation than any other man. For myself I take pleasure in acknowledging that you have been my tutor all the way through, and that I could have done nothing without you." Such was the spirit of these men, who, while the struggle lasted, were prodigal of health and ease; but who, in the day of triumph, disclaimed each for himself, even that part of the merit which their religion allowed them to ascribe to human effort and self-sacrifice.

The next letter introduces the mention of what proved to be the most important circumstance in Macaulay's life.

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

London. August 17, 1833.

My dear Sister,—I am about to write to you on a subject which to you and Margaret will be one of the most agitating interest; and which, on that account chiefly, is so to me.

By the new India Bill it is provided that one of the members of the Supreme Council, which is to govern our Eastern Empire, is to be chosen from among persons who are not servants of the Company. It is probable, indeed nearly certain, that the situation will be offered to me.

The advantages are very great. It is a post of the highest dignity and consideration. The salary is ten thousand pounds a year. I am assured by persons who know Calcutta intimately, and who have themselves mixed in the highest circles and held the highest offices at that Presidency, that I may live in splendour there for five thousand a year, and may save the rest of the salary with the accruing interest. I may therefore hope to return to England at only thirty-nine, in the full vigour of life, with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. A larger fortune I never desired.

I am not fond of money, or anxious about it. But, though every day makes me less and less eager for wealth, every day shows me more and more strongly how necessary a competence is to a man who desires to be either great or useful. At present the plain fact is that I can continue to be a public man only while I can continue in office. If I left my place in the Government, I must leave my seat in Parliament too. For I must live : I can live only by my pen : and it is absolutely impossible for any man to write enough to procure him a decent subsistence, and at the same time to take an active part in politics. Now, in order to live like a gentleman, it would be necessary for me to write, not as I have done hitherto, but regularly, and even daily. I have never made more than two hundred a year by my pen. I could not support myself in comfort on less than five hundred : and I shall in all probability have many others to support. The prospects of our family are, if possible, darker than ever.

In the meantime my political outlook is very gloomy. A schism in the Ministry is approaching. By accepting the post which is likely to be offered

to me, I withdraw myself for a short time from the contests of faction here. When I return, I shall find things settled, parties formed into new combinations, and new questions under discussion, I shall then be able, without the scandal of a violent separation, and without exposing myself to the charge of inconsistency, to take my own line. In the meantime I shall save my family from distress; and shall return with a competence honestly earned, as rich as if I were Duke of Northumberland or Marquess of Westminster, and able to act on all public questions without even a temptation to deviate from the strict line of duty. While in India, I shall have to discharge duties not painfully laborious, and of the highest and most honourable kind. I shall have whatever that country affords of comfort or splendour; nor will my absence be so long that my friends, or the public here, will be likely to lose sight of me.

Whether the period of my exile shall be one of comfort,—and, after the first shock, even of happiness,—depends on you. If, as I expect, this offer shall be made to me, will you go with me? I know what a sacrifice I ask of you. I know how many dear and precious ties you must, for a time, sunder. I know that the splendour of the Indian Court, and the gaieties of that brilliant society of which you would be one of the leading personages, have no temptation for you. I can bribe you only by telling you that, if you will go with me, I will love you better than I love you now, if I can.

And now think calmly over what I have written. I would not have written on the subject even to you, till the matter was quite settled, if I had not thought that you ought to have full time to make

up your mind. If you feel an insurmountable aversion to India, I will do all in my power to make your residence in England comfortable during my absence, and to enable you to conter instead of receiving benefits. But if my dear sister would consent to give me, at this great crisis of my life, that proof, that painful and arduous proof, of her affection, which I beg of her, I think that she will not repent of it. She shall not, if the unbounded confidence and attachment of one to whom she is dearer than life can compensate her for a few years' absence from much that she loves.

Farewell, my dear sister. You cannot tell how impatiently I shall wait for your answer.

T. B. M.

This letter, written under the influence of deep and varied emotions, was read with feelings of painful agitation and surprise. India was not then the familiar name that it has become to us. A girl who had seen no country more foreign than Wales, and crossed no water broader and more tempestuous than the Mersey, looked forward to a voyage which (as she subsequently learned by melancholy experience,) might extend over six weary months, with an anxiety that can hardly be imagined by us. A separation from beloved relations under such conditions was a separation indeed; and, if Macaulay and his sister could have foreseen how much of what they left at their departure they would fail to find on their return, it is a question whether any earthly consideration could have induced them to quit their native shore. But Hannah's sense of duty was too strong for these doubts and tremors; and, happily, (for on the whole her resolution was a fortunate

one,) she resolved to accompany her brother in an expatriation which he never would have faced without her.

On October 14th, he writes to Hannah:—

“My father is at me again to provide for P— What on earth have I to do with P—? The relationship is one which none but Scotchmen would recognise. The lad is such a fool that he would utterly disgrace my recommendation. But what strange folly this is which meets me in every quarter; people wanting posts in the army, the navy, the public offices, and saying that, if they cannot find such posts, they must starve! How do all the rest of mankind live? If I had not happened to be engaged in politics, and if my father had not been connected, by very extraordinary circumstances, with public men, we should never have dreamed of having places. Why cannot P— be apprenticed to some hatter or tailor? He may do well in such a business: he will do detestably ill as a clerk in my office. He may come to make good coats: he will never, I am sure, write good despatches. There is nothing truer than Poor Richard’s saw: ‘We are taxed twice as heavily by our pride as by the state.’ The curse of England is the obstinate determination of the middle classes to make their sons what they call gentlemen. So we are overrun by clergymen without livings; lawyers without briefs; physicians without patients; authors without readers; clerks soliciting employment, who might have thriven, and been above the world, as bakers, watchmakers, or innkeepers. The next time my father speaks to me about P—, I will offer to subscribe twenty guineas towards making a pastry-cook of him. He had a sweet tooth when he was a child.

"I am very quiet; rise at seven or half-past; read Spanish till ten; breakfast; walk to my office; stay there till four; take a long walk; dine towards seven; and am in bed before eleven. I am going through Don Quixote again, and admire it more than ever. It is certainly the best novel in the world, beyond all comparison."

London November—, 1833

Dear Hannah,—Things stand as they stood; except that the report of my appointment is every day spreading more widely; and that I am beset by advertising dealers begging leave to make up a hundred cotton shirts for me, and fifty muslin gowns for you, and by clerks out of place begging to be my secretaries. I am not in very high spirits to-day, as I have just received a letter from poor Ellis, to whom I had not communicated my intentions till yesterday. He writes so affectionately and so plaintively that he quite cuts me to the heart. There are few indeed from whom I shall part with so much pain; and he, poor fellow, says that, next to his wife, I am the person for whom he feels the most thorough attachment, and in whom he places the most unlimited confidence. . . .

T. B. M.

London • December 5, 1833.

Dear Lord Lansdowne,—I delayed returning an answer to your kind letter till this day, in order that I might be able to send you definite intelligence. Yesterday evening the Directors appointed me to a seat in the Council of India. The votes were nineteen for me, and three against me.

I feel that the sacrifice which I am about to make

is great. But the motives which urge me to make it are quite irresistible. Every day that I live I become less and less desirous of great wealth. But every day makes me more sensible of the importance of a competence. Without a competence it is not very easy for a public man to be honest : it is almost impossible for him to be thought so. I am so situated that I can subsist only in two ways : by being in office, and by my pen. Hitherto, literature has been merely my relaxation,—the amusement of perhaps a month in the year. I have never considered it as the means of support. I have chosen my own topics, taken my own time, and dictated my own terms. The thought of becoming a bookseller's hack ; of writing to relieve, not the fulness of the mind, but the emptiness of the pocket ; of spurring a jaded fancy to reluctant exertion ; of filling sheets with trash merely that the sheets may be filled ; of bearing from publishers and editors what Dryden bore from Tonson, and what, to my own knowledge, Mackintosh bore from Lardner, is horrible to me. Yet thus it must be, if I should quit office. Yet to hold office merely for the sake of emolument would be more horrible still.

If this were all, I should feel that, for the sake of my own happiness and of my public utility, a few years would be well spent in obtaining an independence. But this is not all. I am not alone in the world. A family which I love most fondly is dependent on me. Unless I would see my father left in his old age to the charity of less near relations ; my youngest brother unable to obtain a good professional education ; my sisters, who are more to me than any sisters ever were to a brother, forced to turn governesses or humble companions,—I must do

something, I must make some effort. An opportunity has offered itself. It is in my power to make the last days of my father comfortable, to educate my brother, to provide for my sisters, to procure a competence for myself. I may hope, by the time I am thirty-nine or forty, to return to England with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. To me that would be affluence. I never wished for more.

Then, too, the years of my absence, though lost, as far as English politics are concerned, will not, I hope, be wholly lost, as respects either my own mind or the happiness of my fellow-creatures. I can scarcely conceive a nobler field than that which our Indian Empire now presents to a statesman. While some of my partial friends are blaming me for stooping to accept a share in the government of that Empire, I am afraid that I am aspiring too high for my qualifications. I sometimes feel, I most unaffectedly declare, depressed and appalled by the immense responsibility which I have undertaken. You are one of the very few public men of our time who have bestowed on Indian affairs the attention which they deserve; and you will therefore, I am sure, fully enter into my feelings.

And now, dear Lord Lansdowne, let me thank you most warmly for the kind feeling which has dictated your letter. That letter is, indeed, but a very small part of what I ought to thank you for. That at an early age I have gained some credit in public life; that I have done some little service to more than one good cause; that I now have it in my power to repair the ruined fortunes of my family, and to save those who are dearest to me from the misery and humiliation of dependence; that I am almost certain, if I live, of obtaining a competence

by honourable means before I am past the full vigour of manhood,—all this I owe to your kindness. I will say no more. I will only entreat you to believe that neither now, nor on any former occasion, have I ever said one thousandth part of what I feel.

Believe me, ever,
Yours most faithfully and affectionately
T. B. MACAULAY.

To Macvey Napier, Esq.

London : December 5, 1833.

Dear Napier,—You are probably not unprepared for what I am about to tell you. Yesterday evening the Directors of the East India Company elected me one of the members of the Supreme Council. It will, therefore, be necessary that in a few weeks,—ten weeks, at furthest,—I should leave this country for a few years.

It would be mere affectation in me to pretend not to know that my support is of some importance to the *Edinburgh Review*. In the situation in which I shall now be placed, a connection with the Review will be of some importance to me. I know well how dangerous it is for a public man wholly to withdraw himself from the public eye. During an absence of six years, I run some risk of losing most of the distinction, literary and political, which I have acquired. As a means of keeping myself in the recollection of my countrymen during my sojourn abroad the Review will be invaluable to me: nor do I foresee that there will be the slightest difficulty in my continuing to write for you at least as much as ever. I have thought over my late articles, and I really can scarcely call to mind a single sentence

in any one of them which might not have been written at Calcutta as easily as in London. Perhaps in India I might not have the means of detecting two or three of the false dates in Croker's Boswell. But that would have been all. Very little, if any, of the effect of my most popular articles is produced either by minute research into rare books, or by allusions to mere topics of the day.

I think therefore that we might easily establish a commerce mutually beneficial. I shall wish to be supplied with all the good books which come out in this part of the world. Indeed, many books which in themselves are of little value, and which, if I were in England, I should not think it worth while to read, will be interesting to me in India; just as the commonest daubs, and the rudest vessels, at Pompeii attract the minute attention of people who would not move their eyes to see a modern signpost, or a modern kettle. Distance of place, like distance of time, makes trifles valuable.

What I propose, then, is that you should pay me for the articles which I may send you from India, not in money, but in books. As to the amount I make no stipulations. You know that I have never haggled about such matters. As to the choice of books, the mode of transmission, and other matters, we shall have ample time to discuss them before my departure. Let me know whether you are willing to make an arrangement on this basis.

I have not forgotten Chatham in the midst of my avocations. I hope to send you an article on him early next week.

Ever yours sincerely
T. B. MACAULAY.

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

London · December 21, 1833

My dear Sister,—Yesterday I dined at Boddington's. We had a very agreeable party: Duncannon, Charles Grant, Sharp, Chantrey the sculptor, Bobus Smith, and James Mill. Mill and I were extremely friendly, and I found him a very pleasant companion, and a man of more general information than I had imagined.

Bobus was very amusing. He is a great authority on Indian matters. He was during several years Advocate-General in Bengal, and made all his large fortune there. I asked him about the climate. Nothing, he said, could be pleasanter, except in August and September. He never ate or drank so much in his life. Indeed, his looks do credit to Bengal; for a healthier man of his age I never saw. We talked about expenses. "I cannot conceive," he said, "how anybody at Calcutta can live on less than 3,000*l.* a year, or can contrive to spend more than 4,000*l.*" We talked of the insects and snakes, and he said a thing which reminded me of his brother Sydney: "Always, Sir, manage to have at your table some fleshy, blooming, young writer or cadet, just come out; that the mosquitoes may stick to him, and leave the rest of the company alone."

T. B. M.

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

London : January 2, 1834.

My dear Sister,—I had a most extraordinary scene with Lady Holland. If she had been as young and handsome as she was thirty years ago,

she would have turned my head. She was quite hysterical about my going; paid me such compliments as I cannot repeat; cried; raved; called me dear, dear Macaulay. "You are sacrificed to your family. I see it all. You are too good to them. They are always making a tool of you; last Session about the slaves; and now sending you to India!" I always do my best to keep my temper with Lady Holland for three reasons: because she is a woman; because she is very unhappy in her health, and in the circumstances of her position; and because she has a real kindness for me. But at last she said something about you. This was too much, and I was beginning to answer her in a voice trembling with anger, when she broke out again: "I beg your pardon. Pray forgive me, dear Macaulay. I was very impertinent. I know you will forgive me. Nobody has such a temper as you. I have said so a hundred times. I said so to Allen only this morning. I am sure you will bear with my weakness. I shall never see you again:" and she cried, and I cooled: for it would have been to very little purpose to be angry with her. I hear that it is not to me alone that she runs on in this way. She storms at the Ministers for letting me go. I was told that at one dinner she became so violent that even Lord Holland, whose temper, whatever his wife may say, is much cooler than mine, could not command himself, and broke out: "Don't talk such nonsense, my Lady. What, the devil! Can we tell a gentleman who has a claim upon us that he must lose his only chance of getting an independence in order that he may come and talk to you in an evening?"

Good-bye, and take care not to become so fond

of your own will as my Lady. It is now my duty to omit no opportunity of giving you wholesome advice. I am henceforward your sole guardian: I have bought Gisborne's Duties of Women, Moore's Fables for the Female Sex, Mrs. King's Female Scripture Characters, and Fordyce's Sermons. With the help of these books I hope to keep my responsibility in order on our voyage, and in India.

Ever yours

T. B. M.

To Hannah M. Macaulay.

London : January 4, 1834.

My dear Sister,—I am now buying books; not trashy books which will only bear one reading; but good books for a library. I have my eye on all the bookstalls; and I shall no longer suffer you, when we walk together in London, to drag me past them as you used to do. Pray make out a list of any which you would like to have. The provision which I design for the voyage is Richardson, Voltaire's works, Gibbon, Sismondi's History of the French, Davila, the Orlando in Italian, Don Quixote in Spanish, Homer in Greek, Horace in Latin. I must also have some books of jurisprudence, and some to initiate me in Persian and Hindostanee. Shall I buy "Dunallan" for you? I believe that in your eyes it would stand in the place of all the rest together. But, seriously, let me know what you would like me to procure.

Ellis is making a little collection of Greek classics for me. Sharp has given me one or two very rare and pretty books, which I much wanted. All the

Edinburgh Reviews are being bound, so that we shall have a complete set, up to the forthcoming number, which will contain an article of mine on Chatham. And this reminds me that I must give over writing to you, and fall to my article. I rather think that it will be a good one.

Ever yours

T. B. M.

CHAPTER VI

1834—1838

Arrival at Madras—Macaulay is summoned to join Lord William Bentinck in the Neilgherries—His journey up-country—Arcot—Bangalore—Seringapatam—Ascent of the Neilgherries—First sight of the Governor-General—A summer on the Neilgherries—Clarissa—Macaulay leaves the Neilgherries, travels to Calcutta, and there sets up house—Mr. Trevelyan—Marriage of Hannah Macaulay—Death of Mrs. Cropper—Macaulay's work in India—The Black Act—His Minute on Education—He becomes President of the Committee of Public Instruction—He is appointed President of the Law Commission—Appearance of the Code—Comments of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen—Macaulay's private life in India—Departure from India—Letters to Mr. Ellis and Mr. Napier.

FROM the moment that a deputation of Falmouth Whigs, headed by their Mayor, came on board to wish Macaulay his health in India and a happy return to England, nothing occurred that broke the monotony of an easy and rapid voyage. "During the whole voyage I read with keen and increasing enjoyment. I devoured Greek, Latin, Spanish, Italian, French, and English, folios, quartos, octavos, and duodecimos."

On the 10th of June the vessel lay to off Madras. Lord William Bentinck, who was then Governor-General, was detained by ill-health at Ootacamund in the Neilgherry Hills; a place which in 1834 was known to Macaulay, by vague report, as situated somewhere "in the mountains of Malabar, beyond Mysore."

Macaulay set forth on his journey within a week

from his landing, travelling by night, and resting while the sun was at its hottest. He has recorded his first impressions of Hindostan in a series of journal letters addressed to his sister Margaret.

"In the afternoon of the 17th June I left Madras. My train consisted of thirty-eight persons I was in one palanquin, and my servant followed in another. He is a half-caste. His name, which I never hear without laughing, is Peter Prim,

"Half my journey was by daylight, and all that I saw during that time disappointed me grievously. It is amazing how small a part of the country is under cultivation. The people whom we met were as few as in the Highlands of Scotland. But I have been told that in India the villages generally lie at a distance from the roads, and that much of the land, which when I passed through it looked like parched moor that had never been cultivated, would after the rains be covered with rice "

After traversing this landscape for fifteen hours he reached the town of Arcot, which, under his handling, was to be celebrated far and wide as the cradle of our greatness in the East.

On the 19th of June he crossed the frontier of Mysore; reached Bangalore on the morning of the 20th, and rested there for three days in the house of the Commandant.

"On Monday, the 23rd, I took leave of Colonel Cubbon, who told me, with a warmth which I was vain enough to think sincere, that he had not passed three such pleasant days for thirty years I went on all night, sleeping soundly in my palanquin

"Seringsapatam has always been a place of peculiar interest to me It was the scene of the greatest events of Indian history. It was the residence of the greatest of Indian princes. From a child, I used to hear it talked of every day. Our uncle Colin was imprisoned there for four years, and he was afterwards distinguished at the siege I remember that there was in a shop-window at Clapham, a daub of the taking of Seringsapatam, which, as a boy, I often used to stare at with the greatest interest. I was delighted to have an opportunity of seeing the place, and, though my expectations were high, they were not disappointed "

During his stay at Mysore, Macaulay had an interview with the deposed Rajah; whose appearance, conversation, palace, furniture, jewels, soldiers, elephants, courtiers, and idols, he depicts in a letter, intended for family perusal, with a minuteness that would qualify him for an Anglo-Indian Richardson. By the evening of the 24th June he was once more on the road; and, about noon on the following day, he began to ascend the Neilgherries. After reaching the summit of the table-land he passed through a wilderness where for eighteen miles together he met nothing more human than a monkey, until a turn of the road disclosed the pleasant surprise of an amphitheatre of green hills encircling a small lake, whose banks were dotted with red-tiled cottages surrounding a pretty Gothic church. "The largest house is occupied by the Governor-General. It is a spacious and handsome building of stone. To this I was carried, and immediately ushered into his Lordship's presence. I found him sitting by a fire in a carpeted library. He received me with the greatest kindness, frankness, and hospitality. He is, as far as I can yet judge, all that I have heard; that is to say, rectitude, openness, and good-nature, personified." Many months of close friendship and common labours did but confirm Macaulay in this first view of Lord William Bentinck.

To Thomas Flower Ellis.

Ootacamund: July 1, 1834.

Dear Ellis,—You need not get your map to see where Ootacamund is: for it has not found its way into the maps. It is a new discovery; a place to

which Europeans resort for their health, or, as it is called by the Company's servants,—blessings on their learning,...a *sanaterion*. It lies at the height of 7,000 feet above the sea.

I am very comfortable here. The Governor-General is the frankest and best-natured of men. The chief functionaries, who have attended him hither, are clever people, but not exactly on a par as to general attainments with the society to which I belonged in London. I thought, however, even at Madras, that I could have formed a very agreeable circle of acquaintance; and I am assured that at Calcutta I shall find things far better. After all, the best rule in all parts of the world, as in London itself, is to be independent of other men's minds. My power of finding amusement without companions was pretty well tried on my voyage. I read insatiably; the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, Virgil, Horace, Cæsar's Commentaries, Bacon de Augmentis, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, Don Quixote, Gibbon's *Rome*, Mill's *India*, all the seventy volumes of Voltaire, Sismondi's *History of France*, and the seven thick folios of the *Biographia Britannica*. I found my Greek and Latin in good condition enough. I liked the *Iliad* a little less, and the *Odyssey* a great deal more than formerly. Horace charmed me more than ever; Virgil not quite so much as he used to do.

I liked the Jerusalem better than I used to do. I was enraptured with Ariosto; and I still think of Dante, as I thought when I first read him, that he is a superior poet to Milton, that he runs neck and neck with Homer, and that none but Shakespeare has gone decidedly beyond him.

I have already entered on my public functions,

and I hope to do some good. The very wigs of the Judges in the Court of King's Bench would stand on end if they knew how short a chapter my Law of Evidence will form. I am not without many advisers. A native of some fortune in Madras has sent me a paper on legislation. "Your honour must know," says this judicious person, "that the great evil is that men swear falsely in this country. No judge knows what to believe? Surely if your honour can make men to swear truly, your honour's fame will be great, and the Company will flourish! Now, I know how men may be made to swear truly; and I will tell your honour for your fame, and for the profit of the Company. Let your honour cut off the great toe of the right foot of every man who swears falsely, whereby your honour's fame will be extended." Is not this an exquisite specimen of legislative wisdom?

I must stop. When I begin to write to England, my pen runs as if it would run on for ever.

Ever yours affectionately

T. B. M.

Unfortunately Macaulay's stay on the Neilgherries coincided with the monsoon. "The rain streamed down in floods. It was very seldom that I could see a hundred yards in front of me. During a month together I did not get two hours' walking." He began to be bored, for the first and last time in his life; while his companions, who had not his resources, were ready to hang themselves for very dullness. The ordinary amusements with which, in the more settled parts of India, our countrymen beguile the rainy season, were wanting in a settlement that had only lately been reclaimed from the desert.

in the immediate vicinity of which you still ran the chance of being "trod into the shape of half a crown by a wild elephant, or eaten by the tigers, which prefer this situation to the plains below for the same reason that takes so many Europeans to India: they encounter an uncongenial climate for the sake of what they can get". There were no books in the place except those that Macaulay had brought with him, among which, most luckily, was *Clarissa Harlowe*. Aided by the rain outside, he soon talked his favourite romance into general favour. The reader will consent to put up with one or two slight inaccuracies in order to have the story told by Thackeray.

"I spoke to him once about *Clarissa*. 'Not read *Clarissa*' he cried out 'If you have once read *Clarissa*, and are infected by it, you can't leave it. When I was in India I passed one hot season in the Hills, and there were the Governor-General, and the Secretary of Government, and the Commander-in-Chief, and their wives. I had *Clarissa* with me, and, as soon as they began to read, the whole station was in a passion of excitement about Miss Harlowe, and her misfortunes, and her scoundrielly Lovelace. The Governor's wife seized the book; the Secretary waited for it, the Chief Justice could not read it for tears.' He acted the whole scene he paced up and down the Athenæum library. I dare say he could have spoken pages of the book; of that book, and of what countless piles of others!"

"An old Scotch doctor, a Jacobin and a free-thinker, who could only be got to attend church by the positive orders of the Governor-General, cried over the last volume until he was too ill to appear at dinner." The Chief Secretary,—afterwards, as Sir William Macnaghten, the hero and the victim

"Degenerate readers of our own day have actually been provided with an abridgment of *Clarissa*, itself as long as an ordinary novel. A wiser course than buying the abridgment would be to commence the 'original' at the Third Volume

of the darkest episode in our Indian history,—declared that reading this copy of *Clarissa*, under the inspiration of its owner's enthusiasm, was nothing less than an epoch in his life. After the lapse of thirty years, when Ootacamund had long enjoyed the advantage of a book-club and a circulating library, the tradition of Macaulay and his novel still lingered on with a tenacity most unusual in the ever-shifting society of an Indian station.

[At length, he was permitted to leave Ootacamund and he began to descend the pass]

"After going down for about an hour we emerged from the clouds and moisture, and the plain of Mysore lay before us—a vast ocean of foliage on which the sun was shining gloriously. I am very little given to cant about the beauties of nature, but I was moved almost to tears. I jumped off the palanquin, and walked in front of it down the immense declivity. In two hours we descended about three thousand feet. Every turning in the road showed the boundless forest below in some new point of view. After reaching the foot of the hills, we travelled through a succession of scenes which might have been part of the garden of Eden. Such gigantic trees I never saw. In a quarter of an hour I passed hundreds the smallest of which would bear a comparison with any of those oaks which are shown as prodigious in England. The grass, the weeds, and the wild flowers grew as high as my head. The sun, almost a stranger to me, was now shining brightly; and, when late in the afternoon I again got out of my palanquin and looked back, I saw the large mountain ridge from which I had descended twenty miles behind me, still buried in the same mass of fog and rain in which I had been living for weeks.

"On Tuesday, the 16th" (of September), "I went on board at Madras. I amused myself on the voyage to Calcutta with learning Portuguese, and made myself almost as well acquainted with it as I care to be. I read the *Lusiad*, and am now reading it a second time."

He had not much time for his Portuguese studies. The run was unusually fast, and the ship only spent a week in the Bay of Bengal, and forty-eight hours in the Hooghly. He found his sister comfortably installed in Government House, where he himself

took up his quarters during the next six weeks. Towards the middle of November, Macaulay began housekeeping for himself; living, as he always loved to live, rather more generously than the strict necessities of his position demanded. His residence, then the best in Calcutta, has long since been converted into the Bengal Club.

Calcutta: December 7, 1834

Dearest Margaret,—I rather suppose that some late letters from Nancy may have prepared you to learn what I am now about to communicate. She is going to be married, and with my fullest and warmest approbation. I can truly say that, if I had to search India for a husband for her, I could have found no man to whom I could with equal confidence have entrusted her happiness. Trevelyan is about eight and twenty. — He was educated at the Charter-house, and then went to Haileybury, and came out hither. In this country he has distinguished himself beyond any man of his standing by his great talent for business; by his liberal and enlarged views of policy; and by literary merit, which, for his opportunities, is considerable. He was at first placed at Delhi under —, a very powerful and a very popular man, but extremely corrupt. This man tried to initiate Trevelyan in his own infamous practices. But the young fellow's spirit was too noble for such things. When only twenty-one years of age he publicly accused —, then almost at the head of the service, of receiving bribes from the natives. A perfect storm was raised against the accuser. He was almost everywhere

abused, and very generally cut. But with a firmness and ability scarcely ever seen in any man so young, he brought his proofs forward, and, after an inquiry of some weeks, fully made out his case. — was dismissed in disgrace, and is now living obscurely in England. The Government here and the Directors at home applauded Trevelyan in the highest terms; and from that time he has been considered as a man likely to rise to the very top of the service. Indeed Lord William, a man who makes no favourites, has always given to Trevelyan the strongest marks, not of a blind partiality, but of a thoroughly well-grounded and discriminating esteem.

Trevelyan is a most stormy reformer. Lord William said to me, before anyone had observed Trevelyan's attentions to Nancy: "That man is almost always on the right side in every question; and it is well that he is so, for he gives a most confounded deal of trouble when he happens to take the wrong one." He is quite at the head of that active party among the younger servants of the Company who take the side of improvement. In particular, he is the soul of every scheme for diffusing education among the natives of this country.

As to his person, he always looks like a gentleman, particularly on horseback. He is very active and athletic, and is renowned as a great master in the most exciting and perilous of field sports, the spearing of wild boars. His face has a most characteristic expression of ardour and impetuosity, which makes his countenance very interesting to me. Birth is a thing that I care nothing about; but his family is one of the oldest and best in England.

During the important years of his life, from

twenty to twenty-five, or thereabouts, Trevelyan was in a remote province of India, where his whole time was divided between, public business and field sports, and where he seldom saw a European gentleman and never a European lady. He has no small talk. His mind is full of schemes of moral and political improvement, and his zeal boils over in his talk. His topics, even in courtship, are steam navigation, the education of the natives, the equalisation of the sugar duties, the substitution of the Roman for the Arabic alphabet in the Oriental languages.

I saw the feeling growing from the first: for, though I generally pay not the smallest attention to those matters, I had far too deep an interest in Nancy's happiness not to watch her behaviour to everybody who saw much of her. I knew it, I believe, before she knew it herself; and I could most easily have prevented it by merely treating Trevelyan with a little coldness, for he is a man whom the smallest rebuff would completely discourage. But you will believe, my dearest Margaret, that no thought of such base selfishness ever passed through my mind. I would as soon have locked my dear Nancy up in a nunnery as have put the smallest obstacle in the way of her having a good husband. I therefore gave every facility and encouragement to both of them. What I have myself felt it is unnecessary to say. My parting from you almost broke my heart. But when I parted from you I had Nancy: I had all my other relations: I had my friends: I had my country. Now I have nothing except the resources of my own mind, and the consciousness of having acted not ungenerously. But I do not repine. Whatever I

suffer I have brought on myself. I have neglected the plainest lessons of reason and experience. I have staked my happiness without calculating the chances of the dice. I have hewn out broken cisterns; I have leant on a reed; I have built on the sand; and I have fared accordingly. I must bear my punishment as I can; and, above all, I must take care that the punishment does not extend beyond myself.

Nothing can be kinder than Nancy's conduct has been. She proposes that we should form one family; and Trevelyan, (though, like most lovers, he would, I imagine, prefer having his goddess to himself), consented with strong expressions of pleasure. The arrangement is not so strange as it might seem at home. The thing is often done here; and those quarrels between servants, which would inevitably mar any such plan in England, are not to be apprehended in an Indian establishment. One advantage there will be in our living together of a most incontestable sort: we shall both be able to save more money. Trevelyan will soon be entitled to his furlough; but he proposes not to take it till I go home.

I shall write in a very different style from this to my father. To him I shall represent the marriage as what it is, in every respect except its effect on my own dreams of happiness—a most honourable and happy event; prudent in a worldly point of view; and promising all the felicity which strong mutual affection, excellent principles on both sides, good temper, youth, health, and the general approbation of friends can afford. As for myself, it is a tragical denouement of an absurd plot. I remember quoting some nursery rhymes, years ago, when

you left me in London to join Nancy at Rothley Temple or Leamington, I forget which. Those foolish lines contain the history of my life.

“There were two birds that sat on a stone;
One flew away, and there was but one
The other flew away, and then there was none;
And the poor stone was left all alone.”

Ever, my dearest Margaret, yours
T. B. MACAULAY.

But one more trouble was in store for him. Long before the last letters to his sister Margaret had been written, the eyes which were to have read them had been closed for ever. When the melancholy news arrived in India, the young couple were spending their honeymoon in a lodge in the Governor-General's park at Barrackpore. They immediately returned to Calcutta, and, under the shadow of a great sorrow, began their sojourn in their brother's house, who, for his part, did what he might to drown his grief in floods of official work.

The narrative of that work may well be the despair of Macaulay's biographer. It would be inexcusable to slur over what in many important respects was the most honourable chapter of his life; while, on the other hand, the task of interesting Englishmen in the details of Indian administration is an undertaking which has baffled every pen except his own.

During 1836 the Calcutta Press found occasion to attack Macaulay with a breadth and ferocity of calumny such as few public men, in any age or country, have ever endured, and none, perhaps, have ever forgiven. There were many mornings

when it was impossible for him to allow the newspapers to lie about his sister's drawing-room.

The motive for the scurrility with which Macaulay was assailed by this handful of sorry scribblers was his advocacy of the Act familiarly known as the Black Act, which withdrew from British subjects resident in the provinces their so-called privilege of bringing civil appeals before the Supreme Court at Calcutta. Such appeals were thenceforward to be tried by the Sudder Court, which was manned by the Company's Judges.

"In my opinion," writes Macaulay, "the chief reason for preferring the Sudder Court is this—that it is the court which we have provided to administer justice, in the last resort, to the great body of the people. If it is not fit for that purpose, it ought to be made so. If it is fit to administer justice to the great body of the people, why should we exempt a mere handful of settlers from this jurisdiction? There certainly is, I will not say the reality, but the semblance of partiality and tyranny in the distinction made by the Charter Act of 1813. That distinction seems to indicate a notion that the natives of India may well put up with something less than justice, or that Englishmen in India have a title to something more than justice. If we give our own countrymen an appeal to the King's Courts, in cases in which all others are forced to be contented with the Company's Courts, we do in fact cry down the Company's Courts. We proclaim to the Indian people that there are two sorts of justice—a coarse one, which we think good enough for them, and another of superior quality, which we keep for ourselves. If we take pains to show that we distrust our highest courts, how can we expect that the natives of the country will place confidence in them?"

"The British inhabitants of Calcutta are the only British-born subjects in Bengal who will not be affected by the proposed Act; and they are the only British subjects in Bengal who have expressed the smallest objection to it. It may at first sight appear strange that a law, which is not unwelcome to those who are to live under it, should excite such acrimonious feeling among people who are wholly exempted from its operation. But the explanation is simple. Though nobody who resides at Calcutta will be sued in the Mofussil courts, many people who reside at Calcutta have, or wish to have, practice in the Supreme Court. Great exertions have accordingly been made, though with little

success, to excite a feeling against this measure among the English inhabitants of Calcutta

"The political phraseology of the English in India is the same with the political phraseology of our countrymen at home, but it is never to be forgotten that the same words stand for very different things at London and at Calcutta. We hear much about public opinion, the love of liberty, the influence of the Press. But we must remember that public opinion means the opinion of five hundred persons who have no interest, feeling or taste in common with the fifty millions among whom they live, that the love of liberty means the strong objection which the five hundred feel to every measure which can prevent them from acting as they choose towards the fifty millions, that the Press is altogether supported by the five hundred, and has no motive to plead the cause of the fifty millions

"We know that India cannot have a free Government. But she may have the next best thing—a firm and impartial despotism. The worst state in which she can possibly be placed is that in which the memorialists would place her. They call on us to recognise them as a privileged order of freemen in the midst of slaves. It was for the purpose of averting this great evil that Parliament, at the same time at which it suffered Englishmen to settle in India, armed us with those large powers which, in my opinion, we ill deserve to possess, if we have not the spirit to use them now."

On the 22nd of March, 1838, a Committee of Inquiry into the operation of the Act was moved for in the House of Commons; but the motion fell through without a division. The House allowed the Government to have its own way in the matter; and any possible hesitation on the part of the Ministers was borne down by the emphasis with which Macaulay claimed their support. "I conceive," he wrote, "that the Act is good in itself, and that the time for passing it has been well chosen. The strongest reason, however, for passing it is the nature of the opposition which it has experienced. The organs of that opposition repeated every day that the English were the conquerors, and the lords, of the country; the dominant race; the electors of the House of Commons, whose power

extends both over the Company at home, and over the Governor-General in Council here. The constituents of the British Legislature, they told us, were not to be bound by laws made by any inferior authority. The firmness with which the Government withstood the idle outcry of two or three hundred people, about a matter with which they had nothing to do, was designated as insolent defiance of public opinion. We were enemies of freedom, because we would not suffer a small white aristocracy to domineer over millions. How utterly at variance these principles are with reason, with justice, with the honour of the British Government, and with the dearest interests of the Indian people, it is unnecessary for me to point out. For myself, I can only say that, if the Government is to be conducted on such principles I am utterly disqualified, by all my feelings and opinions, from bearing any part in it, and cannot too soon resign my place to some person better fitted to hold it."

It is fortunate for India that a man with the tastes, and the training, of Macaulay came to her shores as one vested with authority, and that he came at the moment when he did; for that moment was the very turning-point of her intellectual progress. All educational action had been at a stand for some time back, on account of an irreconcilable difference of opinion in the Committee of Public Instruction; which was divided, five against five, on either side of a controversy,—vital, inevitable, admitting of neither postponement nor compromise, and conducted by both parties with a pertinacity and a warmth that was nothing but honourable to those concerned. Half of the members were for maintaining and extending the old scheme of encourag-

ing Oriental learning by stipends paid to students in Sanscrit, Persian, and Arabic; and by liberal grants for the publication of works in those languages. The other half were in favour of teaching the elements of knowledge in the vernacular tongues, and the higher branches in English. On the 2nd of February, 1835 Macaulay, as a member of Council, produced a minute in which he adopted and defended the views of the English section in the Committee.

"How stands the case? We have to educate a people who cannot at present be educated by means of their mother-tongue. We must teach them some foreign language. The claims of our own language it is hardly necessary to recapitulate. It stands pre-eminent even among the languages of The West. It abounds with works of imagination not inferior to the noblest which Greece has bequeathed to us, with models of every species of eloquence, with historical compositions, which, considered merely as narratives, have seldom been surpassed, and which, considered as vehicles of ethical and political instruction, have never been equalled; with just and lively representations of human life and human nature, with the most profound speculations on metaphysics, morals, government, jurisprudence, and trade; with full and correct information respecting every experimental science which tends to preserve the health, to increase the comfort, or to expand the intellect of man. Whoever knows that language has ready access to all the vast intellectual wealth which all the wisest nations of the earth have created and hoarded in the course of ninety generations. It may safely be said that the literature now extant in that language is of far greater value than all the literature which three hundred years ago was extant in all the languages of the world together. Nor is this all. In India, English is the language spoken by the ruling class. It is spoken by the higher class of natives at the seats of government. It is likely to become the language of commerce throughout the seas of the East. It is the language of two great European communities which are rising, the one in the south of Africa, the other in Australasia; communities which are every year becoming more important, and more closely connected with our Indian Empire. Whether we look at the intrinsic value of our literature or at the particular situation of this country, we shall see the strongest reason to think that, of all foreign tongues, the English tongue is that which would be the most useful to our native subjects

"The question now before us is simply whether, when it is in our power to teach this language, we shall teach languages in which, by universal confession, there are no books on any subject which deserve to be compared to our own; whether, when we can teach European science, we shall teach systems which, by universal confession, whenever they differ from those of Europe, differ for the worse, and whether, when we can patronise sound philosophy and true history, we shall countenance, at the public expense, medical doctrines, which would disgrace an English farrier—astronomy, which would move laughter in the girls at an English boarding-school—history, abounding with kings thirty feet high, and reigns thirty thousand years long—and geography made up of seas of treacle and seas of butter.

"We are not without experience to guide us. History furnishes several analogous cases, and they all teach the same lesson. There are in modern times, to go no further, two memorable instances of a great impulse given to the mind of a whole society—of prejudice overthrown—of knowledge diffused—of taste purified—of arts and sciences planted in countries which had recently been ignorant and barbarous.

"The first instance to which I refer is the great revival of letters among the western nations at the close of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. At that time almost everything that was worth reading was contained in the writings of the ancient Greeks and Romans. Had our ancestors acted as the Committee of Public Instruction has hitherto acted; had they neglected the language of Cicero and Tacitus, had they confined their attention to the old dialects of our own island, had they printed nothing, and taught nothing at the universities, but chronicles in Anglo-Saxon, and romances in Norman French, would England have been what she now is? What the Greek and Latin were to the contemporaries of More and Ascham, our tongue is to the people of India. The literature of England is now more valuable than that of classical antiquity. I doubt whether the Sanscrit literature be as valuable as that of our Saxon and Norman progenitors. In some departments—in history, for example—I am certain that it is much less so.

"Another instance may be said to be still before our eyes. Within the last hundred and twenty years a nation which had previously been in a state as barbarous as that in which our ancestors were before the Crusades has gradually emerged from the ignorance in which it was sunk, and has taken its place among civilised communities. I speak of Russia. There is now in that country a large educated class, abounding with persons fit to serve the state in the highest functions, and in no wise inferior to the most accomplished men who adorn the best circles of Paris and London. There is reason to hope that this vast Empire, which in the time of our grandfathers was probably behind the

Punjab, may, in the time of our grandchildren, be pressing close on France and Britain in the career of improvement. And how was this change effected? Not by flattering national prejudices, not by feeding the mind of the young Muscovite with the old woman's stories which his rude fathers had believed, not by filling his head with lying legends about St Nicholas, not by encouraging him to study the great question, whether the world was or was not created on the 13th of September, not by calling him 'a learned native,' when he has mastered all these points of knowledge; but by teaching him those foreign languages in which the greatest mass of information had been laid up, and thus putting all that information within his reach. The languages of western Europe civilised Russia. I cannot doubt that they will do for the Hindoo what they have done for the Tartar."

This Minute (set the question at rest) at once and for ever. On the 7th of March, 1835, Lord William Bentinck decided that "the great object of the British Government ought to be the promotion of European literature and science among the natives of India;" two of the Orientalists retired from the Committee of Public Instruction; several new members, both English and native, were appointed; and Macaulay entered upon his functions as President of the Committee with an energy and assiduity which in his case was an infallible proof that his work was to his mind.

The post was no sinecure. It was an arduous task to plan, found, and construct, in all its grades, the education of such a country as India. Macaulay rose to the occasion, and threw himself into the routine of administration and control with zeal sustained by diligence and tempered by tact. "We were hardly prepared," said a competent critic, "for the amount of conciliation which he evinces in dealing with irritable colleagues and subordinates, and for the strong, sterling, practical common sense with which he sweeps away rubbish, or cuts the knots of local and departmental

problems." The mastery which a man exercises over himself, and the patience and forbearance displayed in his dealings with others, are generally in proportion to the value which he sets upon the objects of his pursuit. If we judge Macaulay by this standard, it is plain that he cared a great deal more for providing our Eastern Empire with an educational outfit that would work and wear than he ever cared for keeping his own seat in Parliament or pushing his own fortunes in Downing Street.

"As to the corrupting influence of the zenana, of which Mr. Trevelyan speaks, I may regret it, but I own that I cannot help thinking that the dissolution of the tie between parent and child is as great a moral evil as can be found in any zenana. In whatever degree infant schools relax that tie they do mischief. For my own part, I would rather hear a boy of three years old lisp all the bad words in the language than that he should have no feelings of family affection—that his character should be that which must be expected in one who has had the misfortune of having a school-master in place of a mother."

"I must frankly own that I do not like the list of books. Grammars of rhetoric and grammars of logic are among the most useless furniture of a shelf. Give a boy Robinson Crusoe. That is worth all the grammars of rhetoric and logic in the world. We ought to procure such books as are likely to give the children a taste for the literature of the West; not books filled with idle distinctions and definitions, which every man who has learned them makes haste to forget. Who ever reasoned better for having been taught the difference between a syllogism and an enthymeme? Who ever composed with greater spirit and elegance because he could define an oxymoron or an aposiopesis? I am not joking, but writing quite seriously, when I say that I would much rather order a hundred copies of Jack the Giant-killer for our schools than a hundred copies of any grammar of rhetoric or logic that ever was written."

The idea had been started of paying authors to write books in the languages of the country. On this Macaulay remarks:

"To hire four or five people to make a literature is a course which never answered and never will answer, in any part of the

world. Languages grow. They cannot be built. We are now following the slow but sure course on which alone we can depend for a supply of good books in the vernacular languages of India. We are attempting to raise up a large class of enlightened natives. I hope that, twenty years hence, there will be hundreds, nay thousands, of natives familiar with the best models of composition, and well acquainted with Western science. Among them some persons will be found who will have the inclination and the ability to exhibit European knowledge in the vernacular dialects. This I believe to be the only way in which we can raise up a good vernacular literature in this country."

These hopeful anticipations have been more than fulfilled. Twice twenty years have brought into existence, not hundreds or thousands, but hundreds of thousands, of Indians who can appreciate European knowledge when laid before them in the English language, and can reproduce it in their own. Taking one year with another, upwards of a thousand works of literature and science are published annually in Bengal alone, and at least four times that number throughout the entire continent.

It may add something to the merit of Macaulay's labours in the cause of education that those labours were voluntary and unpaid; and voluntary and unpaid likewise was another service which he rendered to India, not less durable than the first, and hardly less important. As President of the Law Commission he was employed, with his colleagues, Mr. Cameron and Sir John Macleod, in framing a Criminal Code for the whole Indian Empire. "This Code," writes Macaulay, "should not be a mere digest of existing usages and regulations, but should comprise all the reforms which the Commission may think desirable. It should be framed on two great principles,—the principle of suppressing crime with the smallest

possible amount of suffering, and the principle of ascertaining truth at the smallest possible cost of time and money. The Commissioners should be particularly charged to study conciseness, as far as it is consistent with perspicuity. In general, I believe, it will be found that perspicuous and concise expressions are not only compatible, but identical."

In 1837 the Code appeared, headed by an Introductory Report and followed by an Appendix containing eighteen notes, each in itself an essay. The most readable of all Digests, its pages are alive with illustrations drawn from history, from literature, and from the habits and occurrences of everyday life. The offence of fabricating evidence is exemplified by a case which may easily be recognised as that of Lady Macbeth and the grooms;¹ and the offence of voluntary culpable homicide by an imaginary incident of a pit covered with sticks and turf, which irresistibly recalls a reminiscence of Jack the Giant-killer.

If it be asked whether or not the Penal Code fulfils the ends for which it was framed, the answer may safely be left to the gratitude of Indian civilians, the younger of whom carry it about in their saddle-bags, and the older in their heads. The value which it possesses in the eyes of a trained English lawyer may be gathered from the testimony of Macaulay's eminent successor, Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, who writes of it thus :

¹ "A, after wounding a person with a knife, goes into the room where Z is sleeping, smears Z's clothes with blood, and lays the knife under Z's pillow, intending not only that suspicion may thereby be turned away from himself, but also that Z may be convicted of voluntarily causing grievous hurt. A is liable to punishment as a fabricator of false evidence."

"The point which always has surprised me most in connection with the Penal Code is, that it proves that Lord Macaulay must have had a knowledge of English criminal law which, considering how little he had practised it, may fairly be called extraordinary. He must have possessed the gift of going at once to the very root of the matter, and of sifting the coin from the chaff to a most unusual degree, for his Draft gives the substance of the criminal law of England, down to its minute working details, in a compass which, by comparison with the original, may be regarded as almost absurdly small. The Indian Penal Code is to the English criminal law what a manufactured article ready for use is to the materials out of which it is made. It is far simpler, and much better expressed, than Livingstone's Code for Louisiana, and its practical success has been complete. The clearest proof of this is that hardly any questions have arisen upon it which have had to be determined by the courts; and that few and slight amendments have had to be made in it by the Legislature."

Macaulay necessarily spent away from home the days on which the Supreme Council, or the Law Commission, held their meetings; but the rest of his work, legal, literary, and educational, he carried on in the quiet of his library. Now and again, a morning was consumed in returning calls; an expenditure of time which it is needless to say that he sorely grudged. After lunch he sat with Mrs. Trevelyan, translating Greek or reading French for her benefit; and Scribe's comedies and Saint-Simon's Memoirs beguiled the long languid leisure of the Calcutta afternoon, while the punkah swung overhead, and the air came heavy and scented through the moistened grass-matting which shrouded the windows. At the approach of sunset, with its attendant breeze, he joined his sister in her drive along the banks of the Hooghly; and they returned by starlight,—too often to take part in a vast banquet of forty guests. Macaulay is vehement in his dislike of "those great formal dinners, which unite all the stiffness of a levée to all the disorder and discomfort of a two-shilling ordinary."

Nothing can be duller. Nobody speaks except to the person next him. The conversation is the most deplorable twaddle! and, as I always sit next to the lady of the highest rank, or, in other words, to the oldest, ugliest, and proudest woman in the company, I am worse off than my neighbours."

"The rainy season of 1837 has been exceedingly unhealthy. Our house has escaped as well as any; yet Hannah is the only one of us who has come off untouched. The baby has been repeatedly unwell. Trevelyan has suffered a good deal, and is kept right only by occasional trips in a steamer down to the mouth of the Hooghly. I had a smart touch of fever, which happily stayed but an hour or two, and I took such vigorous measures that it never came again; but I remained unnerved and exhausted for nearly a fortnight. This was my first, and I hope my last, taste of Indian maladies. It is a happy thing for us all that we are not to pass another year in the reek of this deadly marsh." Macaulay wisely declined to set the hope of making another lakh of rupees against the risk, to himself and others, of such a fate as subsequently befell Lord Canning and Mr. James Wilson. He put the finishing stroke to his various labours; resigned his seat in the Council, and his Presidencies of the Law Commission and the Committee of Public Instruction; and, in company with the Trevelyan, sailed for England in the first fortnight of the year 1838.

Calcutta: February 8, 1835

Dear Ellis,—The last month has been the most painful that I ever went through. Indeed, I never knew before what it was to be miserable. Early in

January, letters from England brought me news of the death of my youngest sister. What she was to me no words can express. I will not say that she was dearer to me than anything in the world; for my sister who was with me was equally dear; but she was as dear to me as one human being can be to another. Even now, when time has begun to do its healing office, I cannot write about her without being altogether unmanned. That I have not utterly sunk under this blow I owe chiefly to literature. What a blessing it is to love books as I love them;—to be able to converse with the dead and to live amidst the unreal!

I have gone back to Greek literature with a passion quite astonishing to myself. I have never felt anything like it. I was enraptured with Italian during the six months which I gave up to it; and I was little less pleased with Spanish. But, when I went back to the Greek, I felt as if I had never known before what intellectual enjoyment was. Oh that wonderful people!

I think myself very fortunate in having been able to return to these great masters while still in the full vigour of life, and when my taste and judgment are mature. Most people read all the Greek that they ever read before they are five and twenty. They never find time for such studies afterwards till they are in the decline of life; and then their knowledge of the language is in a great measure lost, and cannot easily be recovered. Accordingly, almost all the ideas that people have of Greek literature, are ideas formed while they were still very young. A young man, whatever his genius may be, is no judge of such a writer as Thucydides. I had no high opinion of him ten years ago. I have

now been reading him with a mind accustomed to historical researches, and to political affairs; and I am astonished at my own former blindness, and at his greatness. I could not bear Euripides at college. I now read my recantation. He has faults undoubtedly. But what a poet! The Medea, the Alcestis, the Troades, the Bacchæ, are alone sufficient to place him in the very first rank. Instead of depreciating him, as I have done, I may, for aught I know, end by editing him.

I am in excellent bodily health, and I am recovering my mental health; but I have been sorely tried. Money matters look well. My new brother-in-law and I are brothers in more than law. I am more comfortable than I expected to be in this country; and, as to the climate, I think it, beyond all comparison, better than that of the House of Commons.

Yours affectionately,
T. B. MACAULAY.

Calcutta May 29, 1835

Dear Ellis,—I am in great want of news. We know that the Tories dissolved at the end of December, and we also know that they were beaten towards the end of February. As to what passed in the interval, we are quite in the dark.

My time is divided between public business and books. I mix with society as little as I can. My spirits have not yet recovered,—I sometimes think that they will never wholly recover,—the shock which they received five months ago. I find that nothing soothes them so much as the contemplation of those miracles of art which Athens has bequeathed

to us. I am really becoming, I hope not a pedant, but certainly an enthusiast about classical literature. I have just finished a second reading of Sophocles. I am now deep in Plato, and intend to go right through all his works. His genius is above praise. The character of Socrates does not rise upon me. The more I read about him, the less I wonder that they poisoned him. If he had treated me as he is said to have treated Protagoras, Hippias, and Gorgias, I could never have forgiven him.

T. B. M.

Calcutta December 30, 1835.

Dear Ellis,—I am in excellent health. So are my sister and brother-in-law, and their little girl, whom I am always nursing; and of whom I am becoming fonder than a wise man, with half my experience, would choose to be of anything except himself. I have but very lately begun to recover my spirits. The tremendous blow which fell on me at the beginning of this year has left marks behind it which I shall carry to my grave. Literature has saved my life and my reason. Even now, I dare not, in the intervals of business, remain alone for a minute without a book in my hand. What my course of life will be when I return to England, is very doubtful. But I am more than half determined to abandon politics, and to give myself wholly to letters; to undertake some great historical work which may be at once the business and the amusement of my life; and to leave the pleasures of pestiferous rooms, sleepless nights, aching heads, and diseased stomachs to Roebuck and to Praed.

In England I might probably be of a very different opinion. But that a man before whom

the two paths of literature and politics lie open, and who might hope for eminence in either, should choose politics, and quit literature, seems to me madness. On the one side is health, leisure, peace of mind, the search after truth, and all the enjoyments of friendship and conversation. On the other side is almost certain ruin to the constitution, constant labour, constant anxiety. Every friendship which a man may have, becomes precarious as soon as he engages in politics. As to abuse, men soon become callous to it, but the discipline which makes them callous is very severe. And for what is it that a man who might, if he chose, rise and lie down at his own hour, engage in any study, enjoy any amusement, and visit any place, consents to make himself as much a prisoner as if he were within the rules of the Fleet; to be tethered during eleven months of the year within the circle of half a mile round (Charing Cross;) to sit, or stand, night after night for ten or twelve hours, inhaling a noisome atmosphere, and listening to harangues of which nine-tenths are far below the level of a leading article in a newspaper? For what is it that he submits, day after day, to see the morning break over the Thames, and then totters home, with bursting temples, to his bed? Is it for fame? Who would compare the fame of Charles Townshend to that of Hume, that of Lord North to that of Gibbon, that of Lord Chatham to that of Johnson? Who can look back on the life of Burke and not regret that the years which he passed in ruining his health and temper by political exertions were not passed in the composition of some great and durable work? But these, as I said, are meditations in a quiet garden, situated far beyond the contagious influence

of English faction. What I might feel if I again saw Downing Street and Palace Yard is another question. I tell you sincerely my present feelings.

I have cast up my reading account, and brought it to the end of the year 1835. It includes December 1834; for I came into my house and unpacked my books at the end of November 1834. During the last thirteen months I have read Æschylus twice; Sophocles twice; Euripides once; Pindar twice; Callimachus; Apollonius Rhodius; Quintus Calaber; Theocritus twice; Herodotus; Thucydides; almost all Xenophon's works; almost all Plato; Aristotle's Politics, and a good deal of his Organon, besides dipping elsewhere in him; the whole of Plutarch's Lives; about half of Lucian; two or three books of Athenæus; Plautus twice; Terence twice; Lucretius twice; Catullus; Tibullus; Propertius; Lucan; Statius; Silius Italicus; Livy; Velleius Paterculus; Sallust; Cæsar; and, lastly, Cicero. I have, indeed, still a little of Cicero left; but I shall finish him in a few days. I am now deep in Aristophanes and Lucian.

T. B. M.

That this enormous list of classical works was not only read through, but read with care is proved by the pencil marks, single, double, and treble, which meander down the margin of such passages as excited the admiration of the student; and by the remarks, literary, historical, and grammatical, with which the critic has interspersed every volume, and sometimes every page. In the case of a favourite writer, Macaulay frequently corrects the errors of the press, and even the punctuation, as minutely as if he were preparing the book for another edition.

He read Plautus, Terence, and Aristophanes four times through at Calcutta; and Euripides thrice.

Calcutta May 30, 1836

Dear Ellis,—I have just received your letter dated December 28. How time flies! Another hot season has almost passed away, and we are daily expecting the beginning of the rains. Cold season, hot season, and rainy season are all much the same to me. I shall have been two years on Indian ground in less than a fortnight, and I have not taken ten grains of solid, or a pint of liquid, medicine during the whole of that time. If I judged only from my own sensation, I should say that this climate is absurdly maligned; but the yellow, spectral, figures which surround me serve to correct the conclusions which I should be inclined to draw from the state of my own health.

One execrable effect the climate produces. It destroys all the works of man with scarcely one exception. Steel rusts; razors lose their edge; thread decays; clothes fall to pieces; books moulder away, and drop out of their bindings; plaster cracks; timber rots; matting is in shreds. The sun, the steam of this vast alluvial tract, and the infinite armies of white ants, make such havoc with buildings that a house requires a complete repair every three years. Ours was in this situation about three months ago; and, if we had determined to brave the rains without any precautions, we should, in all probability, have had the roof down on our heads. Accordingly we were forced to migrate for six weeks from our stately apartments and our flower-beds, to a dungeon where we were stifled with the stench of native cookery, and deafened by the noise of native music. At last

we have returned to our house. We found it all snow-white and pea-green; and we rejoice to think that we shall not again be under the necessity of quitting it, till we quit it for a ship bound on a voyage to London.

We have been for some months in the middle of what the people here think a political storm. To a person accustomed to the hurricanes of English faction this sort of tempest in a horsepond is merely ridiculous. We have put the English settlers up the country under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Company's Courts in civil actions in which they are concerned with natives. The English settlers are perfectly contented; but the lawyers of the Supreme Court have set up a yelp which they think terrible, and which has infinitely diverted me. They have selected me as the object of their invectives, and I am generally the theme of five or six columns of prose and verse daily. I have not patience to read a tenth part of what they put forth. The last ode in my praise which I perused began,

'Soon we hope they will recall ye,
Tom Macaulay, Tom Macaulay.'

The last prose which I read was a parallel between me and Lord Strafford.

My mornings, from five to nine, are quite my own. I still give them to ancient literature. I have read Aristophanes twice through since Christmas; and have also read Herodotus, and Thucydides again. I got into a way last year of reading a Greek play every Sunday. I began on Sunday the 18th of October with the Prometheus, and next Sunday I shall finish with the Cyclops of Euripides. Euripides has made a complete conquest of me.

You are so rich in domestic comforts that I am inclined to envy you. I am not, however, without my share. I am as fond of my little niece as her father. I pass an hour or more every day in nursing her, and teaching her to talk. She has got as far as Ba, Pa, and Ma; which, as she is not eight months old, we consider as proofs of a genius little inferior to that of Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton.

Ever yours affectionately
T. B. MACAULAY.

To Macvey Napier, Esq.

Calcutta : November 26, 1836.

Dear Napier,—At last I send you an article of interminable length about Lord Bacon. I hardly know whether it is not too long for an article in a Review; but the subject is of such vast extent that I could easily have made the paper twice as long as it is.

In little more than a year I shall be embarking for England, and I have determined to employ the four months of my voyage in mastering the German language. I should be much obliged to you to send me out, as early as you can, so that they may be certain to arrive in time, the best grammar, and the best dictionary, that can be procured; a German Bible; Schiller's works; Goethe's works; and Niebuhr's History, both in the original and in the translation. My way of learning a language is always to begin with the Bible, which I can read without a dictionary. After a few days passed in this way, I am master of all the common

particles, the common rules of syntax, and a pretty large vocabulary. Then I fall on some good classical work. It was in this way that I learned both Spanish and Portuguese, and I shall try the same course with German.

I have little or nothing to tell you about myself. My life has flowed away here with strange rapidity. It seems but yesterday that I left my country; and I am writing to beg you to hasten preparations for my return. I continue to enjoy perfect health, and the little political squalls which I have had to weather here are mere capfuls of wind to a man who has gone through the great hurricanes of English faction.

I shall send another copy of the article on Bacon by another ship.

Yours very truly

T. B. MACAULAY.

Calcutta - December 18, 1837

Dear Ellis,—My departure is now near at hand. This is the last letter which I shall write to you from India. Our passage is taken in the Lord Hungerford; the most celebrated of the huge floating hotels which run between London and Calcutta. She is more renowned for the comfort and luxury of her internal arrangements than for her speed. As we are to stop at the Cape for a short time, I hardly expect to be with you till the end of May, or the beginning of June. I intend to make myself a good German scholar by the time of my arrival in England. I have already, at leisure moments, broken the ice. I have read about half of the New Testament in Luther's translation, and

am now getting rapidly, for a beginner, through Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War. My German library consists of all Goethe's works, all Schiller's works, Muller's History of Switzerland, some of Tieck, some of Lessing, and other works of less fame. I hope to despatch them all on my way home.

T. B. M.

CHAPTER VII

1838—1839

Death of Zachary Macaulay—Sir Walter Scott—First mention of the History—Macaulay goes abroad—His way of regarding scenery—Genoa—Florence—Macaulay refuses the Judge Advocateship—St. Peter's—The Vatican—Naples—Mr. Goulburn.

THE Lord Hungerford justified her reputation of a bad sailer, and the homeward voyage was protracted into the sixth month. During the months that his children were on their homeward voyage Zachary Macaulay's health was breaking fast; and before the middle of May he died, without having again seen their faces. Zachary Macaulay's bust in Westminster Abbey bears on its pedestal a beautiful inscription, in which much more is told, than he himself would wish to have been told, about a man

WHO DURING FORTY SUCCESSIVE YEARS,
PARTAKING IN THE COUNSELS AND THE LABOURS
WHICH, GUIDED BY FAVOURING PROVIDENCE,
RESCUED AFRICA FROM THE WOES,
AND THE BRITISH EMPIRE FROM THE GUILT,
OF SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE-TRADE,
MEEKLY ENDURED THE TOIL, THE PRIVATION, AND THE REPROACH,
RESIGNING TO OTHERS THE PRAISE AND THE REWARD.

3 Clarges Street : June 26, 1838.

Dear Napier,—I assure you that I would willingly, and even eagerly, undertake the subject which you propose, if I thought that I should serve

you by doing so. But, depend upon it, you do not know what you are asking for. I have done my best to ascertain what I can and what I cannot do. There are extensive classes of subjects which I think myself able to treat as few people can treat them. After this, you cannot suspect me of any affectation of modesty; and you will therefore believe that I tell you what I sincerely think, when I say that I am not successful in analysing the effect of works of genius. I have written several things on historical, political, and moral questions, of which, on the fullest re-consideration, I am not ashamed, and by which I should be willing to be estimated; but I have never written a page of criticism on poetry, or the fine arts, which I would not burn if I had the power. Hazlitt used to say of himself, "I am nothing if not critical." The case with me is directly the reverse. I have a strong and acute enjoyment of works of the imagination; but I have never habituated myself to dissect them. Perhaps I enjoy them the more keenly, for that very reason. Such books as Lessing's *Laocoön*,¹ such passages as the criticism on Hamlet in Wilhelm Meister, fill me with wonder and despair. Now, a review of Lockhart's book ought to be a review of Sir Walter's literary performances. I enjoy many of them;—nobody, I believe, more keenly;—but I am sure that there are hundreds who will criticise them far better.

There are other objections of less weight, but not quite unimportant. Surely it would be desirable that some person who knew Sir Walter, who had

¹ "I began Lessing's *Laocoön*, and read forty or fifty pages sometimes dissenting, but always admiring and learning."—Macaulay's *Journal* for September 21, 1851.

at least seen him and spoken with him, should be charged with this article. Many people are living who had a most intimate acquaintance with him. I know no more of him than I know of Dryden or Addison, and not a tenth part so much as I know of Swift, Cowper, or Johnson. Then again, I have not, from the little that I do know of him, formed so high an opinion of his character as most people seem to entertain, and as it would be expedient for the Edinburgh Review to express. He seems to me to have been most carefully, and successfully, on his guard against the sins which most easily beset literary men. On that side he multiplied his precautions, and set double watch. Hardly any writer of note has been so free from the petty jealousies, and morbid irritabilities, of our caste. But I do not think that he kept himself equally pure from faults of a very different kind, from the faults of a man of the world. In politics, a bitter and unscrupulous partisan; profuse and ostentatious in expense; agitated by the hopes and fears of a gambler; perpetually sacrificing the perfection of his compositions, and the durability of his fame, to his eagerness for money; writing with the slovenly haste of Dryden, in order to satisfy wants which were not, like those of Dryden, caused by circumstances beyond his control, but which were produced by his extravagant waste or rapacious speculation; this is the way in which he appears to me. I am sorry for it, for I sincerely admire the greater part of his works: but I cannot think him a high-minded man, or a man of very strict principle. Now these are opinions which, however softened, it would be highly unpopular to publish, particularly in a Scotch Review.

But why cannot you prevail on Lord Jeffrey to furnish you with this article? No man could do it half so well. He knew and loved Scott; and would perform the critical part of the work, which is much the most important, incomparably. I have said a good deal in the hope of convincing you that it is not without reason that I decline a task which I see that you wish me to undertake.

Ever yours most truly

T. B. MACAULAY.

He writes to Napier on July 20th, 1838:—

“There is little chance that I shall see Scotland this year. In the autumn I shall probably set out for Rome, and return to London in the spring. As soon as I return, I shall seriously commence my History. The first part, (which, I think, will take up five octavo volumes,) will extend from the Revolution to the commencement of Sir Robert Walpole’s long administration; a period of three or four and thirty very eventful years. From the commencement of Walpole’s administration to the commencement of the American war, events may be despatched more concisely; From the commencement of the American war it will again become necessary to be copious. These, at least, are my present notions. How far I shall bring the narrative down I have not determined. The death of George the Fourth would be the best halting-place. The History would then be an entire view of all the transactions which took place, between the Revolution, which brought the Crown into harmony with the Parliament, and the Revolution which brought the Parliament into harmony with the nation.

“Whether I shall continue to reside in London seems to me very uncertain. I used to think that I liked London; but, in truth, I liked things which were in London, and which are gone. My family is scattered. I have no Parliamentary or official business to bind me to the capital. The business to which I propose to devote myself is almost incompatible with the distractions of a town life. I am sick of the monotonous succession of parties, and long for quiet and retirement. To quit politics for letters is, I believe, a wise choice. To cease to be a member of Parliament only to become a diner-out would be contemptible; and it is not easy for me to avoid becoming a mere diner-out if I reside here.”

In the middle of October Macaulay started for a tour in Italy. Just past middle life, with his mind already full, and his imagination still fresh and his health unbroken,—it may be doubted whether any traveller had carried thither a keener expectation of enjoyment since Winckelmann for the first time crossed the Alps. He viewed the works, both of man and of nature, with the eyes of an historian, and not of an artist. The leading features of a tract of country impressed themselves rapidly and indelibly on his observation; all its associations and traditions swept at once across his memory; and every line of good poetry, which its fame, or its beauty, had inspired, rose almost involuntarily to his lips. “I have always thought,” said Lady Trevelyan, “that your uncle was incomparable in showing a town, or the place where any famous event occurred; but that he did not care for scenery merely as scenery. He enjoyed the

country in his way. He liked sitting out on a lawn, and seeing grass and flowers around him. He readily took in the points of a landscape; and I remember being much struck by his description of the country before you reach Rome, which he gives in Horatius."

"Chalons-sur-Saone. Tuesday, October 23, 1838.—The road from Autun is for some way more beautiful than anything I had yet seen in France; or indeed, in that style, anywhere else, except, perhaps, the ascent to the tableland of the Neilgherries. I traversed a winding pass, near two miles in length, running by the side of a murmuring brook, and between hills covered with forest. The landscape appeared in the richest colouring of October, under a sun like that of an English June. The earth was the earth of autumn, but the sky was the sky of summer. The foliage,—dark green, light green, purple, red, and yellow,—seen by the evening sun, produced the effect of the plumage of the finest eastern birds. I walked up the pass exceedingly pleased. To enjoy scenery you should ramble amidst it, let the feelings to which it gives rise mingle with other thoughts; look around upon it in intervals of reading, and not go to it as one goes to see the lions fed at a fair. The beautiful is not to be stared at, but to be lived with. I have no pleasure from books which equals that of reading over for the hundredth time great productions which I almost know by heart, and it is just the same with scenery."

"Wednesday, October 31—This was one of the most remarkable days of my life. After being detained, by the idle precautions which are habitual with these small absolute Governments, for an hour on deck, that the passengers might be counted; for another hour in a dirty room, that the agent of the police might write down all our names; and for a third hour in another smoky den, while a custom-house officer opened razor-cases to see that they concealed no muslin, and turned over dictionaries to be sure that they contained no treason or blasphemy, I hurried on shore, and by seven in the morning I was in the streets of Genoa. Never have I been more struck and enchanted. There was nothing mean or small to break the charm, as one huge, massy, towering palace succeeded to another. True it is that none of these magnificent piles is a strikingly good architectural composition, but the general effect is majestic beyond description."

To the end of his days, when comparing, as he loved to compare, the claims of European cities to the prize of beauty, he would place at the head

of the list the august names of Oxford, Edinburgh, and Genoa.

"Florence, November 3—Up before eight, and read Bionardo, at breakfast. Then to the Church of Santa Croce. an ugly mean outside, and not much to admire in the architecture within, but consecrated by the dust of some of the greatest men that ever lived. It was to me what a first visit to Westminster Abbey would be to an American. The first tomb which caught my eye, as I entered, was that of Michael Angelo. I was much moved, and still more so when, going forward, I saw the stately monument lately erected to Dante. I was very near shedding tears as I looked at this magnificent monument, and thought of the sufferings of the great poet, and of his incomparable genius, and of all the pleasure which I have derived from him, and of his death in exile, and of the late justice of posterity. I believe that very few people have ever had their minds more thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of any great work than mine is with that of the Divine Comedy. His execution I take to be far beyond that of any other artist who has operated on the imagination by means of words—

‘O degli altri poeti onore e lume,
Vaghiam il lungo studio e ‘l grande amore
Che m’ han fatto cercar lo tuo volume.’¹

I was proud to think that I had a right to apostrophise him thus. I went on, and next I came to the tomb of Alfieri, set up by his mistress, the Countess of Albany. I passed forward, and in another minute my foot was on the grave of Machiavel.

"Saturday, November 10, 1838.—A letter from Mr Aubin, our Chargé d’Affaires here, to say that he has a confidential message for me. I went to him, and he delivered to me two letters—one from Lord Melbourne, and the other from Rice. They press me to become Judge Advocate, and assure me that a set in Parliament may be procured for me with little expense. Rice dwells much on the salary, which he says is 2,500*l* a year. He also talks of the other advantages connected with the place. The offer did not strike me as even tempting. The money I do not want. I have little, but I have enough. The Right Honourable before my name is a hauble which it would be far, very far indeed, beneath me to care about. The power is nothing. As an independent Member of Parliament I should have infinitely

¹ "Glory and light of all the tuneful train,
May it avail me that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conn'd it o'er!"

greater power. Nay, as I am, I have far greater power. I can now write what I choose; and what I write may produce considerable effect on the public mind. In office I must necessarily be under restraint. If, indeed, I had a Cabinet Office I should be able to do something in support of my own views of government, but a man in office, and out of the Cabinet, is a mere slave. I have felt the bitterness of that slavery once. Though I hardly knew where to turn for a morsel of bread, my spirit rose against the intolerable thralldom. I was mutinous, and once actually resigned. I then went to India to get independence, and I have got it, and I will keep it. So I wrote to Lord Melbourne and Rice. The only thing that would ever tempt me to give up my liberty and my studies was the power to effect great things; and of that power, as they well knew, no man had so little as a man in office out of the Cabinet."

On the 12th of November Macaulay set out from Florence, by way of Cortona and Perugia, and reached Rome in three days.

"*November 15*—On arriving this morning, I walked straight from the hotel door to St. Peter's. I was so much excited by the expectation of what I was to see that I could notice nothing else. I was quite nervous. The colonnade in front is noble—very, very noble yet it disappointed me, and would have done so had it been the portico of Paradise. In I went, and I was for a minute fairly stunned by the magnificence and harmony of the interior. I never in my life saw, and never, I suppose, shall again see, anything so astonishingly beautiful. I really could have cried with pleasure. I rambled about for half an hour or more, paying little or no attention to details, but enjoying the effect of the sublime whole.

"In rambling back to the Piazza di Spagna I found myself before the portico of the Pantheon. I was as much struck and affected as if I had not known that there was such a building in Rome. There it was, the work of the age of Augustus; the work of men who lived with Cicero, and Cæsar, and Horace, and Virgil."

"*November 26*—We crossed the river, and turned into the Vatican. I had walked a hundred feet through the library without the faintest notion that I was in it. No books, no shelves were visible. All was light and brilliant, nothing but white, and red, and gold; blazing arabesques, and paintings on ceiling and wall. And this was the Vatican Library; a place which I used to think of with awe as a far sterner and darker Bodleian! The books and manuscripts are all in low wooden cases ranged round the walls.

"Thence I went through the Museum, quite distracted by the multitude and magnificence of the objects which it contained. The splendour of the ancient marbles, the alabaster, the huge masses of porphyry, the granites of various colours, made the whole seem like a fairy region.

"I looked into the apartments where the works in mosaic are carried on. A noble figure of Isaiah by Raphael had just been completed.

"The Demosthenes is very noble. There can be no doubt about the face of Demosthenes. There are two busts of him in the Vatican, besides this statue. They are all exactly alike, being distinguished by the strong projection of the upper lip. The face is lean, wrinkled, and haggard; the expression singularly stern and intense. You see that he was no trifler, no jester, no voluptuary; but a man whose soul was devoured by ambition, and constantly on the stretch. The soft, sleek, plump, almost sleepy, though handsome, face of Æschines presents a remarkable contrast. I was much interested by the bust of Julius, with the head veiled. It is a most striking countenance, indeed. He looks like a man meant to be master of the world. The endless succession of these noble works bewildered me, and I went home almost exhausted with pleasurable excitement."

"*Tuesday, December 18*—I stayed at home till late, reading and meditating. I have altered some parts of Horatius to my mind, and I have thought a good deal during the last few days about my History. I am more and more in love with the subject. I really think that posterity will not willingly let my book die.

"To St. Peter's again. This is becoming a daily visit."

"*Thursday, January 3*—I must say that the accounts which I had heard of Naples are very incorrect. There is far less beggary than at Rome, and far more industry. Rome is a city of priests. It reminded me of the towns in Palestine which were set apart to be inhabited by the Levites. Trade and agriculture seem only to be tolerated as subsidiary to devotion. Men are allowed to work; because, unless somebody works, nobody can live, and, if nobody lives, nobody can pray. But, as soon as you enter Naples, you notice a striking contrast. It is the difference between Sunday and Monday. Here the business of civil life is evidently the great thing, and religion is the accessory. A poet might introduce Naples as Martha, and Rome as Mary. A Catholic may think Mary's the better employment; but even a Catholic, much more a Protestant, would prefer the table of Martha. I must ask many questions about these matters. At present, my impressions are very favourable to Naples. It is the only place in Italy that has seemed to me to have the same sort of vitality which you find in all the great English ports and cities. Rome and Pisa are dead and gone; Florence is not dead, but sleepeth, while Naples overflows with life.

"I have a letter from Empson, who tells me that everybody speaks handsomely about my refusal of the Judge Advocateship. Holt Mackenzie praised the Code highly at Rogers's the other day. I am glad of it. It is, however, a sort of work which must wait long for justice, as I well knew when I laboured at it."

Macaulay returned from Naples to Marseilles by a coasting steamer, which touched at Civita Vecchia, where Mr. Goulburn, who was subsequently Sir Robert Peel's Chancellor of the Exchequer, came on board.

"I like Goulburn's conversation and manners. I had a prejudice against him which, like most prejudices conceived merely on the ground of political difference, yields readily to a little personal intercourse. And this is a man whom I have disliked for years without knowing him, and who has probably disliked me with just as little reason! A lesson."

CHAPTER VIII

1839—1841

Macaulay returns to London—Macaulay is elected for Edinburgh—Macaulay becomes a Cabinet Minister—The Times—Windsor Castle—The Sugar Duties—Defeat of the Ministry, and Dissolution of Parliament—Macaulay is re-elected for Edinburgh.

At the end of the first week in February, 1839, Macaulay was again in London.

London: March 20, 1839.

Dearest Hannah,—I have passed some very melancholy days since I wrote last. On Sunday afternoon I left Ellis tolerably cheerful. His wife's disorder was abating. The next day, when I went to him, I found the house shut up. I meant only to have asked after him; but he would see me. He gave way to very violent emotion; but he soon collected himself, and talked to me about her for hours. "I was so proud of her," he said. "I loved so much to show her to anybody that I valued. And now, what good will it do me to be a Judge, or to make ten thousand a year? I shall not have her to go home to with the good news." I could not speak, for I know what that feeling is as well as he. He talked much of the sources of happiness that were left to him—his children, his relations and hers, and my friendship. He ought, he said, to be very grateful that I had not died in India, but was at home to comfort him. Comfort him I could not, except by

hearing him talk of her with tears in my eyes. I stayed till late. Yesterday I went again, and passed most of the day with him, and I shall go to him again to-day; for he says, and I see, that my company does him good. I would with pleasure give one of my fingers to get him back his wife, which is more than most widowers would give to get back their own.

I have this instant a note from Lord Lansdowne, who was in the chair of *the Club* yesterday night, to say that I am unanimously elected.¹ Poor Ellis's loss had quite put it out of my head.

Ever yours

T. B. M.

Times were coming when the Whigs were likely to find occasion for as much oratory as they could muster. Towards the end of May 1839 the elevation to the peerage of Mr. Abercromby, the Speaker, left a seat at Edinburgh vacant. The Ministers did all that could be done in London to get Macaulay accepted as the Liberal candidate, and the constituency gave a willing response. He introduced himself to the electors in a speech that in point of style came up to their expectations, and with the substance of which they were very well contented. "I look with pride," said Macaulay, "on all that the Whigs have done for the cause of human freedom and of human happiness. I see them now hard pressed, struggling with difficulties, but still fighting the good fight. At their head I see men who have inherited the spirit and the

¹ The Club, as it is invariably called, (for its members will not stoop to identify it by any distinctive title,) is the club of Johnson, Gibbon, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Reynolds

virtues, as well as the blood, of old champions and martyrs of freedom. To those men I propose to attach myself. While one shred of the old banner is flying, by that banner will I, at least, be found. Whether in or out of Parliament,—whether speaking with that authority which must always belong to the representative of this great and enlightened community, or expressing the humble sentiments of a private citizen,—I will to the last maintain inviolate my fidelity to principles which, though they may be borne down for a time by senseless clamour, are yet strong with the strength, and immortal with the immortality, of truth; and which, however they may be misunderstood or misrepresented by contemporaries, will assuredly find justice from a better age.” Such fervour will provoke a smile from those who survey the field of politics with the serene complacency of the literary critic, more readily than from statesmen who have learned the value of party loyalty by frequent and painful experience of its opposite.

Edinburgh : September 2, 1839

Dear Napier,—I shall work on Clive as hard as I can, and make the paper as short as I can; but I am afraid that I cannot positively pledge myself either as to time or as to length. I rather think, however, that the article will take.

I shall do my best to be in London again on the 18th. God knows what these Ministerial changes may produce. Office was never, within my memory, so little attractive, and therefore, I fear, I cannot, as a man of spirit, flinch, if it is offered to me.

Ever yours
T. B. MACAULAY.

London · September 20, 1839.

Dear Napier,—I reached town early this morning. I hoped to have five or six days of uninterrupted work, in which I might finish my paper for the Review. But I found waiting for me—this is strictly confidential—a letter from Lord Melbourne with an offer of the Secretaryship at War, and a seat in the Cabinet.

My historical plans must for the present be suspended; but I see no reason to doubt that I shall be able to do as much as ever for the Review. Again, remember, silence is the word.

Yours ever
T. B. M.

Macaulay accepted the Secretaryship at War without any show of reluctance; but he did not attain to this great elevation without incurring the penalties of success. A man who, having begun life without rank, fortune, or private interest, finds himself inside the Cabinet and the Privy Council before his fortieth birthday, must expect that the world will not be left in ignorance of anything that can be said against him. For weeks together, even in its leading articles, the great *Times* newspaper could find no other appellation for the great man than that of "Mr. Babbletongue Macaulay." When it became his duty to announce to his constituents that he had taken office, he was careless enough to date his address from Windsor Castle. *The Times* rose, or rather sank, to the occasion. Many months elapsed before the new Secretary at War heard the last of Windsor Castle. That unlucky slip of the pen afforded matter for comment and banter in Parliament, on the hustings, and through every corner of

the daily and weekly press. In his generous and affecting notice of Macaulay's death Thackeray writes: "It always seemed to me that ample means, and recognised rank, were Macaulay's as of right. Years ago there was a wretched outcry raised because Mr. Macaulay dated a letter from Windsor Castle, where he was staying. Immortal Gods! Was this man not a fit guest for any palace in the world, or a fit companion for any man or woman in it?"

Macaulay took his promotion quietly, and paid little or no heed to the hard words which it brought him. He kept his happiness in his own hands, and never would permit it to depend upon the goodwill, or the forbearance, of others.

He was just now less disposed than ever to trouble himself about the justice, or injustice, of the treatment which he met with from the outside world. An event had occurred, most unexpectedly, which opened to him a long and secure prospect of domestic happiness. At the end of the year 1839, his brother-in-law, Mr. Charles Trevelyan, was appointed to the Assistant Secretaryship of the Treasury; one of the few posts in the English Civil Service which could fully compensate a man of energy and public spirit for renouncing the intensely interesting work, and the rare opportunities of distinction, presented by an Indian career. "This event," writes my mother, "of course made England our home during your uncle's life. He could never afterwards speak of it without emotion. Throughout the autumn of 1839, his misery at the prospect of our return to India was the most painful and hourly trial; and, when the joy and relief came upon us, it restored the spring and flow of his spirits. He

took a house in Great George Street, and insisted on our all living together, and a most happy year 1840 was."

Like other happy years, it was a busy year too. Macaulay, who had completely laid aside his History for the present, devoted his powers to his official work.

On the 14th of March, 1840, Macaulay writes to Mr. Ellis: "I have got through my estimates with flying colours; made a long speech of figures and details without hesitation, or mistake, of any sort; stood catechising on all sorts of questions; and got six millions of public money in the course of an hour or two. I rather like the sort of work, and I have some aptitude for it. I find business pretty nearly enough to occupy all my time; and, if I have a few minutes to myself, I spend them with my sister and niece; so that, except while I am dressing and undressing, I get no reading at all. I do not know but that it is as well for me to live thus for a time. I became too mere a bookworm in India, and on my voyage home. Exercise, they say, assists digestion; and it may be that some months of hard official and Parliamentary work may make my studies more nourishing."

London: October 29, 1840.

Dear Napier,—I have received Hunt's book, and shall take it down with me to Southampton, whither I hope to be able to make a short trip. I shall give it well to Hunt about Jeremy Collier, to whom he is scandalously unjust. I think Jeremy one of the greatest public benefactors in our history.

Poor Lord Holland! It is vain to lament. A whole generation is gone to the grave with him.

While he lived, all the great orators and statesmen of the last generation were living too. What a store of historical information he has carried away! But his kindness, generosity, and openness of heart, were more valuable than even his fine accomplishments. I loved him dearly.

Ever yours truly

T. B. MACAULAY.

London : January 11, 1841.

Dear Napier,—As to my paper on the Dramatists, if you are content, so am I. I set less value on it than on anything I have written since I was a boy.

I have hardly opened Gleig's book on Warren Hastings, and I cannot yet judge whether I can review it before it is complete. I am not quite sure that so vast a subject may not bear two articles. The scene of the first would lie principally in India. The Rohilla War, the disputes of Hastings and his Council, the character of Francis, the death of Nuncomar, the rise of the Empire of Hyder, the seizure of Benares, and many other interesting matters, would furnish out such a paper. In the second, the scene would be changed to Westminster. There we should have the Coalition; the India Bill; the impeachment; the characters of all the noted men of that time, from Burke, who managed the prosecution of Hastings, down to the wretched Tony Pasquin, who first defended, and then libelled him. I hardly know a story so interesting, and of such various interest. And the central figure is in the highest degree striking and majestic. I think Hastings, though far from faultless, one of the greatest men that England ever produced. He had pre-eminent talents for government, and great

literary talents too; fine taste, a princely spirit, and heroic equanimity in the midst of adversity and danger. He was a man for whom nature had done much of what the Stoic philosophy pretended, and only pretended, to do for its disciples. “*Mens æqua in arduis*” is the inscription under his picture in Government House at Calcutta; and never was there a more appropriate motto. This story has never been told as well as it deserves. Mill’s account of Hastings’ administration is indeed very able;—the ablest part, in my judgment, of his work;—but it is dry. As to Gleig, unless he has greatly improved since he wrote Sir Thomas Munro’s life, he will make very little of his subject. I am not so vain as to think that I can do it full justice; but the success of my paper on Clive has emboldened me, and I have the advantage of being in hourly intercourse with Trevelyan, who is thoroughly well acquainted with the languages, manners, and diplomacy of the Indian Courts.

Ever yours

T. B. MACAULAY.

One main feature in the Budget was a proposal to reduce the duty on foreign sugar; a serious blow to the privilege which the free labour of our own colonies enjoyed, as against the slave labour of the Spanish plantations. Lord Sandon moved an amendment, skilfully framed to catch the votes of Abolitionist members of the Liberal party, and the question was discussed through eight livelong nights. Mr. Gladstone, who had early learned the habit of high-toned courtesy, introduced into his speech an allusion that pleased no one so much as him) against whom it was directed. “There is

another name," said he, "strangely associated with the plan of the Ministry. I can only speak from tradition of the struggle for the abolition of slavery; but, if I have not been misinformed, there was engaged in it a man who was the unseen ally of Mr. Wilberforce, and the pillar of his strength; a man of profound benevolence, of acute understanding, of indefatigable industry, and of that self-denying temper which is content to work in secret, to forego the recompense of present fame, and to seek for its reward beyond the grave. The name of that man was Zachary Macaulay, and his son is a member of the existing Cabinet."

In the early morning of the 19th of May Lord Sandon's amendment was carried by thirty-six votes; and on the 14th of June, the opposition carried a direct vote of want of confidence.

Within three weeks Parliament was dissolved, and the Ministers went to the country on the question of a fixed duty on foreign wheat. The Liberals suffered a crushing defeat. Macaulay, however, was returned unopposed by Edinburgh.

London July 12, 1841.

Dear Ellis,—I cannot send you *Virginius*, for I have not a copy by me at present, and have not time to make one. When you return, I hope to have finished another ballad, on the *Lake Regillus*. I may, perhaps, publish a small volume next spring. I am encouraged by the approbation of all who have seen the little pieces. I find the unlearned quite as well satisfied as the learned.

I have taken a very comfortable suite of chambers in the Albany; and I hope to lead, during some years, a sort of life peculiarly suited to my taste,—

college life at the West-end of London. We shall have, I hope, some very pleasant breakfasts there, to say nothing of dinners.

I own that I am quite delighted with our prospects. A strong opposition is the very thing that I wanted. I shall be heartily glad if it lasts till I can finish a History of England, from the Revolution, to the Accession of the House of Hanover. Then I shall be willing to go in again for a few years. It seems clear that we shall be just about 300. This is what I have always supposed. I got through very triumphantly at Edinburgh, and very cheap. I believe I can say what no other man in the kingdom can say. I have been four times returned to Parliament by cities of more than a hundred and forty thousand inhabitants; and all those four elections together have not cost me five hundred pounds.

Ever yours
T. B. MACAULAY.

London July 27, 1841

Dear Napier,—I am not at all disappointed by the elections. They have, indeed, gone very nearly as I expected. Perhaps I counted on seven or eight votes more; and even these we may get on petition. I can truly say that I have not, for many years, been so happy as I am at present. Before I went to India, I had no prospect in the event of a change of Government, except that of living by my pen, and seeing my sisters governesses. In India I was an exile. When I came back, I was for a time at liberty; but I had before me the prospect of parting in a few months, perhaps for ever, with my dearest sister and her children. That misery was

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removed; but I found myself in office, a member of a Government wretchedly weak, and struggling for existence. Now I am free. I am independent. I am in Parliament, as honourably seated as man can be. My family is comfortably off. I have leisure for literature; yet I am not reduced to the necessity of writing for money. If I had to choose a lot from all that there are in human life, I am not sure that I should prefer any to that which has fallen to me. I am sincerely and thoroughly contented.

Ever yours

T. B. MACAULAY.

CHAPTER IX

1841—1844

Macaulay settles in the Albany—Warren Hastings—Leigh Hunt—Macaulay's doubts about the wisdom of publishing his Essays—The Lays of Rome—Professor Wilson—Re-publication of the Essays—Miss Aikin's Life of Addison—The Copyright Question—Tour on the Loire—Barère.

THE change of Government was anything but a misfortune to Macaulay. He lost nothing but an income, which he could well do without, and the value of which he was ere long to replace many times over by his pen; and he gained his time, his liberty, the power of speaking what he thought, writing when he would, and living as he chose. The plan of life which he selected was one eminently suited to the bent of his tastes, and the nature of his avocations. Towards the end of the year 1840, Mr. and Mrs. Trevelyan removed to Clapham; and, on their departure, Macaulay broke up his establishment in Great George Street, and quartered himself in a commodious set of rooms on a second floor in the Albany. His chambers, every corner of which was library, were comfortably, though not very brightly, furnished.

Albany, London: November 5, 1841.

Dear Napier,—I have at last begun my historical labours; I can hardly say with how much interest and delight. I really do not think that there is in our literature so great a void as that which I am trying to supply. English history, from 1688 to the

1787
French Revolution) is even to educated people almost a terra incognita. I will venture to say that it is quite an even chance) whether even such a man as Empson, or Senior, can repeat accurately the names of the Prime Ministers of that time in order. The materials for an amusing narrative are immense. I shall not be satisfied unless I produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies.

Ever yours

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, London: June 24, 1842.

Dear Napier,—I have thought a good deal about republishing my articles, and have made up my mind not to do so. It is rather provoking, to be sure, to learn that a third edition is coming out in America, and to meet constantly with smuggled copies. It is still more provoking to see trash, of which I am perfectly guiltless, inserted among my writings. But, on the whole, I think it best that things should remain as they are. The public judges, and ought to judge, indulgently of periodical works. They are not expected to be highly finished. Their natural life is only six weeks. Sometimes their writer is at a distance from the books to which he wants to refer. Sometimes he is forced to hurry through his task in order to catch the post. He may blunder; he may contradict himself; he may break off in the middle of a story; he may give an immoderate extension to one part of his subject, and dismiss an equally important part in a few words. All this is readily forgiven if there be a certain spirit and vivacity in his style. But, as soon as he republishes, he challenges a comparison

with all the most symmetrical and polished of human compositions. A painter, who has a picture in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, would act very unwisely if he took it down and carried it over to the National Gallery. Where it now hangs, surrounded by a crowd of daubs which are only once seen, and then forgotten, it may pass for a fine piece. He is a fool if he places it side by side with the master-pieces of Titian and Claude. My reviews are generally thought to be better written, and they certainly live longer, than the reviews of most other people; and this ought to content me. The moment I come forward to demand a higher rank, I must expect to be judged by a higher standard. Fonblanque may serve for a beacon. His leading articles in the Examiner were extolled to the skies, while they were considered merely as leading articles; for they were in style, and manner, incomparably superior to anything in the Courier, or Globe, or Standard; nay, to anything in the Times. People said that it was a pity that such admirable compositions should perish; so Fonblanque determined to republish them in a book. He never considered that in that form they would be compared, not with the rant and twaddle of the daily and weekly press, but with Burke's pamphlets, with Pascal's letters, with Addison's Spectators and Freeholders. They would not stand this new test a moment. I shall profit by the warning. What the Yankees may do I cannot help; but I will not found my pretensions to the rank of a classic on my reviews. I will remain, according to the excellent precept in the Gospel, at the lower end of the table, where I am constantly accosted with "Friend, go up higher," and not push my way to the top at the risk

of being compelled with shame to take the lowest room. If I live twelve or fifteen years I may perhaps produce something which I may not be afraid to exhibit side by side with the performance of the old masters.

Ever yours truly

T. B. MACAULAY.

He writes to Ellis in August :—

“Let me know when you come to town. I shall be here. Fix a day for dining with me next week, the sooner after your arrival the better. I must give you one good boring about these verses before I deliver them over to the printer’s devils.

“Have you read Lord Londonderry’s Travels? I hear that they contain the following pious expressions of resignation to the divine will: ‘Here I learned that Almighty God, for reasons best known to Himself, had been pleased to burn down my house in the county of Durham.’ Is not the mixture of vexation with respect admirable?”

In a later letter he says :

“Every book settles its own place. I never did, and never will, directly or indirectly take any step for the purpose of obtaining praise, or deprecating censure. Longman came to ask what I wished him to do before the volume appeared. I told him that I stipulated for nothing but that there should be no (puffing of any sort.) I have told Napier that I ask it, as a personal favour, that my name and writings may never be mentioned in the Edinburgh Review. I shall certainly leave this volume as the ostrich leaves her eggs in the sand.”

The sails of the little craft could dispense with an artificial breeze. Launched without any noise of

trumpets, it went bravely down the wind of popular favour. Among the first to discern its merits was Macaulay's ancient adversary, Professor Wilson of Edinburgh :

Name the Young Poet who could have written the Armada. The Young Poets all want fire, Macaulay is full of fire. The Young Poets are somewhat weakly, he is strong. The Young Poets are rather ignorant; his knowledge is great. The Young Poets mumble books, he devours them. The Young Poets dally with their subject; he strikes its heart. The Young Poets are still their own heroes; he sees but the chiefs he celebrates. The Young Poets weave dreams with shadows transitory as clouds without substance, he builds realities lasting as rocks. The Young Poets steal from all and sundry and deny their thefts, he robs in the face of day. Whom? Homer.

'Now, by our sire Quirinus,
It was a goodly sight
To see the thirty standards
Swept down the tide of flight.'

That is the way of doing business! A cut and thrust style, without any flourish. Scott's style when his blood was up, and the first words came like a vanguard impatient for battle.

Albany, London. December 3, 1842.

Dear Napier,—Longman has earnestly pressed me to consent to the republication of some of my reviews. The plan is one of which, as you know, I had thought; and which, on full consideration, I had rejected. But there are new circumstances in the case. The American edition is coming over by wholesale. To keep out the American copies by legal measures, and yet to refuse to publish an edition here, would be an odious course, and in the very spirit of the dog in the manger. I am, therefore, strongly inclined to accede to Longman's proposition. And if the thing is to be done, the sooner the better.

I am about to put forth a second edition of my Roman Lays. They have had great success. By

the bye, Wilson, whom I never saw but at your table, has behaved very handsomely about them. I am not in the habit of returning thanks for favourable criticism: for, as Johnson says in his *Life of Lyttelton*, such thanks must be paid either for flattery or for justice. But, when a strong political opponent bestows fervent praise on a work which he might easily depreciate by means of sly sneer and cold commendations, and which he might, if he chose, pass by in utter silence, he ought, I think, to be told that his courtesy and good feeling are justly appreciated. I should be really obliged to you, if, when you have an opportunity, you will let Professor Wilson know that his conduct has affected me as generous conduct affects men not ungenerous.

Ever yours

T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany, London: April 19, 1843

Dear Napier,—You may count on an article from me on Miss Aikin's *Life of Addison*. Longman sent me the sheets as they were printed. I own that I am greatly disappointed. There are, to be sure, some charming letters by Addison which have never yet been published; but Miss Aikin's narrative is dull, shallow, and inaccurate.

My collected reviews have succeeded well. Longman tells me that he must set about a second edition. In spite, however, of the applause and of the profit, neither of which I despise, I am sorry that it had become necessary to republish these papers. There are few of them which I read with satisfaction. Those few, however, are generally the latest, and this is a consolatory circumstance. The most hostile critic must admit, I think, that I have improved

greatly as a writer. The third volume seems to me worth two of the second, and the second worth ten of the first.

Ever yours
T. B. MACAULAY.

Albany · June 15, 1843.

Dear Napier,—I am truly vexed to find Miss Aikin's book so very bad, that it is impossible for us, with due regard to our own character, to praise it. All that I can do is to speak civilly of her writings generally, and to express regret that she should have been nodding. I have found, I will venture to say, not less than forty gross blunders as to matters of fact in the first volume. Of these I may, perhaps, point out eight or ten as courteously as the case will bear. Yet it goes much against my feelings to censure any woman, even with the greatest lenity. My taste and Croker's are by no means the same. I shall not again undertake to review any lady's book till I know how it is executed.

Ever yours
T. B. MACAULAY.

It has been said of Macaulay, with reference to this period of his political career, that no member ever produced so much effect upon the proceedings of Parliament who spent so many hours in the Library, and so few in the House. Never has any public man, unendowed with the authority of a Minister, so easily moulded so important a piece of legislation into a shape which so accurately accorded with his own views, as did Macaulay the Copyright Act of 1842.

Lord Mahon introduced a bill for giving protection for five-and-twenty years, reckoned from the

date of death; and his scheme was regarded with favour, until Macaulay came forward with a counter-scheme, giving protection for forty-two years, reckoned from the date of publication. He unfolded his plan in a speech, terse, elegant, and vigorous; as amusing as an essay of Elia, and as convincing as a proof of Euclid. When he resumed his seat, Sir Robert Peel walked across the floor, and assured him that the last twenty minutes had radically altered his own views on the law of copyright. One member after another confessed to an entire change of mind; and, on a question which had nothing to do with party, each change of mind brought a vote with it. The bill was remodelled on the principle of calculating the duration of copyright from the date of publication, and the term of forty-two years was adopted by a large majority. Some slight modifications were made in Macaulay's proposal; but he enjoyed the satisfaction of having framed according to his mind a Statute which may fairly be described as the charter of his craft, and of having added to Hansard what are by common consent allowed to be among its most readable pages.

As soon as the session of 1843 ended, Macaulay started for a trip up and down the Loire. Steaming from Orleans to Nantes and back again from Nantes to Angers, he indulged to the full his liking for river travel and river scenery, and his passion for old cities which had been the theatre of memorable events.

"The cathedral, which was my chief object at Chartres, rather disappointed me; not that it is not a fine church; but I had heard it described as one of the most magnificent in Europe. Now, I have seen finer Gothic churches in England, France, and Belgium. It wants vastness; and its admirers make the matter worse by

proving to you that it is a great deal larger than it looks, and by assuring you that the proportions are so exquisite as to produce the effect of littleness. I have heard the same cant canted about a much finer building,—St Peter's. But, surely, it is impossible to say a more severe thing of an architect than that he has a knack of building edifices five hundred feet long which look as if they were only three hundred feet long. If size be an element of the sublime in architecture,—and this, I imagine, everybody's feelings will prove,—then a great architect ought to aim, not at making buildings look smaller than they are, but at making them look larger than they are. If there be any proportions which have the effect of making St Paul's look larger than St. Peter's, those are good proportions. To say that an artist is so skilful that he makes buildings, which are really large, look small, is as absurd as it would be to say that a novelist has such skill in narration as to make amusing stories dull, or to say that a controversialist has such skill in argument, that strong reasons, when he states them, seem to be weak ones."

Albany, London: April 10, 1844.

Dear Napier,—I am glad that you like my article. It does not please me now, by any means, as much as it did while I was writing it. It is shade, unrelieved by a gleam of light.¹ This is the fault of the subject rather than of the painter; but it takes away from the effect of the portrait. And thus, to the many reasons which all honest men have for hating Barère I may add a reason personal to myself, that the excess of his rascality has spoiled my paper on him.

Ever yours

T. B. MACAULAY.

¹ "As soon as he ceases to write trifles, he begins to write lies; and such lies! A man who has never been within the tropics does not know what a thunderstorm means, a man who has never looked on Niagara has but a faint idea of a cataract, and he who has not read Barère's Memoirs may be said not to know what it is to lie.

"Whatsoever things are false, whatsoever things are dishonest, whatsoever things are unjust, whatsoever things are impure, whatsoever things are hateful, whatsoever things are of evil report, if there be any vice, and if there be any infamy, all these things were blended in Barère"

CHAPTER X

1844—1847

The Ministerial crisis of December 1845—Macaulay becomes Paymaster-General—His re-election at Edinburgh—His position in the House of Commons—General election of 1847—Macaulay's defeat at Edinburgh

DURING 1844 and 1845 Macaulay pretty frequently addressed the House of Commons. Early in 1845 he writes to Napier: "As soon as I have finished my first two volumes, I shall be happy to assist you again. But when that will be it is difficult to say.¹ Parliamentary business, at present, prevents me from writing a line. I am preparing for Lord John's debate on Sugar, and for Joseph Hume's debate on India; and it is one of my infirmities—an infirmity, I grieve to say, quite incurable—that I cannot correctly and heartily apply my mind to several subjects together. When an approaching debate is in my head, it is to no purpose that I sit down at my desk to write history, and I soon get up again in disgust."

London December 11, 1845.

Dear Hannah,—I am detained for a few minutes at Ellis's chambers with nothing to do. I will therefore employ my leisure in writing to you on a sheet of paper meant for some plea or replication. Yesterday morning I learned that the Ministers had gone down to the Isle of Wight for the purpose of

¹ Macaulay never again wrote for the Edinburgh Review.

resigning, and that Lord John had been sent for. This morning, all the world knows it. It is difficult, I think, to conceive a darker prospect than that which lies before us. Yet I have a great confidence in the sense, virtue, and self-command of the nation; and I therefore hope that we shall get out of this miserable situation, as we have got out of other situations not less miserable.

I have spent some hours in carefully considering my own position, and determining on my own course. I have at last made up my mind; and I send you the result of my deliberations.

If, which is not absolutely impossible, though improbable, Peel should still try to patch up a Conservative Administration, and should, as the head of that Administration, propose the repeal of the Corn Laws, my course is clear. I must support him with all the energy that I have, till the question is carried. Then I am free to oppose him. If an Ultra-Tory Ministry should be framed, my course is equally clear. I must oppose them with every faculty that God has given me.

If Lord John should undertake to form a Whig Ministry, and should ask for my assistance, I cannot in honour refuse it. But I shall distinctly tell him, and tell my colleagues and constituents, that I will not again go through what I went through in Lord Melbourne's Administration. I am determined never again to be one of a Government which cannot carry the measures which it thinks essential. I will therefore, supposing that Lord John applies to me, accept office on this express condition,—that, if we find that we cannot carry the total repeal of the Corn Laws, we will forthwith resign; or, at all events, that I shall be at liberty forthwith to resign. I am quite

sure that this is the right course; and I am equally sure that, if I take it, I shall be out of office at Easter.

T. B. M.

On December 20th, he writes to Hannah:—"All is over. Late at night, just as I was undressing, a knock was given at the door of my chambers. A messenger had come from Lord John with a short note. The quarrel between Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston had made it impossible to form a Ministry. I went to bed, and slept sound."

At this period of his life Macaulay was still a hard hitter; but he timed his blows with due regard for the public interests. In January 1845 he writes to Mr. Napier: "As to the course which I have taken, I feel no misgivings. Many honest men think that there ought to be no retrospect in politics. I am firmly convinced that they are in error, and that much better measures than any which we owe to Peel would be very dearly purchased by the utter ruin of all public virtue which must be the consequence of such immoral lenity. . . . But to hit him hard while he is fighting the landowners would be a very different thing. It will be all that he can do to win the battle with the best help that we can give him. A time will come for looking back. At present our business is to get the country safe through a very serious and doubtful emergency."

But no aid from his opponents, however loyally rendered, could keep Sir Robert Peel in office when once that emergency was at an end. On the 26th of June, 1846, the Corn Law Bill passed the Peers; and, before the night was over, the Government had

received its coup-de-grâce in the Commons. Lord John Russell was again commanded to form an Administration. Macaulay obtained the post which he preferred, as the least likely to interfere with his historical labours; and, as Paymaster-General of the Army, he went down to Scotland to ask for re-election. On the 9th of July he wrote to Mrs. Trevelyan from the Royal Hotel: "I reached Edinburgh last night, and found the city in a storm. I am exceedingly well and in high spirits. I had become somewhat effeminate in literary repose and leisure. You would not know me again now that my blood is up. I am such as when, twelve years ago, I fought the battle with Sadler at Leeds." This ardour for the fray augured badly for Sir Culling Eardley. He proved no match for Macaulay, who out-talked him on the hustings; beat him by two to one at the poll; and returned to the Albany in triumph, none the worse for his exhilarating, though rather expensive, contest.

In Parliament, in society, and in literary and political circles throughout the country, Macaulay already enjoyed that general respect and goodwill which attach themselves to a man who has done great things, and from whom something still greater is expected. But there was one city in the kingdom where by 1847 he had ceased to be popular, and unfortunately that city was Edinburgh.

Macaulay had exalted, and, as some would hold, over-strained ideas of the attitude which a representative should adopt in his pecuniary relations with the electors who have sent him to Parliament. Although one of the most generous of men, he knew no delight like giving, he was willing, when

Edinburgh was in question, to be called stingy if he could only make it clear to his own conscience that he was not tampering with corruption.

London July 14, 1841.

My dear Mr. Black,—I am much gratified by what you say about the race-cup. I had already written to Craig to say that I should not subscribe, and I am glad that my determination meets your approbation. In the first place, I am not clear that the object is a good one. In the next place, I am clear that by giving money for such an object in obedience to such a summons, I should completely change the whole character of my connection with Edinburgh. It has been usual enough for rich families to keep a hold on corrupt boroughs by defraying the expense of public amusements. Sometimes it is a ball; sometimes a regatta. The Derby family used to support the Preston races. The Members for Beverley, I believe, find a bull for their constituents to bait. But these were not the conditions on which I undertook to represent Edinburgh. In return for your generous confidence, I offer Parliamentary service, and nothing else. I am indeed most willing to contribute the little that I can spare to your most useful public charities. But even this I do not consider as matter of contract. Nor should I think it proper that the Town Council should call on me to contribute even to an hospital or a school. But the call that is now made is one so objectionable that, I must plainly say, I would rather take the Chiltern Hundreds than comply with it.

Ever yours truly
T. B. MACAULAY.

Whatever may have been the origin and the extent of Macaulay's shortcomings as representative of Edinburgh, there were men at hand who were anxious, and very well able, to turn them to their own account. But the injuries which he forgave I am forbidden to resent.

"The struggle," wrote Hugh Miller, "is exciting the deepest interest, and, as the beginning of a decided movement on the part of Christians of various denominations to send men of avowed Christian principle to Parliament, may lead to great results." The common sense of the Scotch people brought this movement, such as it was, to a speedy close; and it led to no greater result than that of inflicting a transient scandal upon the sacred name of religion, and giving Macaulay the leisure which he required in order to put the finishing touch to the first two volumes of his History.

The leaders of the agitation judged it necessary to select a stronger candidate than Sir Culling Eardley; and their choice fell upon Mr. Charles Cowan, a son of one of the most respected citizens of Edinburgh. The gentleman who introduced Mr. Cowan to the electors at his first public meeting recommended him on the express ground that "Christian men ought to send Christian men to represent them". But, when people inspired by these exemplary motives had once begun to move, others whose views were of a more temporal and mundane complexion were not behind-hand in following their example. A deputation of spirit-dealers waited upon Macaulay to urge the propriety of altering the method of levying the excise duties. They failed to convince him; and he told them plainly that he would do nothing for them, and most probably should do something against them.

The immediate consequence of this unsatisfactory interview was the appearance of a fourth candidate in the person of Mr. Blackburn, who was described by his own proposer as one who "came forward for the excise trader, which showed that his heart was with the people,"—or at any rate with that section of the people whose politics consisted in dislike to the whisky-duty.

The contest was short, but sharp. For ten days the city was white with broadsides, and the narrow courts off the High Street rang with the dismal strains of innumerable ballad-singers. Macaulay came scatheless even out of that ordeal. The vague charge of being too much of an essayist and too little of a politician was the worst that either saint or sinner could find to say of him. The burden of half the election-songs was to the effect that he had written poetry, and that one who knew so much about Ancient Rome could not possibly be the man for Modern Athens. The day of nomination was the 29th of July. The space in front of the hustings had been packed by the advocates of cheap whisky. Professor Ayton, who seconded Mr. Blackburn, was applauded to his heart's content, while Macaulay was treated with a brutality the details of which are painful to read, and would be worse than useless to record. The polling took place on the morrow.

Edinburgh · July 30, 1847

Dearest Hannah,—I hope that you will not be much vexed; for I am not vexed, but as cheerful as ever I was in my life. I have been completely beaten. The poll has not closed; but there is no chance that I shall retrieve the lost ground. Radicals, Tories, Dissenters, Voluntaries, Free Churchmen, spirit

drinkers who are angry because I will not pledge myself to repeal all taxes on whisky, and great numbers of persons who are jealous of my chief supporters here, and think that the patronage of Edinburgh has been too exclusively distributed among a clique, have united to bear me down. I will make no hasty resolutions; but everything seems to indicate that I ought to take this opportunity of retiring from public life.

Ever yours
T. B. M.

CHAPTER XI

1847—1849

Macaulay retires into private life—Extracts from Lord Carlisle's Journal—Macaulay's ways with children—Method of work—His diligence in collecting his materials—Macaulay's industry at the desk—His love for his task—His attention to details of the press—The History appears—The popularity of the work—Croker—The sacrifices which Macaulay made to literature

AFTER a few nights of sound sleep, and a few days of quiet among his books, Macaulay had recovered both from the fatigues of the contest and the vexation of the defeat. On the 6th of August 1847, he writes to his sister Fanny: "I am here in solitude, reading and working with great satisfaction to myself. My table is covered with letters of condolence, and with invitations from half the places which have not yet chosen members. I have been asked to stand for Ayr, for Wigton, and for Oxfordshire. Craig tells me that there is a violent reaction at Edinburgh, and that those who voted against me are very generally ashamed of themselves, and wish to have me back again. I did not know how great a politician I was till my Edinburgh friends chose to dismiss me from politics. I never can leave public life with more dignity and grace than at present."

Such consolations as private life had to offer, Macaulay possessed in abundance. He enjoyed the pleasures of society in their most delightful shape, for he was one of a circle of eminent and gifted men who were the warm friends of himself and of each other. How brilliantly these men talked is already a matter of tradition. No report of their conversation has been published, and in all probability none

exists. Scattered and meagre notices in the leaves of private diaries form the sole surviving record of many an Attic night, and still more agreeable morning. Happily Lord Carlisle's journal has preserved for us at least the names of those with whom Macaulay lived, the houses which he frequented, and some few of the topics which he discussed :

"June 27, 1843—I breakfasted with Hallam, John Russell, Macaulay, Everett, Van de Weyer, Mr^s Hamilton, U S, and Mahon. Never were such torrents of good talk as burst and sputtered over from Macaulay and Hallam. A great deal about Latin and Greek inscriptions. They think the first unrivalled for that purpose so free from articles and particles."

"January 6, 1849—Finished Macaulay's two volumes. How admirable they are, full of generous impulse, judicial impartiality, wide research, deep thought, picturesque description, and sustained eloquence! Was history ever better written?"

"February 12.—Breakfasted with Macaulay. There were, Van de Weyer, Hallam, Charles Austin, Panizzi, Colonel Mure, and Dicky Milnes, but he went to Yorkshire after the first cup. The conversation ranged the world, art, ancient and modern; the Greek tragedians, characters of the orators,—how Philip and Alexander probably felt towards them as we do towards a scurrilous newspaper editor. It is a refreshing break in common-place life. I stayed till past twelve. His rooms at the top of the Albany are very liveable and studious-looking."

"March 5, 1850—Dined at the Club. Dr Molland in the chair. Lord Lansdowne, Bishop of London, Lord Mahon, Macaulay, Milman, Van de Weyer, I, David Dundas, Lord Harry Vane, Stafford O'Brien. The Bishop talked of the wit of Rowland Hill. One day his chapel, with a thinner attendance than usual, suddenly filled during a shower of rain. He said, 'I have often heard of religion being used as a cloak, but never before as an umbrella.' Macaulay's flow never ceased once during the four hours, but it is never overbearing."

"March 23—Breakfast with Macaulay. On being challenged, he repeated the names of the owners of the several carriages that went to Clarissa's funeral."

"May 27—Dined at the Club. The talk ran for some time on whether the north or south of different countries had contributed most to their literature. I remained on with Macaulay and Milman. The first gave a list of six poets, whom he places above all others, in the order of his preference: Shakespeare,

Homer, Dante, Æschylus, Milton, Sophocles. He thinks the first part of Henry the Fourth Shakespeare's best comic play; then the second part, then Twelfth Night, but Shakespeare's plays are not to be classed into Tragedy and Comedy. It was the object of the Elizabethan drama, the highest form of composition he can conceive, to represent life as it is."

"May 4.—Dined with the Club. Very pleasant, though select. Something led to my reminding Lord Aberdeen that we both put Macbeth the first of Shakespeare's great plays. Lord Lansdowne quite concurred. Macaulay thinks it may be a little owing to our recollections of Mrs Siddons. He is much inclined to rank them thus Othello, Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet."

"November 29.—Breakfasted with Macaulay. He thinks that, though the last eight books of Paradise Lost contain incomparable beauties, Milton's fame would have stood higher if only the first four had been preserved. He would then have been placed above Homer."

He was always willing to accept a friendly challenge to a feat of memory. One day, in the Board-room of the British Museum, Sir David Dundas saw him hand to Lord Aberdeen a sheet of foolscap, covered with writing arranged in three parallel columns down each of the four pages. This document, of which the ink was still wet, proved to be a full list of the Senior Wranglers at Cambridge, with their dates and colleges, for the hundred years during which the names of Senior Wranglers had been recorded in the University Calendar.

It is impossible to exaggerate the pleasure which Macaulay took in children, or the delight which he gave them. He was beyond all comparison the best of playfellows; unrivalled in the invention of games, and never wearied of repeating them. He had an inexhaustible repertory of small dramas for the benefit of his nieces; in which he sustained an endless variety of parts with a skill that at any rate was sufficient for his audience. An old friend of the family writes to my sister, Lady Holland: "I well remember that there was one never-failing game of

building up a den with newspapers behind the sofa, and of enacting robbers and tigers; you shrieking with terror, but always fascinated and begging him to begin again: and there was a daily recurring observation from him that, after all, children were the only true poets."

Whenever he was at a distance from his little companions he consoled himself and them by the exchange of long and frequent letters. The earliest in date of those which he wrote in prose begins as follows:

September 15, 1842

"My dear Baba,—Thank you for your very pretty letter. I am always glad to make my little girl happy, and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books. For when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts, and cakes, and toys, and plays, and sights in the world. If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces, and gardens, and fine dinners, and wine, and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

His poetical, no less than his epistolary, style was carefully adapted to the age and understanding of those whom he was addressing. Some of his pieces of verse are almost perfect specimens of the nursery lyric. From five to ten stanzas in length, and with each word carefully formed in capitals,—most comforting to the eyes of a student who is not very sure of his small letters, they are real children's poems, and they profess to be nothing more.

The feelings with which Macaulay regarded children were near akin to those of the great writer to whom we owe the death of little Paul, and the meeting between the schoolboy and his mother in the eighth chapter of *David Copperfield*. In truth, Macaulay's extreme sensibility to all which appealed to the sentiment of pity, whether in art or in nature, was nothing short of a positive inconvenience to him. In August 1851, he writes from Malvern to his niece Margaret: "I finished the *Iliad* to-day. I had not read it through since the end of 1837, when I was at Calcutta, and when you often called me away from my studies to show you pictures and to feed the crows. I never admired the old fellow so much, or was so strongly moved by him. What a privilege genius like his enjoys! I could not tear myself away. I read the last five books at a stretch during my walk to-day, and was at last forced to turn into a by-path, lest the parties of walkers should see me blubbering for imaginary beings, the creations of a ballad-maker who has been dead two thousand seven hundred years. What is the power and glory of *Cæsar* and *Alexander* to that? Think what it would be to be assured that the inhabitants of *Monomotapa* would weep over one's writings *Anno Domini 4551!*"

Like all other men who play with a will, and who work to a purpose, Macaulay was very well aware of the distinction between work and play. He did not carry on the business of his life by desultory efforts, or in the happy moments of an elegant inspiration. Men have disputed, and will long continue to dispute, whether or not his fame was deserved; but no one who himself has written books will doubt that at any rate it was hardly earned. "Take at

hazard," says Thackeray, "any three pages of the *Essays or History*: and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, you, an average reader, see one, two, three, a half-score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry, with which you are acquainted. Your neighbour, who has *his* reading and *his* little stock of literature stowed away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating, not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description."

That this praise, though high, was not excessive, is amply proved by that portion of Macaulay's papers which extends over the period when his *History* was in course of preparation.

On the 8th of February 1849, after the publication of his first two volumes, he writes in his journal: "I have now made up my mind to change my plan about my *History*. I will first set myself to know the whole subject:—to get, by reading and travelling, a full acquaintance with William's reign. I reckon that it will take me eighteen months to do this. I must visit Holland, Belgium, Scotland, Ireland, France. The Dutch archives and French archives must be ransacked. I will see whether anything is to be got from other diplomatic collections. I must see Londonderry, the Boyne, Aghrim, Limerick, Kinsale, Namur again, Landen, Steinkirk. I must turn over hundreds, thousands, of pamphlets. Lambeth, the Bodleian and the other Oxford Libraries, the Devonshire Papers, the British Museum, must be explored, and notes made: and then I

shall go to work. When the materials are ready, and the History mapped out in my mind, I ought easily to write on an average two of my pages daily. In two years from the time I begin writing I shall have more than finished my second part. Then I reckon a year for polishing, retouching, and printing. This brings me to the autumn of 1853. I like this scheme much."

This programme was faithfully carried out. He saw Glencoe in rain and in sunshine: "Yet even with sunshine what a place it is! The very valley of the shadow of death." The notes made during his fortnight's tour through the scenes of the Irish war are equal in bulk to a first-class article in the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly Reviews*. He gives four closely written folio pages to the Boyne, and six to Londonderry.

Macaulay passed two days in Londonderry, and made the most of each minute of daylight. He penetrated into every corner where there still lurked a vestige of the past, and called upon every inhabitant who was acquainted with any tradition worth the hearing. He drove through the suburbs; he sketched a ground-plan of the streets; alone or in company, he walked four times round the walls of the city for which he was to do what Thucydides had done for Plataea.

The main secret of Macaulay's success lay in this, that to extraordinary fluency and facility he united patient, minute, and persistent diligence.

If his method of composition ever comes into fashion, books probably will be better, and undoubtedly will be shorter. As soon as he had got into his head all the information relating to any particular episode in his History, he would sit down and

write off the whole story at a headlong pace; sketching in the outlines under the genial and audacious impulse of a first conception; and securing in black and white each idea, and epithet, and turn of phrase, as it flowed straight from his busy brain to his rapid fingers.

As soon as Macaulay had finished his rough draft, he began to fill it in at the rate of six sides of foolscap every morning; written in so large a hand, and with such a multitude of erasures, that the whole six pages were, on an average, compressed into two pages of print. This portion he called his "task," and he was never quite easy unless he completed it daily.

Macaulay never allowed a sentence to pass muster until it was as good as he could make it. He thought little of recasting a chapter in order, to obtain a more lucid arrangement, and nothing whatever of reconstructing a paragraph for the sake of one happy stroke or apt illustration. Whatever the worth of his labour, at any rate it was a labour of love.

When at length, after repeated revisions, Macaulay had satisfied himself that his writing was as good as he could make it, he would submit it to the severest of all tests, that of being read aloud to others. "I read," he says in December 1849, "a portion of my History to Hannah and Trevelyan with great effect. Hannah cried, and Trevelyan kept awake. I think what I have done as good as any part of the former volumes: and so thinks Ellis."

Whenever one of his books was passing through the press, Macaulay extended his indefatigable industry, and his scrupulous precision, to the minutest

mechanical drudgery of the literary calling. He could not rest until the lines were level to a hair's breadth, and the punctuation correct to a comma; until every paragraph concluded with a telling sentence, and every sentence flowed like running water.

On the 24th of October 1848 he writes to my mother: "The state of my own mind is this: when I compare my book with what I imagine history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed; but when I compare it with some histories which have a high repute, I feel reassured."

He might have spared his fears. Within three days after its first appearance the fortune of the book was already secure. It was greeted by an ebullition of national pride and satisfaction which delighted Macaulay's friends, and reconciled to him most who remained of his old political adversaries. Letters of congratulation and approval for months together flowed in upon him from every quarter of the compass.

Macaulay's journal relates the phases and gradations which marked the growing popularity of his book, in so far as that popularity could be measured by the figures in a publisher's ledger. But, over and above Mr. Longman's triumphant bulletins, every day brought to his ears a fresh indication of the hold which the work had taken on the public mind. Some of the instances which he has recorded are quaint enough. An officer of good family had been committed for a fortnight to the House of Correction for knocking down a policeman. The authorities intercepted the prisoner's French novels, but allowed him to have the Bible, and Macaulay's History. At Dukinfield, near Manchester, a

gentleman, who thought that there would be a certain selfishness in keeping so great a pleasure to himself, invited his poorer neighbours to attend every evening after their work was finished and read the History aloud to them from beginning to end. At the close of the last meeting, one of the audience rose, and moved, in north-country fashion, a vote of thanks to Mr. Macaulay, "for having written a history which working men can understand."¹

It is a characteristic trait in Macaulay that as soon as his last proof-sheet had been despatched to the printers, he at once fell to reading a course of historians from Herodotus downwards. The sense of his own inferiority to Thucydides did more to put him out of conceit with himself than all the unfavourable comments which were bestowed upon him (sparingly enough, it must be allowed,) by the newspapers and reviews of the day.

Some few notes of disapprobation and detraction might here and there be heard; but they were for the most part too faint to mar the effect produced by so full a chorus of eulogy; and the only loud one among them was harsh and discordant to that degree that all the bystanders were fain to stop their ears.

After spending four most unprofitable months in preparing his thunder, Mr. Croker discharged it in an article so bitter, so foolish, and, above all, so tedious that scarcely anybody could get through it, and nobody was convinced by it. The sole effect which the article produced upon the public was to set it reading Macaulay's review of Croker's Boswell, in order to learn what the injury might be which, after the lapse of eighteen years, had sting enough

¹ Macaulay says in his journal. "I really prize this vote."

left to provoke a veteran writer, politician, and man of the world into such utter oblivion of common sense, common fairness, and common courtesy.

"Lord Macaulay," said an acute observer, who knew him well, "is an almost unique instance of a man of transcendent force of character, mighty will, mighty energy, giving all that to literature instead of to practical work." At a period when the mere rumour of his presence would have made the fortune of an evening in any drawing-room in London, Macaulay consented to see less and less, and at length almost nothing, of general society, in order that he might devote all his energies to the work which he had in hand. He relinquished that House of Commons which the first sentence of his speeches hushed into silence, and the first five minutes filled to overflowing. He watched, without a shade of regret, or a twinge of envy, men, who would never have ventured to set their claims against his, rise one after another to the summit of the State. "I am sincerely glad," said Sir James Graham, "that Macaulay has so greatly succeeded. The sacrifices which he has made to literature deserve no ordinary triumph; and, when the statesmen of this present day are forgotten, the historian of the Revolution will be remembered."

CHAPTER XII

1848—1852

Extracts from Macaulay's diary—Progress of the sale of the History—Macaulay is elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University—His inaugural address—The Historical Professorship at Cambridge—Tour in Ireland—Windsor Castle—Malvern—Windsor Castle—King John.

“NOVEMBER 18, 1848. Albany.—After the lapse of more than nine years, I begin my journal again. What a change! I have been, since the last lines were written, a member of two Parliaments, and of two Cabinets. I have published several volumes with success. I have escaped from Parliament, and am living in the way best suited to my temper. I lead a college life in London, with the comforts of domestic life near me; for Hannah and her children are very dear to me. I have an easy fortune. I have finished the first two volumes of my History. Yesterday the last sheets went to America, and within a fortnight, I hope, the publication will take place in London. I am pretty well satisfied. As compared with excellence, the work is a failure: but as compared with other similar books I cannot think it so. We shall soon know what the world says.”

“*December 12, 1848.*—Longman called. A new edition of 3,000 copies is preparing as fast as they can work. I have reason to be pleased. Of the Lay of the Last Minstrel two thousand two hundred and fifty copies were sold in the first year; of Marmion two thousand copies in the first month; of my book three thousand copies in ten days. Black

says that there has been no such sale since the days of *Waverley*. The success is in every way complete beyond all hope, and is the more agreeable to me because expectation had been wound up so high that disappointment was almost inevitable. I think, though with some misgivings, that the book will live. I put two volumes of *Footnote* into my pockets, and walked to Clapham. They were reading my book again. How happy their praise made me, and how little by comparison I care for any other praise! A quiet, happy, affectionate evening. Mr. Conybeare makes a criticism, in which Hannah seems to agree, that I sometimes repeat myself. I suspect there is truth in this. Yet it is very hard to know what to do. If an important principle is laid down only once, it is unnoticed or forgotten by dull readers, who are the majority. If it is inculcated in several places, quick-witted persons think that the writer harps too much on one string. Probably I have erred on the side of repetition. This is really the only important criticism that I have yet heard."

He writes to Ellis in March 1850:

"I have seen the hippopotamus, both asleep and awake, and I can assure you that, awake or asleep, he is the ugliest of the works of God. But you must hear of my triumphs. Thackeray swears that he was eye-witness and ear-witness of the proudest event of my life. Two damsels were just about to pass that doorway which we, on Monday, in vain attempted to enter, when I was pointed out to them. 'Mr. Macaulay!' cried the lovely pair. 'Is that Mr. Macaulay? Never mind the hippopotamus.' And having paid a shilling to see Behemoth, they left him in the very moment at which he was about to display himself to them, in order to see—but spare my modesty. I can wish for nothing more on earth, now that Madame Tussaud, in whose Pantheon I hoped once for a place, is dead."

In November 1848 Macaulay had been elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. The time was now approaching for the ceremony of his

Installation: one of those occasions which are the special terror of an orator, when much is expected, and everything has been well said many times before. His year of office fortunately chanced to be the fourth centenary of the body over which he had been chosen to preside; and he contrived to give point and novelty to his inaugural Address by framing it into a retrospect of the history and condition of the University at the commencement of each successive century of its existence.

"*March 26.*—Longman has written to say that the third edition is all sold off to the last copy.

"I should like to get again into the habit of working three hours before breakfast. Once I had it, and I may easily recover it. A man feels his conscience so light during the day when he has done a good piece of work with a clear head before leaving his bed-room."

"*April 13.*—I corrected my article on Addison for insertion in the collected Essays. I shall leave out all the animadversions on Miss Aikin's blunders. She has used me ill, and this is the honourable and gentlemanlike revenge."

"*Friday, May 5, 1849.*—A lucky day on which to begin a new volume of my Journal. Glorious weather. A letter from Lord John to say that he has given my brother John the living of Aldingham, worth 1,100*l.* a year, in a fine country, and amidst a fine population. Was there ever such prosperity? I wrote a few lines of warm thanks to Lord John. To Longman's. A thousand of the fifth edition bespoken."

"*June 28.*—After breakfast to the Museum, and sate till three, reading and making extracts. I turned over three volumes of newspapers and tracts; Flying

Posts, Postboys, and Postmen. I found some curious things which will be of direct service; but the chief advantage of these researches is that the mind is transported back a century and a half, and gets familiar with the ways of thinking, and with the habits, of a past generation. I feel that I am fast becoming master of my subject; at least, more master of it than any writer who has yet handled it."

"*June 29.*—To the British Museum, and read and extracted, there till near five. I find a growing pleasure in this employment. The reign of William the Third, so mysterious to me a few weeks ago, is beginning to take a clear form. I begin to see the men, and to understand all their difficulties and jealousies."

"*June 30.*—I received a note from Prince Albert. He wants to see me at Buckingham Palace at three to-morrow.

"*Saturday, July 1.*—To the Palace. The Prince, to my extreme astonishment, offered me the Professorship¹; and very earnestly, and with many flattering expressions, pressed me to accept it. I was resolute, and gratefully and respectfully declined. I should have declined, indeed, if only in order to give no ground to anybody to accuse me of foul play; for I have had difficulty enough in steering my course so as to deal properly both by Stephen and by Kemble; and, if I had marched off with the prize, I could not have been astonished if both had entertained a very unjust suspicion of me. Besides, I never could do two things at once. If I lectured well, my History must be given up; and to give up my History would be to give up much more than the emoluments of the

¹ The Professorship of Modern History. The Chair was eventually filled by Sir James Stephen.

Professorship—if emolument were my chief object, which it is not now, nor ever was. The Prince, when he found me determined, asked me about the other candidates.”

“*August 3.*—I am now near the end of Tom Moore’s *Life of Byron*. It is a sad book. Poor fellow! Yet he was a bad fellow, and horribly affected. But then what, that could spoil a character, was wanting? Had I at twenty-four had a peerage, and been the most popular poet and the most successful Lovelace of the day, I should have been as great a coxcomb, and possibly as bad a man. I passed some hours over *Don Juan*, and saw no reason to change the opinion which I formed twenty-five years ago. The first two cantos are Byron’s masterpiece. The next two may pass as not below his average. Then begins the descent, and at last he sinks to the level of his own imitators in the *Magazines*.”

Macaulay spent the last half of August in Ireland, and, as his custom was, employed himself during the days that preceded his tour in studying the literature of the country. He turned over Swift’s *Correspondence*, and at least a shelf-full of Irish novels; and read more carefully Moore’s *Life of Sheridan*. “I looked through the *Memoirs of Wolfe Tone*. In spite of the fellow’s savage, unreasonable hatred of England, there is something about him which I cannot help liking. Why is it that an Irishman’s, or Frenchman’s, hatred of England does not excite in me an answering hatred? I imagine that my national pride prevents it. England is so great that an Englishman cares little what others think of her, or how they talk of her.”

"*August* 16, 1849.—The express train reached Holyhead about seven in the evening.

"We sailed as soon as we got on board. The breeze was fresh and adverse, and the sea rough. The sun set in glory, and then the starlight was like the starlight of the Trades. I put on my great-coat and sate on deck during the whole voyage. As I could not read, I used an excellent substitute for reading. I went through *Paradise Lost* in my head. I could still repeat half of it, and that the best half. I really never enjoyed it so much. In the dialogue at the end of the fourth book Satan and Gabriel became to me quite like two of Shakespeare's men. Old Sharp once told me that Henderson the actor used to say to him that there was no better acting scene in the English drama than this. I now felt the truth of the criticism. How admirable is that hit in the manner of Euripides :

'But wherefore thou' Wherefore with thee
Came not all hell broke loose?"

I will try my hand on the passage in Greek Iambics ; or set Ellis to do it, who will do it better.

"I had got to the end of the conversation between Raphael and Adam, admiring more than ever the sublime courtesy of the Archangel, when I saw the lights of Dublin Bay. I love entering a port at night. The contrast between the wild, lonely sea, and the life and tumult of a harbour when a ship is coming in, has always impressed me much."

"*August* 17.—Off to Dublin by railway. The public buildings, at this first glance, struck me as very fine ; and would be considered fine even at Paris. Yet the old Parliament House, from which I had expected most, fell below my expectations. It is

handsome, undoubtedly; indeed, more than handsome; but it is too low. If it were twice as high as it is, it would be one of the noblest edifices in Europe. It is remarkable that architecture is the only art in which mere bulk is an element of sublimity. There is more grandeur in a Greek gem of a quarter of an inch diameter, than in the statue of Peter the Great at Petersburg. There is more grandeur in Raphael's Vision of Ezekiel than in all West's and Barry's acres of spoiled canvas. But no building of very small dimensions can be grand, and no building as lofty as the Pyramids or the Colosseum can be mean. The Pyramids are a proof: for what on earth could be viler than a pyramid thirty feet high?"

After his fortnight in Ireland, Macaulay took another fortnight in France, and then applied himself sedulously and continuously to the completion of his twelfth chapter.

"October 25, 1849.—My birthday. Forty-nine years old. I have no cause of complaint. Tolerable health; competence; liberty; leisure; very dear relations and friends; a great, I may say a very great, literary reputation. This I cannot but perceive, that even the hasty and imperfect articles which I wrote for the Edinburgh Review are valued by a generation which has sprung up since they were first published. While two editions of Jeffrey's papers, and four of Sydney's have sold, mine are reprinting for the seventh time. Then, as to my History, there is no change yet in the public feeling of England. I find that the United States, France, and Germany confirm the judgment of my own country. I have seen not less than six German reviews, all in the highest degree laudatory. This is a sufficient answer to those detractors who attri-

project of a report. I admire the neatness and readiness with which he does such things. It is of a piece with his Parliamentary performances. He and I get on wonderfully well together."

Three weeks afterwards, Macaulay started for his tour to Glencoe and Killiecrankie.

"*July 3.*—As we drove into Glasgow, I saw 'Death of Sir Robert Peel' placarded at a newsman's. I was extremely shocked. Thank God, I had shaken hands cordially with the poor fellow, after all our blows given and received."

"*July 28.*—My account of the Highlands is getting into tolerable shape. To-morrow I shall begin to transcribe again, and to polish. What trouble these few pages will have cost me! The great object is that, after all this trouble, they may read as if they had been spoken off, and may seem to flow as easily as table talk. We shall see."

"*October 14.*—In the morning —called. He seems to be getting on well. He is almost the only person to whom I ever gave liberal assistance without having reason to regret it. Of course I do not speak of my own family; but I am confident that, within the last ten years, I have laid out several hundreds of pounds in trying to benefit people whose own vices and follies have frustrated every attempt to serve them. I have had a letter from a Miss —, asking me to lend, that is to give her, a hundred pounds. I never saw her; I know nothing of her, her only claim on me is that I once gave her money. She will, of course, hate me and abuse me for not complying with this modest request. Except in the single case of —, I never, as far as I know, reaped anything in return for charities, which

have often been large for my means, except positive ill-will. My facility has tempted those whom I have relieved to make one unreasonable request after another. At last I have been forced to stop, and then they thought themselves wronged."

"*October 25, 1850.*—My birthday. I am fifty. Well, I have had a happy life. I do not know that anybody, whom I have seen close, has had a happier. Some things I regret: but, on the whole, who is better off? I have not children of my own, it is true; but I have children whom I love as if they were my own, and who, I believe, love me. I wish that the next ten years may be as happy as the last ten. But I rather wish it than hope it."

"*January 13.*—At breakfast came a summons to Windsor Castle for to-morrow. I feel a twinge, at the name. Was ever man so persecuted for such a trifle as I was about that business. And, if the truth were known, without the shadow of a reason. Yet my life must be allowed to have been a very happy one, seeing that such a persecution was among my greatest misfortunes."

"*January 14.*—To Windsor, and walked up to the Castle. I found my room very comfortable, and read a volume of Jacobite pamphlets by a blazing fire.

"At table I was between the Duchess of Norfolk and a foreign woman who could hardly speak English intelligibly. I got on as well as I could. When we went into the drawing-room, the Queen came to me with great animation, and insisted on my telling her some of my stories, which she had heard at secondhand from George Grey. I certainly made her laugh heartily. She talked on for some time, most courteously and pleasantly. Nothing could be more sensible than her remarks on German affairs."

“January 16.—To the station. Lord Aberdeen and George Grey went with me. Throughout this visit we have been inseparable, and have agreed perfectly. Lord Aberdeen told us some droll stories of the old Scotch Judges. Lord Braxfield, at whist, exclaimed to a lady with whom he was playing: ‘What are ye doing, ye damned auld ——?’ and then, recollecting himself: ‘Your pardon’s begged, madam. I took ye for my ain wife.’”

“June 9.—An American has written to me from Arkansas, and sent me a copy of Bancroft’s History. Very civil and kind; but by some odd mistake he directs to me at Abbotsford. Does he think that all Britishers who write books live there together?”

Macaulay spent August and September at Malvern, in a pleasant villa, embowered in “a wood full of blackbirds.” Mr. Ellis gave him ten days of his company; timing his visit so as to attend the Musical Festival at Worcester.

In February Macaulay paid another visit to Windsor Castle.

“February 6.—We breakfasted at nine. I strolled up and down the fine gallery for an hour; then with Mahon to the Library; and then to the top of the Round Tower, and enjoyed a noble view. Dinner was at a quarter to seven on account of the play which was to follow. The theatre was handsome, the scenery good, and the play ‘King John’. There were faults in the acting, as there are great faults in the play, considered as an acting play; but there was great effect likewise. Constance made me cry. The scene between King John and Hubert, and that between Hubert and Arthur, were very telling. Faulconbridge swaggered well.”

CHAPTER XIII

1852—1856

Macaulay's re-election for Edinburgh and the general satisfaction which it occasioned—He has a serious attack of illness—Clifton—Great change in Macaulay's health and habits—The House of Commons—The Judges' Exclusion Bill—The India Bill—Macaulay's patriotism—Open competition—The History—Publication of Third and Fourth Volumes

IN the General Election of July 1852 Edinburgh was one of the places where the Conservatives resolved to try an almost desperate chance. But, honourably ambitious to obtain a worthy representative for the capital of Scotland, and sincerely desirous to make amends for their harsh usage of a great man who had done his best to serve them, the electors turned their eyes towards Macaulay. A resolution in favour of taking the necessary measures for furthering his return was carried in a crowded public meeting by unanimous acclamation. "No man," said Mr. Adam Black, in support of that resolution, "has given stronger pledges than Mr. Macaulay that he will defend the rights of the people against the encroachments of despotism, and the licentiousness of democracy. His pledges have not been given upon the hustings, during the excitement of an election; but they have been published to the world in the calm deliberation of the closet; and he stands and falls by them. If Mr. Macaulay has a fault, it is that he is too straightforward; too open; that he uses no ambiguities to disarm opposition. By many his early, his eloquent, his constant, his

consistent advocacy of civil liberty is forgotten, while a few unconsidered words are harped upon. Will you lose the most powerful defender for a piece of etiquette? Will you rob the British Senate of one of its brightest ornaments? Will you deprive Edinburgh of the honour of association with one of the most illustrious men of the day? Will you silence that voice whose tones would sustain the sinking spirits of the friends of constitutional liberty in Europe? No. I know the inhabitants of Edinburgh are not so unwise. It is in their power to secure the most able advocate of their own cause, and of the cause of truth and liberty in the world; and they will secure him."

Macaulay's high and rigid bearing had not been distasteful to the Edinburgh electors. They justly considered that the self-respect of a Member of Parliament reflects itself upon his constituents; and they were rather proud, than not, of voting for a candidate who was probably the worst electioneerer since Coriolanus. Amidst the passions, and ambitions, and jealousies of a General Election that was to decide the fate of a Ministry, the combatants on both sides found time to rejoice over an event which was regarded, not as a party victory, but as the triumph of intellectual eminence and political integrity.¹

On the 15th of July, two days after the election was decided, he describes himself as extremely

¹ "All over the country the news of his election was received with a burst of joy. Men congratulated each other as if some dear friend or relation of their own had received so signal an honour. People who had never seen his face shook hands with one another in an unreasoning way on the receipt of such glorious news"—*The Public Life of Lord Macaulay*. By the Rev. Frederick Arnold, B.A.

languid and oppressed; hardly able to walk or breathe.

The day on which he was to address his constituents, was close at hand, and there was no time to be lost. "I sent for Bright. He came with a stethoscope; pronounced that the action of the heart was much deranged, and positively forbade me to think of going to Edinburgh."

For some weeks to come Macaulay was very ill indeed; and he never recovered the secure and superabundant health which he had hitherto enjoyed. It is needless to say that the affection, which he had passed his life in deserving, did not fail him now. Lady Trevelyan took upon herself the arrangements necessary for the postponement of the Edinburgh meeting, and then accompanied Macaulay down to Clifton; where she saw him comfortably settled, and stayed with him until he began to mend.

Never had he a better opportunity of indulging himself in his favourite amusement of hunting up old recollections, than when he was living at Clifton, within a short drive of the cottage which had once been Mrs. Hannah More's, and under the strictest orders from his physicians to do nothing but amuse himself.

"*September 14.*—A beautiful day. After breakfast Ellis and I drove to Wrington in an open carriage and pair.

"We then walked to Barley Wood. They very kindly asked me to go upstairs. We saw Mrs. Hannah More's room. The bed is where her sofa and desk used to stand. The old bookcases, some of them at least, remain. I could point out the very place where the *Don Quixote*, in four volumes,

stood, and the very place from which I took down, at ten years old, the Lyrical Ballads. With what delight and horror I read the Ancient Mariner! Home, much pleased with this second visit."

"*September 16.*—A knock, and a carriage. Who should it be but my old Trinity Tutor, Monk, the Bishop of the Diocese? I was really glad to see him, and to shake hands with him; for he was kind to me when I was young, and I was ungrateful and impertinent to him."

While in the West of England Macaulay read as much as ever, but he wrote little except his weekly letter to Mr. Ellis.

One after another, in quick succession, his favourite habits were abandoned, without any prospect of being resumed. His day-long rambles, in company with Homer or Goethe, along river banks, and over ridge and common, and his unending Sunday walks, were now exchanged for a crawl along the sunny side of the street in the middle hours of any day which happened to be fine. He was forced, sorely against his will, to give up reading aloud, which, ever since he was four years old, he had enjoyed even more than reading to himself. He was almost totally debarred from general society; for his doctor rarely permitted him to go out of an evening, and often forbade him to go out at all.

"*December 31, 1853.*—another day of work and solitude. I enjoy this invalid life extremely. In spite of my gradually sinking health, this has been a happy year. My strength is failing. My life will not, I think, be long. But I have clear faculties, warm affections, abundant sources of pleasure."

Those who have special reason to cherish his memory may be allowed to say that, proud as they are of his brilliant and elaborate compositions, which in half a score of languages have been the delight of a million readers, they set a still higher value upon the careless pages of that diary which testifies how, through seven years of trying and constant illness, he maintained his industry, his courage, his patience, and his benevolence, unimpaired and unbroken to the last.

Macaulay did well to stand aside from official life. He never opened his lips in Parliament without receiving a fresh proof that his authority there could gain nothing even from a seat in the Cabinet. Lord Hotham had introduced a measure whose chief object was to exclude the Master of the Rolls from the House of Commons. He had brought it unopposed through all its stages but the last; and when, on the 1st of June, 1853, he rose to move the Third Reading, he was fully justified in regarding his success as a foregone conclusion. But the ultimate fate of the bill was curiously at variance with his anticipations. The story was told at the time in the *Leader* newspaper.

"It was pleasanter talking on Wednesday, when the position of Mr. Macaulay in Great Britain was measured in a great way. On a Wednesday the House, and the Committees, are sitting at once. The talk was not interesting,—on a Wednesday it seldom is,—and you were loitering along the Committee lobby upstairs, wondering which of the rooms you should take next, when, as you paused uncertain, you were bumped against by somebody. He begged your pardon, and rushed on;—a Member; a stout Member; a man you couldn't conceive in a run, and yet he's running like mad. You are still staring at him, when two more men trot past you, one on each side, and they are Members too. The door close to you, marked 'Members' Entrance,' is flung open, and five Members dash from it, and plunge furiously down the lobby. More doors open; more Members rush out, Members

are tearing past you, from all points, but in one direction. Then wigs and gowns appear. Their owners tell you, with happy faces, that their committees have adjourned, and then come a third class, the gentlemen of the Press, hilarious. Why, what's the matter? Matter? Macaulay is up. It was an announcement that one had not heard for years; and the passing of the word had emptied the committee rooms, as, of old, it emptied clubs.

"You join the runners in a moment, and are in the gallery in time to see the senators, who had start of you, perspiring into their places. It was true. He was up, and in for a long speech. He was in a new place, standing in the second row above the Treasury Bench, and looking and sounding all the better for the elevation, and the clearer atmosphere for an orator. The old voice, the old manner, and the old style,—glorious speaking! Well prepared, carefully elaborated, confessedly essayish; but spoken with perfect art, and consummate management;—the grand conversation of a man of the world, confiding his learning, his recollections, and his logic, to a party of gentlemen, and just raising his voice enough to be heard through the room. Such it was while he was only opening his subject, and waiting for his audience, but, as the House filled, which it did with marvellous celerity, he got prouder and more oratorical, and then he poured out his speech, with rapidity increasing after every sentence, till it became a torrent of the richest words, carrying his hearers with him into enthusiasm, and yet not leaving them time to cheer. A torrent of words;—that is the only description of Macaulay's style, when he has warmed into speed. And such words! Why, it wasn't four in the afternoon, lunch hardly digested; and the quiet, reserved English gentlemen were as wild with delight as an Opera House, after Grisi, at ten. You doubt it? See the division; and yet, before Mr. Macaulay had spoken, you might have safely bet fifty to one that Lord Hotham would have carried his bill. After that speech the bill was not thrown out, but pitched out. One began to have a higher opinion of the House of Commons, seeing, as one did, that, if the Macaulay class of minds would bid for leadership, they would get it. But it was not all congratulation. Mr. Macaulay had rushed through his oration of forty minutes with masterly vigour, but the doubts about his health, which arise when you meet him in the street, would be confirmed by a close inspection on Wednesday. The great orator was trembling when he sat down; the excitement of a triumph overcame him; and he had scarcely the self-possession to acknowledge the eager praises which were offered by the Ministers and others in the neighbourhood."

Lord Hotham did his best, in his reply, to stem the cataract of arguments and illustrations with

which his unfortunate measure had been overwhelmed. But all was in vain. There were at least two hundred men in the House who had been brought there to hear Macaulay, and who knew nothing about the question except what he had thought fit to tell them. The bill was thrown out by 224 votes to 123.

"Clauses 9 to 11, inclusive, agreed to," is the sole notice which Hansard takes of the proceedings which, in 1873, reversed the decision of 1853. The enthusiastic adhesion to Macaulay's views of a House of Commons which had heard those views stated by himself, as compared with the silent unanimity, in the opposite direction, of a House of Commons which he was not there to persuade, together constitute as high, and, at the same time, as unintentional a compliment as ever was paid to the character and the genius of an orator.

The Second Reading of the India Bill was moved on the 23rd of June 1853.

"The test," he said, "by which I am inclined to judge of the present bill, is the probable effect it will have upon the Civil Service in India. Is it likely to raise, or is it likely to lower, the character and spirit of that distinguished body which furnishes India with its Judges and Collectors?" The question for the House to consider was the process by which these functionaries were henceforward to be selected. There had been talk of giving the Governor-General an unlimited power of appointing whom he chose.

"There is something plausible in the proposition that you should allow him to take able men wherever he finds them. But my firm opinion is, that the day on which the Civil Service of India ceases to be a close service will be the beginning of an age of jobbing,—the most monstrous, the most extensive, and the most

perilous system of abuse in the distribution of patronage that we have ever witnessed. Every Governor-General would take out with him, or would soon be followed by, a crowd of nephews, first and second cousins, friends, sons of friends, and political hangers-on, while every steamer arriving from the Red Sea would carry to India some adventurer bearing with him testimonials from people of influence in England. The Governor-General would have it in his power to distribute Residencies, Seats at the Council Board, Seats at the Revenue Board, places of from 4,000*l.* to 6,000*l.* a year, upon men without the least acquaintance with the character or habits of the natives, and with only such knowledge of the language as would enable them to call for another bottle of pale ale, or desire their attendant to pull the punkah faster. In what way could you put a check on such proceedings? Would you, the House of Commons, control them? Have you been so successful in extirpating nepotism at your own door, and in excluding all abuses from Whitehall and Somerset House, that you should fancy that you could establish purity in countries the situation of which you do not know, and the names of which you cannot pronounce? I believe most fully that, instead of purity resulting from that arrangement to India, England itself would soon be tainted; and that before long, when a son or brother of some active member of this House went out to Calcutta, carrying with him a letter of recommendation from the Prime Minister to the Governor-General, that letter would really be a Bill of exchange, drawn on the revenues of India for value received in Parliamentary support in this House.

"We are not without experience on this point. We have only to look back to those shameful and lamentable years which followed the first establishment of our power in Bengal. If you turn to any poet, satirist, or essayist of those times, you may see in what manner that system of appointment operated. There was a tradition in Calcutta that, during Lord Clive's second administration, a man came out with a strong letter of recommendation from one of the Ministers. Lord Clive said in his peculiar way, 'Well, chap, how much do you want?' Not being accustomed to be spoken to so plainly, the man replied that he only hoped for some situation in which his services might be useful. 'That is no answer, chap', said Lord Clive. 'How much do you want? will a hundred thousand rupees do?' The person replied, that he should be delighted if, by laborious service, he could obtain that competence. Lord Clive at once wrote out an order for the sum, and told the applicant to leave India by the ship he came in, and, once back in England, to remain there. I think that the story is very probable, and I also think that India ought to be grateful for the course which Lord Clive pursued; for, though he pillaged the people of Bengal to enrich this lucky adventurer, yet, if the

man had received an appointment, they would have been pillaged *and misgoverned as well*. Against evils like these there is one security, and, I believe, but one, and that is, that the Civil Service should be kept close."

Macaulay then referred to Sir Charles Wood's proposal that admissions to the Civil Service of India should be distributed according to the result of an open Competitive Examination. He expressed his satisfaction at the support which that proposal had received from the present Earl of Derby, and the surprise and disappointment which had been aroused in his mind by the nature of Lord Ellenborough's opposition to it.

"If I understand the opinions imputed to that noble Lord, he thinks that the proficiency of a young man in those pursuits which constitute a liberal education is not only no indication that he is likely to make a figure in after life, but that it positively raises a presumption that he will be passed by those whom he overcame in these early contests. I understand that the noble Lord holds that young men who gain distinction in such pursuits are likely to turn out dullards, utterly unfit for an active career; and I am not sure that the noble Lord did not say that it would be wiser to make boxing or cricket a test of fitness than a liberal education. It seems to me that there never was a fact proved by a larger mass of evidence, or a more unvaried experience than this:—that men who distinguished themselves in their youth above their contemporaries, almost always keep to the end of their lives the start which they have gained. This experience is so vast that I should as soon expect to hear any one question it, as to hear it denied that arsenic is poison, or that brandy is intoxicating. Take down in any library the Cambridge Calendar. There you have the list of honours for a hundred years. Look at the list of wranglers and of junior optimes; and I will venture to say that, for one man who has in after life distinguished himself among the junior optimes, you will find twenty among the wranglers. Take the Oxford Calendar, and compare the list of first-class men with an equal number of men in the third class. Is not our history full of instances which prove this fact? Look at the Church, or the Bar. Look at Parliament, from the time that Parliamentary government began in this country;—from the days of Montague and St John to those of Canning and Peel. Look to India. The ablest man who ever governed India was Warren Hastings and was he not in the first rank at Westminster? The ablest civil

servant I ever knew in India was Sir Charles Metcalfe, and was he not of the first standing at Eton? The most eminent member of the aristocracy who ever governed India was Lord Wellesley. What was his Eton reputation? What was his Oxford reputation? * * * It is no answer to say that you can point,—as it is desirable that you should be able to point,—to two or three men of great powers who, having idled when they were young, stung with remorse and generous shame have afterwards exerted themselves to retrieve lost time. Such exceptions should be noted, for they seem intended to encourage those who, after having thrown away their youth from levity or love of pleasure, may be inclined to throw their manhood after it from despair; but the general rule is, beyond all doubt, that the men who were first in the competition of the schools have been first in the competition of the world.”

Macaulay clearly explained to the House how a system of Competitive Examination, by an infallible and self-acting process, maintains, and even raises, the standard of excellence; and how a system of pass examination tends surely and constantly to lower it. He supported his view by a chain of reasoning which has often been employed since, but to which no advocate of the old mode of appointment by private interest has even so much as attempted to reply.

His argument ran thus: Under a system of Competition every man struggles to do his best; and the consequence is that, without any effort on the part of the examiner, the standard keeps itself up. But the moment that you say to the examiner, not, “Shall A or B go to India?” but “Here is A. Is he fit to go to India?” the question becomes altogether a different one. The examiner’s compassion, his good nature, his unwillingness to blast the prospects of a young man, lead him to strain a point in order to let the candidate in if he possibly can. That would be the case even if we suppose the dispensers of patronage left merely to the operation of their own minds; but you would have

them subjected to solicitations of a sort which it would be impossible to resist. The father comes with tears in his eyes; the mother writes the most pathetic and heart-breaking letters. Very firm minds have often been shaken by appeals of that sort. But the system of Competition allows nothing of the kind. The parent cannot come to the examiner, and say: "I know very well that the other boy beat my son; but please be good enough to say that my son beat the other boy."

Before he sat down, Macaulay had shown how little faith his opponents themselves had in their own arguments. "The noble Lord," he said, "is of opinion that by encouraging natives to study the arts and learning of Europe, we are preparing the way for the destruction of our power in India. I am utterly at a loss to understand how, while contemning education when it is given to Europeans, he should regard it with dread when it is given to natives. This training, we are told, makes a European into a bookworm, a twaddler, a man unfit for the active duties of life; but give the same education to the Hindoo, and it arms him with such an accession of intellectual strength, that an established Government, with an army of 250,000 men, backed by the whole military and naval force of England, are to go down inevitably before its irresistible power."

When he entered the House of Commons in 1852, he had no intention of again aspiring to be a leader; and he very soon was taught that he must not even hope to count as an effective among the rank and file of politicians. He was slow to learn so painful a lesson. But the very first late night in the winter session of 1852 showed him that he was no longer the man of 1832 and 1841. On the 26th of

November he writes: "We divided twice, and a very wearisome business it was. I walked slowly home at two in the morning, and got to bed much exhausted. A few such nights will make it necessary for me to go to Clifton again."

It was, therefore, with good reason that Macaulay spared himself as a member of Parliament. He did not economise his energies in order to squander them in any other quarter. The altered character of his private correspondence henceforward indicates how carefully he husbanded his powers with the view of employing them exclusively upon his books.

Macaulay's diary for the month of July 1853 is full of Plato. "I read the Protagoras at dinner. The childish quibbling of Socrates provokes me. It is odd that such trumpery fallacies should have imposed on such powerful minds. Surely Protagoras reasoned in a better and more manly strain. I am more and more convinced that the merit of Plato lies in his talent for narrative and description, in his rhetoric, in his humour, and in his exquisite Greek. I do not much wonder at the violence of the hatred which Socrates had provoked. He had, evidently, a thorough love for making men look small. There was a meek maliciousness about him which gave wounds such as must have smarted long, and his command of temper was more provoking than noisy triumph and insolence would have been." Macaulay, who loved Plato for the sake of what he called the "setting" of his dialogues, ranked them according to their literary beauty rather than their philosophical excellence.

Although, as a statesman, his day was past and gone Macaulay watched with profound emotion the course of his country's fortunes during the momen-

tous years, 1854 and 1855. He was a patriot, if ever there was one. It would be difficult to find anybody, whether great or small, who more heartily and more permanently enjoyed the consciousness of being an Englishman. "When I am travelling on the Continent," he used to say, "I like to think that I am a citizen of no mean city."

Throughout the winter months of 1854 his journal shows how constantly the dangers and sufferings of our soldiers were present to his mind, and with what heartfelt admiration he regarded each successive proof of the discipline, the endurance, and the intrepidity which those dangers and sufferings so cruelly but so effectually tested. "I am anxious," he writes on the 13th of November, "about our brave fellows in the Crimea, but proud for the country, and glad to think that the national spirit is so high and unconquerable. Invasion is a bugbear indeed while we retain our pluck." Macaulay viewed with great and increasing satisfaction the eagerness of his fellow-countrymen to make all the sacrifices which the war demanded. He was fond of reminding himself and others that the prosperity and the independence of England had not been bought for nothing, and could be retained only so long as we were willing to pay the price.

The occasion had now arrived for carrying into effect that part of the India Act of 1853 which related to the appointment of Civil Servants by open competition. Sir Charles Wood entrusted the duty of making the necessary arrangements to a Committee of distinguished men with Macaulay as Chairman.

Macaulay had hopes, but not very strong hopes, that the example of the Indian Government would be followed in the offices at Whitehall. "There is

good public news," he writes in January 1854. "The plan for appointing public servants by competition is to be adopted on a large scale, and mentioned in the Queen's Speech." "I had a long talk," he says again, "about the projected examination with Trevelyan. If the thing succeeds it will be of immense benefit to the country." But it soon became evident that very few of our leading politicians had their hearts in the matter. It was one thing for them to deprive the East India Directors of their patronage, and quite another to surrender their own. The outcry of the dispensers and expectants of public employment was loud and fierce, and the advocates of the new system were forced to admit that its hour had not yet come.

"*February 6.*—I worked hard at altering the arrangement of the first three chapters of the third volume. What labour it is to make a tolerable book, and how little readers know how much trouble the ordering of the parts has cost the writer! I have now finished reading again most of Burke's works. Admirable! The greatest man since Milton."

From the summer of 1854, until his third and fourth volumes were published, the composition of his History was to Macaulay a source of almost unmingled interest and delight. As the months went on he worked harder, and ever harder. His labour, though a labour of love, was immense. He almost gave up letter-writing; he quite gave up society; and at last he had not leisure even for his diary.

"*Monday, January 7.*—Yesterday and to-day I have been reading over my old journals of 1852 and 1853. What a strange interest they have! No kind of reading is so delightful, so fascinating, as this

minute history of a man's self. I received another heap of criticisms,—praise and blame. But it matters little. The victory is won. The book has not disappointed the very highly-raised expectations of the public. The first fortnight was the time of peril. Now all is safe."

The event more than justified Macaulay's confidence. The ground which his book then gained has never been lost since. Within a generation of its first appearance, upwards of a hundred and forty thousand copies of the History will have been printed and sold in the United Kingdom alone.

"I have," writes Macaulay, "a most intoxicating letter from Everett. He says that no book has ever had such a sale in the United States, except (note the exception) the Bible and one or two school books of universal use." On the continent of Europe, within six months after the third and fourth volumes appeared, Baron Tauchnitz had sold near ten thousand copies. Six rival translators were engaged at one and the same time on the work of turning the History into German. It has been published in every living European language; and is at this moment (1876) in course of translation into Persian.

CHAPTER XIV

1856—1858

Macaulay resigns his seat for Edinburgh—He settles himself at Holly Lodge—Continental tours—His generosity in money matters—His kindness—Macaulay is made a Peer—The Indian Mutiny—Macaulay's contributions to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*—His devotion to literature.

IN 1856 Macaulay retired from Parliament; and shifted his quarters from the chambers in the Albany to Holly Lodge, a very agreeable house and garden at Kensington.

"May 1, 1856.—The change draws very near. After fifteen happy years passed in the Albany I am going to leave it, thrice as rich a man as when I entered it, and far more famous; with health impaired, but with affections as warm and faculties as vigorous as ever. I have lost nothing that was very near my heart while I was here. Kind friends have died, but they were not part of my daily circle. I do not at all expect to live fifteen years more. If I do, I cannot hope that they will be so happy as the last fifteen. The removal makes me sad, and would make me sadder but for the extreme discomfort in which I have been living during the last week. The books are gone, and the shelves look like a skeleton. To-morrow I take final leave of this room where I have spent most of the waking hours of so many years. Already its aspect is changed. It is the corpse of what it was on Sunday. I hate partings. To-day, even while I climbed the endless steps, panting and weary, I thought that it was for

the last time, and the tears would come into my eyes. I have been happy at the top of this toilsome stair. Ellis came to dinner;—the last of probably four hundred dinners, or more, that we have had in these chambers. Then to bed. Everything that I do is coloured by the thought that it is for the last time. One day there will come a last in good earnest.”

“How I love,” he says of Holly Lodge, “my little paradise of shrubs and turf!” “I remember no such May,” he writes in 1857. “It is delicious. The lilacs are now completely out; the laburnums almost completely. The brilliant red flowers of my favourite thorn tree began to show themselves yesterday. To-day they are beautiful. Tomorrow, I dare say, the whole tree will be in a blaze.” And again, a few days later; “The rhododendrons are coming out; the mulberry tree, which, though small, is a principal object in the view of the garden from my library window, is starting into leaf.”

Little as Macaulay liked to spend his time under other people’s roofs, he had no objection to hotels, and to foreign hotels least of all. Nothing short of a Continental war, or the impossibility of getting Mr. Ellis’s company, would ever have prevented him from taking his autumn tour. In 1856 he once more crossed the Alps, and was at Milan by the end of August. “From the balcony we caught a sight of the Cathedral, which made us impatient to see the whole. We went. I never was more delighted and amazed by any building except St. Peter’s.”

At Venice, he admired “the succession of palaces, towering out of the green salt water; now passing into decay, yet retaining many traces of their ancient

magnificence,—rich carvings, incrustations of rare marbles, faint remains of gilding and fresco-painting. Of these great mansions there is scarcely one so modern as the oldest house in St. James's Square. Many were built, and crowded with brilliant company, in the days of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth; some as far back as the days of Richard the Second and Henry the Fourth. For Venice then was to London what London now is to Sydney or Toronto."

"*March 7, 1856.*—Longman came, with a very pleasant announcement. We agreed that they shall pay twenty thousand pounds into William's Bank next week. What a sum to be gained by one edition of a book! I may say, gained in one day. But that was harvest-day. The work had been near seven years in hand."

The wealth which Macaulay gathered prudently he spent royally; if to spend royally is to spend on others rather than yourself.

"Mrs. X—— applied to me, as she said, and as I believe, without her husband's knowledge, for help in his profession. He is a clergyman; a good one, but too Puritanical for my taste. I could not promise to ask any favours from the Government; but I sent him twenty-five pounds to assist him in supporting the orphan daughters of his brother. I mean to let him have the same sum annually."

"A Dr.—— called, and introduced himself as a needy man of letters. I was going to give him a sovereign, and send him away, when I discovered that he was the philologist, whom I should never have expected to see in such a plight. I felt for him, and gave him a hundred pounds. A hard pull

on me, I must say. However, I have been prosperous beyond the common lot of men and may well assist those who have been out of luck."

Macaulay was at some pains to inculcate upon me the duty of never beating a seller down below a fair price, and never keeping a tradesman waiting for his money. Whether as a customer, an employer, or a tourist, Macaulay never underpaid a service rendered. Wherever he went he took care (to use his own words) "to make his mother's son welcome." His unfailing consideration for others made him liked by all, high and low, with whom he came into relation over the current affairs of life. An eminent practitioner told me that Macaulay on more than one occasion, when he was shown in by appointment for a medical consultation, said that he had noticed in the waiting-room a lady who appeared to be suffering, and that her case had better be taken first, since his own time was of no great value.

Within his own household he was positively worshipped; and with good reason; for Sir Walter Scott himself was not a kinder master. He cheerfully and habitually submitted to those petty sacrifices by means of which an unselfish man can do so much to secure the comfort and to earn the attachment of those who are around him;—marching off in all weathers to his weekly dinner at the club, in order to give his servants their Sunday evening; going far out of his way to make such arrangements as would enable them to enjoy and to prolong their holidays; or permitting them, if so they preferred, to entertain their relations under his roof for a month together.

He was contented with the share of domestic feli-
city which had fallen to his lot. "To-morrow," he

says in one place, "the Trevelyans go to Weybridge. I feel these separations, though they are for short times, and short distances; but a life is happy of which these are the misfortunes." The prayer that most often came to his lips was that he might not survive those whom he loved.

He enjoyed the satisfaction of feeling, not only that his affection was appreciated and returned, but that those of whom he was fondest never wearied of his company. "Full and diversified always, and often impassioned or profound, his conversation was never beyond the compass of his audience; for his talk, like his writing, was explanatory rather than allusive; and born orator that he was, he contrived without any apparent effort that every sentence which he uttered should go home to every person who heard it. He was admirable with young people. Innumerable passages in his journals and correspondence prove how closely he watched them; how completely he understood them; and how, awake or asleep, they were for ever in his thoughts.

Macaulay wrote to me at Harrow pretty constantly, sealing his letters with an amorphous mass of red wax, which, in defiance of post-office regulations, not unfrequently concealed a piece of gold. "It is said," (so he once began,) "that the best part of a lady's letter is the postscript. The best part of an uncle's is under the seal."

Tunbridge Wells: August 1, 1853.

Dear George,—I am glad that you are working hard. Did you ever read *Paradise Lost*? If not, I would advise you to read it now; for it is the best commentary that I know on the *Prometheus*. There was a great resemblance between the genius of

Æschylus and the genius of Milton; and this appears most strikingly in those two wonderful creations of the imagination, Prometheus and Satan.

Note particularly in the Prometheus the magnificent history of the origin of arts and sciences. That passage shows Æschylus to have been, not only a poet of the first order, but a great thinker. It is the fashion to call Euripides a philosophical poet; but I remember nothing in Euripides so philosophical as that rapid enumeration of all the discoveries and inventions which make the difference between savage and civilised man. The latter part of the play is glorious.

I am very busy here getting some of my speeches ready for the press; and during the day I get no reading, except while I walk on the heath, and then I read Plato, one of the five first-rate Athenians. The other four are your friends Æschylus and Thucydides, Sophocles and Demosthenes. I know of no sixth Athenian who can be added to the list. Certainly not Euripides, nor Xenophon, nor Isocrates, nor Æschines. But I forgot Aristophanes. More shame for me. He makes six, and I can certainly add nobody else to the six. How I go on gossiping about these old fellows when I should be thinking of other things!

Ever yours
T. B. MACAULAY.

"August 28, 1857.—A great day in my life. I stayed at home, very sad about India. Not that I have any doubt about the result; but the news is heart-breaking. I went, very low, to dinner, and had hardly begun to eat when a messenger came with

a letter from Palmerston. An offer of a peerage; the Queen's pleasure already taken. I was very much surprised. Perhaps no such offer was ever made without the slightest solicitation, direct or indirect, to a man of humble origin and moderate fortune, who had long quitted public life. I had no hesitation about accepting, with many respectful and grateful expressions; but God knows that the poor women at Delhi and Cawnpore are more in my thoughts than my coronet. It was necessary for me to choose a title offhand. I determined to be Baron Macaulay of Rothley. I was born there; I have lived much there; I am named from the family which long had the manor; my uncle was Rector there. Nobody can complain of my taking a designation from a village which is nobody's property now."

"*October 25, 1857.*—My birthday. Fifty-seven. I have had a not unpleasant year. My health is not good, but my head is clear and my heart is warm. I receive numerous marks of the good opinion of the public;—a large public, including the educated men both of the old and of the new world. I have been made a peer, with, I think, as general an approbation as I remember in the case of any man that in my time has been made a peer. What is much more important to my happiness than wealth, titles, and even fame, those whom I love are well and happy, and very kind and affectionate to me. These are great things. I have some complaints, however, to make of the past year. The Indian troubles have affected my spirits more than any public events in the whole course of my life."

"*November 11.*—Huzza! Good news! Lucknow relieved. Delhi ours. The old dotard a prisoner.

God be praised! Another letter from Longman. They have already sold 7,600 more copies. This is near 6,000*l.*, as I reckoned, in my pocket. But it gratified me, I am glad to be able to say with truth, far, very far, less than the Indian news. I could hardly eat my dinner for joy."

During the later years of his life Macaulay sent an occasional article to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. "He had ceased," says Mr. Adam Black, "to write for the reviews or other periodicals, though often earnestly solicited to do so. It is entirely to his friendly feeling that I am indebted for those literary gems, which could not have been purchased with money; and it is but justice to his memory that I should record, as one of the many instances of the kindness and generosity of his heart, that he made it a stipulation of his contributing to the *Encyclopædia* that remuneration should not be so much as mentioned." The articles in question are those on Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Doctor Johnson, and William Pitt.

The conscientious and unsparing industry of his former days now brought Macaulay a reward of a value quite inestimable in the eyes of every true author. The habit of always working up to the highest standard within his reach was so ingrained in his nature, that, however sure and rapid might be the decline of his physical strength, the quality of his productions remained the same as ever. Instead of writing worse, he only wrote less. Compact in form, crisp and nervous in style, these five little essays are everything which an article in an *Encyclopædia* should be. The reader, as he travels softly and swiftly along, congratulates himself on having lighted upon what he regards as a most fascinating

literary or political memoir; but the student, on a closer examination, discovers that every fact, and date, and circumstance is distinctly and faithfully recorded in its due chronological sequence. Macaulay's belief about himself as a writer was that he improved to the last; and the question of the superiority of his later over his earlier manner may securely be staked upon a comparison between the article on Johnson in the *Edinburgh Review*, and the article on Johnson in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The latter of the two is indeed a model of that which its eminent subject pronounced to be the essential qualification of a biographer,—the art of writing trifles with dignity.

Valuable, indeed, is the privilege of following Macaulay through his favourite volumes where every leaf is plentifully besprinkled with the annotations of the most lively of scholiasts; but it would be an injustice towards his reputation to separate the commentary from the text, and present it to the public in a fragmentary condition. Such a process could give but a feeble idea of the animation and humour of that species of running conversation which he frequently kept up with his author for whole chapters together. Of all the memorials of himself which he has left behind him, these dialogues with the dead are the most characteristic. The energy of his remonstrances, the heartiness of his approbation, the contemptuous vehemence of his censure, the eagerness with which he urges and reiterates his own opinions, are such as to make it at times difficult to realise that his remarks are addressed to people who died centuries, or perhaps tens of centuries, ago. But the writer of a book which had lived was always alive for Macaulay. While he had a volume in his hands

he never could be without a quaint companion to laugh with or laugh at; an adversary to stimulate his combativeness; a counsellor to suggest wise or lofty thoughts, and a friend with whom to share them. When he opened for the tenth or fifteenth time some history, or memoir, or romance,—every incident, and almost every sentence of which he had by heart,—his feeling was precisely that which we experience on meeting an old comrade, whom we liked all the better because we know the exact lines on which his talk will run. There was no society in London so agreeable that Macaulay would have preferred it at breakfast or at dinner to the company of Sterne, or Fielding, or Horace Walpole, or Boswell; and there were many less distinguished authors with whose productions he was very well content to cheer his repasts. But, amidst the infinite variety of lighter literature with which he beguiled his leisure, “*Pride and Prejudice*,” and the five sister novels, remained without a rival in his affections. He never for a moment wavered in his allegiance to Miss Austen. In 1858 he notes in his journal: ‘If I could get materials, I really would write a short life of that wonderful woman, and raise a little money to put up a monument to her in Winchester Cathedral.’”

Of the feelings which he entertained towards the great minds of bygone ages it is not for any one except himself to speak. He has told us how his debt to them was incalculable; how they guided him to truth; how they filled his mind with noble and graceful images; how they stood by him in all vicissitudes,—comforters in sorrow, nurses in sickness, companions in solitude, “the old friends who are never seen with new faces; who are the same in wealth and in poverty, in glory and in

obscurity." Great as were the honours and possessions which Macaulay acquired by his pen, all who knew him were well aware that the titles and rewards, which he gained by his own works, were as nothing in the balance as compared with the pleasure which he derived from the works of others. It has been well said that even the most hostile of his critics cannot help being "awed and touched by his wonderful devotion to literature." And, while his ardent and sincere passion for letters has thus served as a protection to his memory, it was likewise the source of much which calls for admiration in his character and conduct. The confidence with which he could rely upon intellectual pursuits for occupation and amusement assisted him not a little to preserve that dignified composure, with which he met all the changes and chances of his public career; and that spirit of cheerful and patient endurance, which sustained him through years of broken health and enforced seclusion. He had no pressing need to seek for excitement and applause abroad, when he had beneath his own roof a never-failing store of exquisite enjoyment. That "invincible love of reading," which Gibbon declared that he would not exchange for the treasures of India, was with Macaulay a main element of happiness in one of the happiest lives that it has ever fallen to the lot of a biographer to record.

CHAPTER XV

1859

Melancholy anticipations—Visit to the English Lakes, and to Scotland—His death.

WHEN the year 1859 opened, it seemed little likely that any event was at hand which would disturb the tranquil course of Macaulay's existence. But a most unexpected circumstance now occurred which changed in a moment the whole complexion of his life. Early in January 1859 the Governorship of Madras was offered to my father. He accepted the post, and sailed for India in the third week of February. My mother remained in England for a while; but she was to follow her husband after no very long interval, and Macaulay was fully convinced that, when he and his sister parted, they would part for ever.

Towards the end of July my uncle spent a week with us at Lowood Hotel, on the shore of Windermere; and thence he accompanied my mother and my younger sister on a fortnight's tour through the Western Highlands, and by Stirling to Edinburgh. He now so rarely emerged from his retirement that, whenever he appeared abroad, he was attended by a respect which gratified, and a curiosity which did not annoy him. "I went the day before yesterday," he writes to Mr. Ellis, "to Grassmere Churchyard, and saw Wordsworth's tomb. I thought of announcing my intention of going, and issuing guinea tickets to people who wished to see me there. For a

Yankee who was here a few days ago, and heard that I was expected, said that he would give the world to see that most sublime of all spectacles, Macaulay standing by the grave of Wordsworth." "In Scotland," my mother writes, "his reception was everywhere most enthusiastic. He was quickly recognised on steamers and at railway stations. When we went to Dr. Guthrie's church at Edinburgh, the congregation made a line for us through which to walk away." At the hotels, one not uncommon form of doing Macaulay honour consisted in serving up a better dinner than had been ordered,—no easy matter when he was catering for others besides himself,—and then refusing to accept payment for his entertainment.

During this visit to the North my uncle was still the same agreeable travelling companion that we had always known him;—with the same readiness to please and be pleased, and the same sweet and even temper.

In a letter to Mr. Ellis, written on the 24th of October 1859, Macaulay says: "I have been very well in body since we parted; but in mind I have suffered much, and the more because I have had to put a force upon myself in order to appear cheerful. It is at last settled that Hannah and Alice are to go to Madras in February. I cannot deny that it is right; and my duty is to avoid whatever can add to the pain which they suffer. But I am very unhappy. However, I read, and write, and contrive to forget my sorrow for whole hours. But it recurs, and will recur."

"December 19.—Still intense frost. I could hardly use my razor for the palpitation of the heart. I feel as if I were twenty years older since last

Thursday;—as if I were dying of old age. I am perfectly ready, and shall never be readier. A month more of such days as I have been passing of late would make me impatient to get to my little narrow crib, like a weary factory child.”

On the morning of Wednesday, the 28th of December, he mustered strength to dictate a letter addressed to a poor curate, enclosing twenty-five pounds;—after signing which letter he never wrote his name again.

In the evening, he told his butler that he should go to bed early, as he was very tired. The man proposed his lying on the sofa. He rose as if to move, sat down again, and ceased to breathe. He died as he had always wished to die;—without pain; without any formal farewell; preceding to the grave all whom he loved; and leaving behind him a great and honourable name, and the memory of a life every action of which was as clear and transparent as one of his own sentences. It would be unbecoming in me to dwell upon the regretful astonishment with which the tidings of his death were received wherever the English language is read; and quite unnecessary to describe the enduring grief of those upon whom he had lavished his affection, and for whom life had been brightened by daily converse with his genius, and ennobled by familiarity with his lofty and upright example. “We have lost,” (so my mother wrote) “the light of our home, the most tender, loving, generous, unselfish, devoted of friends. What he was to me for fifty years how can I tell? What a world of love he poured out upon me and mine! The blank, the void he has left,—filling, as he did, so entirely both heart and intellect,—no one can understand. For who ever knew such

a life as mine, passed as the cherished companion of such a man?"

He was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 9th of January 1860.

He rests with his peers in Poets' Corner, near the west wall of the South Transept. There, amidst the tombs of Johnson, and Garrick, and Handel, and Goldsmith, and Gay, stands conspicuous the statue of Addison; and, at the feet of Addison, lies the stone which bears this inscription:

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY,

BORN AT ROTHLEY TEMPLE, LEICESTERSHIRE,

OCTOBER 25, 1800.

DIED AT HOLLY LODGE, CAMPDEN HILL,

DECEMBER 28, 1859.

"HIS BODY IS BURIED IN PEACE,

BUT HIS NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE."

NOTES

(The numbers refer to pages)

CHAPTER I

2. *Mrs Hannah More*.—Miss Hannah More (1745—1833), writer of moral and religious treatises, friend of Johnson, Burke, Garrick, etc. In June 1837, Macaulay writes to Napier "She was a very kind friend to me from childhood. Her notice first called out my literary tastes. Her presents laid the foundation of my library. She really was a second mother to me. I have a real affection for her memory" [*Mrs*—title now applied to married women only, then applied to unmarried women also]

old spirits—very strong distilled liquor, e.g., brandy, whisky, rum.

Lady Waldegrave . . . Strawberry Hill . . . the Orford Collection.—Strawberry Hill, at Twickenham, was the "little Gothic castle" of Horace Walpole, fourth Earl of Orford (1717—1797), letter-writer and author of 'The Castle of Otranto'. There he made the collection of articles of vertu, pictures, statues, engravings, books, china, etc. He left the house and collection to Mr. Damer, who gave it to the Dowager Countess of Waldegrave. The Orford Collection was sold in 1842 for £33,450.

dinner.—The chief meal of the day, then at mid-day, now in the evening.

3. *Malabar*.—Apparently a mistake for Malayalam.

Travancore.—The Native State, where his uncle Colin was Resident.

Scott's Lay—'The Lay of the Last Minstrel'.

Cheviot.—A hill on the northern border of England, east of the Cheviot Hills.

4. *Olaus*.—Supposed ancestor of the Macaulays. (Macaulay = son of Aulay.)

Mona—Anglesey, the Welsh island; the home of the Druids.

after the manner of Virgil.—In the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, the hero, Aeneas, visits the underworld and there listens to his father, Anchises, prophesying the glories of Aeneas's descendants, the kings of Rome and the heroes of the Roman Republic.

The hero . . . tyrant of Mysore.—General Macaulay had been one of the prisoners of Tippu Sultan, "the tyrant of Mysore," at Seringapatam, where, in June 1834, Macaulay saw, "with no small

interest, the air-holes of the dungeon where the English prisoners were confined." See p. 72.

another . the wretched Africans — Zachary Macaulay

5. *Lord Macaulay's Schoolboy* — The things that Macaulay's schoolboy knows "make a far-fetched and opulent collection" See, e.g., the Essay on Clive. "Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma, and who strangled Atabalipa"

6. *Hatchard* — bookseller and publisher, issued "The Christian Observer," of which Zachary Macaulay was the editor

Johnson's Hebrides — Johnson and Boswell toured the Hebrides in 1773; Johnson's 'Journey to the Western Isles of Scotland' was published in 1775, Boswell's 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides' in 1786 Hannah More means Johnson's book, though she gives the title of Boswell's.

Walton's Lives — Izaak Walton (1593-1683), published, at various times between 1640 and 1678, his short biographies of Donne, Walton, Hooker, Herbert, etc. 'The Lives' subsequently appeared together in a single volume.

Cowper (William). — (1731-1800), author of 'Olney Hymns,' 'The Task,' 'John Gilpin,' etc.

7. *Jacobins* — Extreme radicals

Wilberforce — The eldest son of the philanthropist.

Xenophon — The Athenian General and historian

8. *snuffers* — A kind of scissors with box to catch the snuff, i.e. the charred part of a candle-wick

Being pressed for room. — In those days paper was expensive and a second sheet was not used unless it could be filled

9. *Malden* (Henry) — (1800-1876) afterwards Professor of Greek at University College, London.

Vandalism. — Willful or ignorant destruction of works of art, etc., from 'Vandals', the name of a Germanic race that ravaged Gaul, Spain and Rome, destroying books, etc.

10. *skimmed* — Read superficially, gathering only the salient facts

devoirs — courteous attentions.

11. *Lady Trevelyan*. — Macaulay's sister, Hannah, the mother of the biographer.

Saturnalia. — Time of wild revelry, from the Ancient Roman festival of Saturn in December with its unrestrained merry-making.

Sir Charles Grandison — The three novels of Samuel Richardson (1689-1761) were — 'Pamela' in 2 volumes, 'Clarissa' in 7 volumes, and 'Sir Charles Grandison' in 7 volumes; all in the form of letters. An abridged edition of 'Clarissa' for 3s. 6d. has been published by Routledge. "If any one, after obtaining the outline of Lady Clementina's story from a more adventurous friend, will read 'Sir Charles Grandison', skipping

all letters from, to and about Italians, he will discover a delightful, and not too long, novel" See, on 'Clarissa', p 76.

Clarendon (Edward Hyde)—first Earl of Clarendon (1609—1674) Secretary of State and Chancellor, consistent upholder of constitutional monarchy, author of the 'History of the Rebellion'

Burnet (Gilbert)—(1643—1715), bishop, author of a 'History of his own Times', Sermons, etc

Edgeworth (Maria)—(1767—1849), author of 'Moral Tales', 'Popular Tales', 'Tales of Fashionable Life', etc.

Mackenzie (Henry)—(1745—1831), novelist, etc, author of 'The Man of Feeling', superintended the periodicals, 'The Mirror', 1779—80, and 'The Lounger', 1785—87

The Quarterly Review.—(Started in 1809) was a Tory and *The Edinburgh* (started in 1802) was a Whig Review

dram—Small draught of strong drink

12. *Wilberforce (William)*—(1759—1833) and *Thornton (Henry)* (1760—1815), philanthropists, leaders of the anti-slavery movement and the founders of the Church Missionary Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, etc Zachary Macaulay and the other members of the 'Clapham Sect' formed a brotherhood of Christian politicians and exerted a powerful influence on the thought and the public life of the time

ribbons, stars, garters—Insignia (or badges) of knightly orders, titles, etc

Sydney Smith—(1771—1845), clergyman and journalist, contributor to the 'Edinburgh Review', famous for his 'manliness, honesty and exuberant drollery and wit' See p 43

Babington.—Uncle of Macaulay, banker and philanthropist
right side of . . . ledger—'Credit' side of the account.

CHAPTER II

14. *went into residence*—In Oxford and Cambridge, undergraduates live in Colleges, and 'residence' is more important than attendance at lectures.

honorary fellowship.—membership of College with the dignity and some of the privileges, but without the income, of an ordinary fellowship Macaulay was for several years an ordinary Fellow of Trinity.

Newton (Isaac).—(1642—1727), the physicist, was an undergraduate and later Fellow of Trinity College, *Bacon (Francis)*—(1561—1626), essayist and Lord Chancellor, was an undergraduate at Trinity.

flagged—paved with flat slabs

15. *The poet*.—Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772—1834), the poet of 'The Ancient Mariner'

Præd (W.M.)—(1802—1839), poet and essayist, his poems were edited by Derwent Coleridge.

Charles Austin—(1799—1874), the Radical and Utilitarian, a man of great intellectual power and force of character, who influenced Macaulay profoundly. He abandoned practice in 1848, and lived in retirement, having achieved 'unparalleled success' at the parliamentary bar.

courts—College quadrangles (in Cambridge University)

The doctrine of the Greatest Happiness.—The principle of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" was the basis of Bentham's Utilitarian philosophy.

as in duty bound.—because they were related to S. T. Coleridge, who was a friend of Wordsworth.

The Prelude.—Published in 1850, after Wordsworth's death. Its merit is now much better recognised than it was in Macaulay's time. In his journal, under July 28, 1850, Macaulay writes, "I brought home and read the 'Prelude'. It is a poorer 'Excursion'; the same sort of faults and beauties. . . The story is the old story. There are the old raptures about mountains and cataracts, the old flimsy philosophy about the effect of scenery on the mind. . . The poem is to the last degree Jacobinical, indeed Socialist. I understand perfectly why Wordsworth did not choose to publish it in his time." Macaulay judged himself right when he wrote to Napier, June 26, 1838 "I have never written a page of criticism on poetry, or the fine arts, which I would not burn if I had the power." (See p. 105.)

16. *Catholic Emancipation*.—The removal of the political disabilities of Roman Catholics, permitting them to sit in either House of Parliament. This was accomplished only in 1829.

Free Trade.—This policy was finally adopted, by the abolition of the duty on corn, in 1846.

George III. (King from 1760 to 1820), carried on "personal" rather than "constitutional" rule and was popular with the middle classes. He lacked imagination and lost America.

17. *the honour... most desirable*.—viz., a Fellowship of Trinity College, which, he said, "would give me three hundred pounds a year, a stable for my horse, six dozen of audit ale every Christmas, a loaf and two pats of butter every morning, and a good dinner for nothing, with as many almonds and raisins as I could eat at dessert."

18. *demonology*.—the science, or the 'natural history,' of demons.

school divinity.—the system of mediæval theology which sought to reconcile the philosophy of Aristotle and the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church.

Thomas Aquinas.—(1225—1274), the Dominican Saint, the Angelic Doctor, the greatest of the schoolmen.

Entity. predicaments.—technical terms in scholastic logic, things that have a real existence. .. categories or classes of predications.

Canon.—law or rule.

"as dry as the remainder . . . voyage".—from Jaques's speech in *As You Like It*, II, vii, 39

Cam for Ox.—Cambridge for Oxford. In Oxford, the study of Mathematics was not compulsory

Farewell, happy fields . . . world—'Paradise Lost' Book I, ll. 249—51

Cos $v =$ etc. This formula gives the first few terms of an infinite series

Tan $(a+b) =$ etc. This formula is incorrect.

Woodhouse (Robert).—(1773—1827), F.R.S., Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, author of several mathematical works.

19. *agnomen.*—nick-name

20. *Methodist.*—contemptuous name for any person with strict religious views.

Johnan.—To belong to St John's was a disgrace in the eye of a Trinity man

21. *Robinson Crusoe*—See Sections VII and XXV.

intelligence.—news

opodeldoc.—a kind of soap liniment.

Caernarvon.—Welsh county; the river Conway is its eastern boundary. To the east of the river is Llanrwst

erit—departure (from the world). Gray's Bard stood

"on a rock, whose haughty brow

Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood",

and, after making a speech,

"headlong from the mountain's height

Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night "

CHAPTER III

23. *called to the bar*—Admitted a Barrister

circuit.—(1) journey of a judge in a particular district to hold courts; (2) this district (there were eight circuits in England and Wales); (3) the body of barristers making the circuit.

King's Counsel—Senior Barrister.

bagmen.—commercial travellers.

Leeds—In Yorkshire.

occasion to speak . . Leeds bagmen—Macaulay became M.P. for Leeds in 1832

24. *the Antilles.*—A poetical name for the West Indian Islands

freehold—land held with full ownership (in fee simple or tail or for life).

Jeffrey (Francis), Lord J.—(1773—1850), founded the 'Edinburgh Review' (1802) and edited it, 1803 to 1829.

Byron.—(1788—1824) “awoke one morning and found himself famous” when he published the first two cantos of ‘*Childe Harold*’ in 1812

Murray (John).—(1778—1843), publisher, started the ‘*Quarterly Review*’ in 1809; published for Byron, Jane Austen, Crabbe, Borrow, etc

25. *Robert Hall*.—(1764—1831).—Baptist divine

26. *Whig*.—member of the political party that, after the revolution of 1688, aimed at subordinating the power of the Crown to that of Parliament, and passed the Reform Bill, opposed to ‘*Tory*’ and succeeded by ‘*Liberal*’

27. *exclusion*—of Catholics, Dissenters, etc from political privileges.

jobbers—persons who sacrifice duty, or turn positions of trust, to private advantage

led-captain—hangar-on, toady.

28. ‘*the tender grace dead*’—From Tennyson’s lovely lyric, ‘*Break, break, break.*’

29. *accomplishments*—merely superficial acquirements, like most amateurs’ music and dancing

Mrs. Elton—the vulgar wife of the Rev Mr Elton in ‘*Emma*.’

Mrs. Bennet—the mother of the young ladies in ‘*Pride and Prejudice*.’

Mr Woodhouse—the valetudinarian father of Emma.

Mr Collins—The pompous toady of Lady Catherine de Bourgh in ‘*Pride and Prejudice*.’

John Thorpe.—Son of a widow of Putney, an undergraduate at Oxford in *Northanger Abbey*; an “extremely objectionable specimen of the horsey University man”

unpretending.—realistic.

Grandison—see p. 11 and note

Evelina—A social novel by Fanny Burney, published 1778.

30. *Master of the revels*.—organizer and leader of the festivities (in Royal Household and Inns of Court)

Scald.—Ancient-Scandinavian composer and reciter of poems.

Commissioner of Bankruptcy.—a judicial officer administering the affairs of insolvents

Canning (George).—(1770—1827), became Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, April 1827

the Test Act.—prevented Catholics and Protestant Non-conformists from holding State or Municipal office. It was repealed, on the motion of Lord John Russell, in 1828

Catholic Emancipation—in 1829

Lord Lansdowne—(1780—1863), educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, M.P. for Calne, 1803; supported the abolition of the slave trade and other liberal measures.

articles on Mill.—in the 1828 Supplement of the ‘*Encyclopædia*

Britannica' and in the October 1829 Number of the 'Westminster Review' Macaulay wrote on James Mill and his Utilitarian philosophy

31. *Calne*—A 'pocket borough' of Lord Lansdowne's.

CHAPTER IV

32. *Robert Grant* (Later *Sir*).—(1779—1838), Governor of Bombay, 1834—38 For Jewish Disabilities, see Macaulay's Essay on the subject, published 1829.

34. *great drama*—In "the three glorious days" of July 1830, Charles X was driven out and Louis Philippe was installed as a "constitutional monarch" La Fayette, a leader of the Revolution of 1789, now an old man of 73, prevented a war by supporting Louis Philippe

35. *Sir Thomas Denman*—(1779—1854), later Lord Chief Justice

36. *Sir Robert Peel*.—(1788—1850), Tory, and later Conservative, statesman; twice Prime Minister.

Plunket—(1764—1854), M.P. and Irish barrister; one of the greatest parliamentary orators.

37. *Lady Holland*—(1770—1845), wife of the third Baron Holland; presided over the Whig circle at Holland House, a skilful and vivacious, but somewhat overbearing, hostess

Rogers (*Samuel*).—(1763—1855), poet and intimate friend of many eminent men of the day.

T. F. Ellis—(1796—1861), part author of three series of Law Reports. Some of the most interesting letters of Macaulay were addressed to this friend

38. *success that night*.—i.e. the night of March 2, 1831, when he made his great Reform Bill speech

39. *Empton* (*William*)—(1791—1852), editor of the 'Edinburgh Review' from 1847 till his death.

Pepys (*Samuel*)—(1632—1703), kept a diary in cipher, which besides its historical interest, is a human document of perennial charm

40. *reviewed*. . . *Bunyan*.—In the 'Edinburgh Review' of December 1831

the Athenaeum.—A London Club.

Newton, an administrator—Warden, and later Master, of the Mint, and, for a quarter of a century, President of the Royal Society.

Voltaire.—(1694—1778), French poet and philosopher, was also a speculator and a wealthy man

41. *The centurion*—See St Matthew, ch. 8, v 9.

Allen (John)—(1771—1843), political and historical writer, master of Dulwich College, wrote for the 'Edinburgh Review' and 'Encyclopædia Britannica'.

Buonaparte—Lady Holland sent messages and books to Napoleon at Elba and St. Helena; he bequeathed to her the gold snuff-box given him by Pope Pius VI.

Lord Holland—(1773—1840), nephew of Charles James Fox, met Napoleon at Paris in 1802; Whig leader and author of 'Memoirs of the Whig Party'.

42. *Ram Mohun Roy*—(1774—1833), religious reformer, founder of the Brahma Samaj, he was in England as agent of the Emperor of Delhi from 1830 to his death, which took place at Bristol in 1833.

Sydney Smith—See page 12 and note.

Sharp—(1759—1835), known as 'Conversation Sharp' Whig M.P., friend of the most eminent men of his day. "He never talked scandal. If he could say nothing good of a man, he held his tongue."

43. *Charles Fox*—(1749—1806), statesman and orator, member of "The Club"; moved the impeachment of Hastings, his name erased from the Privy Council for giving the toast, 'Our Sovereign, the people', poor but incorruptible, imprudent but warm-hearted, he was beloved by all who knew him.

beneficed—having a church-living

Boswelliana—ana such as Boswell collected of Johnson; 'ana' are anecdotes, memorable sayings, etc., of a celebrated person.

Croker, J. W—(1780—1857), essayist and politician; "a bad, a very bad man; a scandal to politics and to letters"; damned Keats's *Endymion* and Macaulay's *History*, in the 'Quarterly'. Macaulay's review of Croker's *Boswell* appeared in Sept. 1831. See p. 151

44. *reticule*—lady's bag

turtle—marine reptile encased like a tortoise

CHAPTER V

45. *Earl Grey*—(1764—1845), Whig statesman, Prime Minister, 1830—1834.

Duke of Wellington—(1769—1852), field marshal; Tory premier, 1828—1830, sturdily opposed the Reform Bill, made the famous pronouncement, 'the system of representation possesses the full and entire confidence of the country' and to improve it was beyond the range of human wisdom! The crisis lasted just a week in May 1832

46. *distraint*—seized by process of law to enforce payment of dues. *first obligation*—to pay taxes. *cravens*—abject cowards

Great Rebellion—1642—1660 *Lord John Russell*.—See note at p. 213.

47. *imam*.—*imam*, officiating priest of a mosque.

insurrection at Benares.—in 1780, on the arrest of Cheyte Singh, the Raja, by Warren Hastings.

Lord George Gordon.—(1751—1793), president of the Protestant Association, presented petition against Catholics which led to the No-Popery riots of 1780.

Nancomar—enemy of Hastings, was sentenced to death by the Supreme Court of Calcutta on the charge of forging a bond (forgery was a capital offence in England, but not in India Macaulay's deliberate opinion was "that Impey, sitting as a judge put a man unjustly to death in order to serve a political purpose"), He was executed in August 1775.

48. *Dodd (William)*—M A., L.L.D., chaplain to the King, author of 'The Beauties of Shakespeare', was executed in 1777 for forging a bond

Leeds.—where he was standing for election to Parliament as a Liberal candidate.

to town.—to London.

Market Harborough.—in Leicestershire, about 80 miles from London.

Islington.—a northern suburb of London

filberts.—kind of nuts.

49. *grand climacteric*.—63rd year, (a climacteric is the end of a period of 7 years in one's life.)

50. *find*.—determine and declare, 'return'. In England, juries decide the facts in civil as well as criminal cases, hence 'plaintiff' and 'defendant'.

mete—measure (and so control).

52. *French arms*.—John fled before the Dauphin, and his allies were beaten at Bouvines in 1214.

Papal bulls.—John at first refused the Pope's nomination of Langton as Archbishop of Canterbury, but, in 1213, surrendered. The great charter was signed in 1215.

France. three days of July.—In July 1830, there was a revolution in Paris that put an end to Charles X's reactionary government. This was a quiet affair compared with 1789. See p. 34 and note.

53. *one of his friends*.—Ellis.

54. *Macaulay's speech*.—on the India Bill of 1833 contains his first great defence of Open Competition for the Civil Service. The system was introduced 20 years later. See p. 173 and p. 217.

Nabier.—(1776—1847), Editor of the 'Edinburgh Review', 1829—1847.

Longman (Thomas Norton).—(1771—1842), proprietor of the publishing firm started in 1724; published the 'Edinburgh Review' as

well as works of Wordsworth, Southey, Scott ('Lay'), Moore and Macaulay.

55. *Mr. Darcy*—hero of 'Pride and Prejudice', embodiment of aristocratic pride

56. *Lord Althorp*—(1782—1845), Whig statesman, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Earl Grey, leader of the House of Commons. Awkward and unambitious, he won absolute trust from friends and foes alike by his integrity of character.

Buxton (*Thomas Fowell*).—(1786—1845), M.P., opponent of slavery, moved the amendment for the reduction of the period of apprenticeship, created Baronet, 1840

58. *Presidency*.—(loosely used for the Capital of a division of the East India Company's territory.

schism in the Ministry—disagreement on the renewal of the Irish Coercion Act of 1833; Grey favoured severity, some of his colleagues disagreed, and he retired in 1834

59. *Duke of Northumberland, Marquis of Westminster*—both born in wealthy families, married rich heiresses, the Duke bore himself the whole cost of his mission to France as Ambassador-Extraordinary at the Coronation of Charles, the Marquis had a precious collection of pictures and racers

60. *how much—they would fail to find*, their sister Margaret and their father died during their absence

61. *expatriation*—banishment

Poor Richard's saw—saying of 'Poor Richard', an imaginary figure into whose mouth Benjamin Franklin, the versatile American, put his utilitarian maxims.

a sweet tooth—a liking for sweet things

63. *Dryden . Tonson*—Johnson, in his *Life of Dryden*, gives a contract between the poet and the bookseller for the delivery of 10,000 verses, payment to be made at the beginning of the second impression. Tonson was a coarse bully whom Dryden dreaded and served

Mackintosh (*Sir James*).—(1765—1832), judge in Bombay, 1804—1811, wrote 'History of England' in the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia', edited by *Dionysius Lardner* (1793—1839)

66. *Pompeii*—a city at the foot of Mt. Vesuvius, buried under layers of ashes and shifted towards the sea, much of the city was found intact on excavation.

67. *Duncannon*—Whig M.P.

Charles Grant—President of the Board of Control.

Robert Smith.—(1770—1845), Advocate-General of Bengal (1803—1810), elder brother of Sydney Smith. He was 63 at the time of the letter

James Mill—(1773—1836), Utilitarian philosopher, father of John Stuart Mill; author of a *History of India*.

69. *Richardson*—18 volumes

Voltare's Works.—included Tragedies, Comedies, Tales, History, Philosophy, Poems, Pamphlets, and covered over seventy volumes

Gibbon.—‘Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire’, 6 vols., besides the ‘Memoir of My Life’, etc.

Sirmondi's History of the French—31 volumes.

Dacila.—Spanish historian, of his ‘German War’ (1448), the Emperor Charles V said, ‘My exploits are not equal to Alexander’s, but he had not a chronicler like mine’

Orlando.—the long romantic epic of Ariosto

CHAPTER VI

71. *Falmouth*.—Port in Cornwall, west of England beyond Mysore—before the railways, the road lay through Arcot, Bangalore, Srirangapatam, and Mysore to Ootacamund.

72. *under his handling*.—see the Essay on Clive.

Cubbon (Sir Mark).—(1784—1861), Commissioner of Mysore, 1834—1861.

73. *Gothic*.—in the pointed arch style prevalent in Europe in 12-16th centuries

74. *sanatorium*.—The correct word is ‘sanatorium’, a place with good climate, frequented by invalids
par. equality

Bacon de Augmentis.—The ‘De Augmentis Scientiarum’ was a Latin translation of his ‘Advancement of Learning.’

Tasse.—‘Jerusalem Delivered’, an epic in Italian.

76. *into the shape of half a crown*.—very thin and flat

Clarissa Harlowe—See note on *Grandison*, p. 196.

scoundrelly Lovelace—who is the cause of the heroine’s pining away.

Sir William Macnaghten, the hero and the victim—(1793—1841), Secretary to Lord William Bentinck, 1830—1833, later Minister to the Afghan court; nominated Governor of Bombay, 1841, meanwhile rebellion broke out in Afghanistan, and Macnaghten was, against the terms of truce, shot dead at Kabul, by the deposed Amir’s son, at a meeting with the chiefs to discuss the situation.

77. *garden of Eden*.—abode of Adam and Eve.

the Lusiad.—The Portuguese epic of Camoens (1524—1580), haunted by the melody of the Indian Ocean, celebrates the exploits of Portuguese heroes.

found his sister.—In June, Macaulay landed at Madras and went to Ootacamund, but his sister continued her voyage to Calcutta

78. *Charterhouse*.—A famous Public School *Haileybury College* was founded in 1805 by the East India Company for their Civil Service students.

79. *family oldest*.—traceable to the time of Henry III. and beyond.

80. *The Roman alphabet*.—Latin, English, French, etc. use this alphabet.

81. *dénouement*—unravelling, final solution, plot preconceived plan of novel, play, etc.

82. *the provinces*.—the 'motussil'.

83. *the Press*. . . supported by the *case hundred*. 'The newspapers at that time were all owned and managed by Europeans.

cannot have a free Government. Just then. In his 1833 speech, Macaulay had uttered the memorable words: "It may be that the public mind of India may expand under our system till it has outgrown that system, that by good Government we may educate our subjects into a capacity for better government, that, having become instructed in European knowledge, they may, in some future age, demand European institutions. Whether such a day will ever come I know not. But never will I attempt to avert or to retard it. Whenever it comes, it will be the proudest day in English history."

84. *Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic*. All are 'classical' (not spoken) languages.

many generations.—i.e. from Homer onwards.

85. *there are no books on any subject new to our own mind* philosophy.—Macaulay's arguments apply to 'science'. For the rest, they are due (as Johnson said on a famous occasion "to ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." See Radhakrishnan's 'Indian philosophy,' Vol. 2, p. 780. "Those who condemn Indian culture as useless are ignorant of it, while those who commend it as perfect are ignorant of any other . . . There is nothing wrong in absorbing the culture of other peoples; only we must enhance, raise and purify the elements we take over, fuse them with the best in our own."

farrier.—shoeing-smith, horse-doctor.

More (Henry).—(1614-1687), the Cambridge Platonist, Greek and Latin scholar.

Ischam (Roger).—(1515-1568), Author of 'The Scholemaster'; classical scholar and teacher at Cambridge, tutor to Princess Elizabeth and Queen Elizabeth.

Sanskrit literature. *Saxon and Norman*.—Macaulay wrote a hundred years ago, when Sanskrit was little known or studied outside India. His ignorance he shared with others, his assertiveness was his own.

86. *St. Nicholas*.—Hero of many legends; "brought back to life and wholeness the mangled members of two young men who had been hacked to death."

89. *Downing Street*.—Street in London containing some Government offices, hence, the government of the day

An *enthymeme* is a *sylogism* in which one of its premises is suppressed

oxymoron, e.g., "His honour rooted in dishonour stood,

And faith unfaithful made him falsely true."

apophysis.—sudden breaking-off in speech.

90. *Twice twenty years*.—this was written in 1876

91. *Fil James Stephen (Sir James)*—(1829—1894), [son of 'Mr Oversecretary Stephen' and grandson of James Stephen, of the 'Clapham Sect', all lawyers and writers], law member of the Viceroy's Council, 1869—1872, responsible for the Indian Evidence Act; English High Court judge 1879—1891; friend of Sir Henry Maine and Carlyle, acted for the Jamaica Committee against Governor Eyre (1867).

92. *Livingstone (Edward)*.—(1764—1836), American jurist and statesman, codified criminal law and procedure (1824) for use in Louisiana, but the State never adopted it. On the strength of this Code, Livingstone was called by Maine "the first legal genius of modern times."

Scribe.—(1791—1861), French playwright with a miraculous sense of the theatre, author of over 400 plays, popular, successful but not literary.

Saint Simon.—(1675—1755), French soldier and diplomatist, whose memoirs (very voluminous and here and there interesting) were published posthumously. "The goodness of the good parts is striking; but the road from fountain to fountain lies through a very dry desert."

levee. formal reception by King or Governor

ordinary. public meal provided at fixed time and place in tavern or cheap eating-house.

93. *Canning*—(1812—1862), Governor-General, 1856—1862; his wife died in the last months of his stay in India and he died a few months after his return to England.

Wilson (James).—(1805—1860), Finance Member of the Viceroy's Council, 1859—1860; died of dysentery in India.

94. *Thucydides*—Athenian historian, accurate, concise, philosophical; considered by Macaulay and many others, the greatest historian that ever lived.

95. *Euripides*.—the third great Attic tragedian, called by Aristotle 'the most tragic of poets'. Prof. Gilbert Murray's translations have popularised him among English readers.

Tories dissolved.. end of February.—Peel became premier in November 1834; Parliament was dissolved; in the new Parliament Peel confronted a hostile majority; Government was defeated six times within six weeks, and resigned in April 1835. [Macaulay's letter shows us the world before telegraphy.]

96. *Sophocles*.—the second great Attic tragedian, the central and the most perfect and the most Greek of the three dramatists. "Æschylus has an element of Hebrew grandeur, Euripides has elements of modern pathos and romance, Sophocles is pure Greek."

Protagoras, Hippias, Gorgias.—Sophists, interlocutors of Socrates, who makes fools of them [See Plato's Dialogues named after the three]

Roebuck—(1801—1879), politician, born at Madras, M.P. 1832—1837, 1841—1868 [Macaulay proved a good prophet.

Pratt—elected M. P. in 1830, 1834 and 1837; secretary to the Board of Control, 1834; died in 1839.

97. *run to the constitution*—of its members, the hours of sitting of Parliament are unearthly.

Charles Townshend.—(1725—1767), Chancellor of the Exchequer; said to be as eloquent as Burke.

Hume (David)—(1711—1776), philosopher and historian, 'Essays Moral and Political', 'Philosophical Essays', 'History of England', 6 vols.

Lord North—(1732—1792), Chancellor of the Exchequer; 'agent' of George III. (1770—1782)

Gibbon.—(1737—1794), historian, contemporary of Lord North.

Cratham (First Earl of—, William Pitt)—(1708—1778), Premier, great orator and war-minister.

Johnson—(1709—1784), 'lexicographer', contemporary of Cratham

98. *Pindar*.—Greek lyric poet, wrote triumphal odes on the winners of chariot races, etc.

Callimachus—Alexandrine poet, shows 'more labour and learning than genius'

Apollonius Rhodius.—Alexandrine poet and grammarian, pupil and, later, enemy of Callimachus. His chief work is the 'Argonautica'

Quintus Calaber—Quintus Smyrnaeus called Calaber because the only MS. of his epic was discovered in Calabria, the author of an epic in 14 books, a sort of sequel to the *Iliad*.

Theocritus—pastoral poet, his poems were 'pictures' ('idols') of the ordinary life of the common people of Sicily, hence 'idyllic'.

Herodotus.—Greek historian, delightful, but not accurate except where he speaks from his own observation; "the first talking voice which comes down to us through the ages."

Aristotle's Politics.—A masterly work in 8 books, on the ideas of a state, the various forms of Government and on Education.

Organon.—Aristotle's logical treatises; so called because logic is "an aid or instrument of all scientific thought."

Plutarch's Lives.—"Parallel Lives of Greeks and Romans", "no

work of antiquity has been so extensively read in modern times", a model biographer, he gives in each Life a real picture of the man and his times.

Lucian.—Greek writer (2nd century A.D.), author of the 'Dialogues of the Gods', 'Dialogues of the Dead', etc., witty satires on contemporary notions. To be distinguished from *Lucan*, Roman poet (1st century A.D.), author of 'Pharsalia', an epic of the war between Caesar and Pompey.

Themaeus.—Greek grammarian (3rd century A.D.), author of the 'Banquet of the Learned', anecdotes and extracts from previous writers.

Plautus.—Comic poet of Rome (3rd century B.C.), 'The Comedy of Errors' is based on one of his plays. 20 of his plays survive.

Terence.—Comic poet of Rome (2nd century B.C.), 6 of his plays survive.

Lucretius.—Roman poet; author of the one real 'philosophical poem' in the world, 'On the Nature of Things'. The world and all there is in it are explained without reference to the gods, in defence, according to Macaulay's notorious paradox, 'of the silliest and meanest system of natural and moral philosophy'.

Catullus.—greatest Roman lyric poet; master of many metres and many moods, love, sorrow, friendship, hatred. [See translation of him and of Horace by Sir William Marris.]

Tibullus.—Roman elegiac poet; writes on love and country life in homely and natural language.

Propertius.—another Roman elegiac poet; more passionate, but more harsh and obscure, than Tibullus.

Statius.—Roman epic poet, author of the 'Thebais'.

Silius Italicus.—Roman poet, author of a historical epic on the Second Punic War.

Livy.—Roman historian, patronised by Augustus.

Valerius Paternulus.—Roman historian, author of a compendium of universal history.

Sallust.—Roman historian, author of works on 'Catiline' and 'Jugurtha'.

Caesar (Julius).—statesman and general, author of 'The Commentaries' (in 10 books).

Cicero.—the orator, author of rhetorical and philosophical works and of 'Epistles'.

Aristophanes.—the great comic poet of Athens (5th—4th century B.C.).

100. *Lord Stafford*—(1593—1641), adviser of Charles I., executed on bill of attainder passed by both Houses, 1641.

the Prometheus—of Aeschylus.

101. *Schiller*.—(1759—1805), German dramatist, lyric poet, critic,

philosopher, his statue stands with Goethe's on one pedestal at Weimar.

Goethe.—(1749—1832), German poet, dramatist, critic, author of 'Faust'; the greatest name in German literature.

Nebuhr.—(1776—1831), a Danish German historian, the pioneer of 'Scientific history'.

Tieck.—(1773—1853), German 'romantic' poet, novelist, fairy-tale writer, etc.

Lessing.—(1729—1781), German critic and dramatist, Macaulay calls him 'beyond all dispute the first critic in Europe', his 'Laocoon, or the Limits of Painting and Poetry' (1766) founded the new and truer humanism taught by Goethe to Europe; it 'scoured the clogged and stagnant channels of neo-classicism by recurrence to the original fount'. See p. 105.

CHAPTER VII

105. *I have never written. . . if I had the power.*—See Note on *Prelude*, p. 198, on Lucretius, p. 209

'I am nothing if not critical', quoting Iago.

Walhelm Meister.—by Goethe.—See Book V. "Here is an oak-tree planted in a costly vase, which should have received into its bosom only lovely flowers, the roots spread out, the vase is shivered to pieces The impossible is required of him, not the impossible in itself, but the impossible to him"

Lockhart's book.—the Life of Scott, in seven volumes.

107. *the Revolution*.—1688. *Walpole's long administration*.—1721—1742. *the American War*.—1775—1777. *George III.* 1762—1830, King from 1820. See Introduction, §IV, p. xviii.

108. *Winckelmann*.—(1717—1768), German Hellenist; went to seek the origins of art, and the secret of style, in marbles and coins and other monuments of Greece and Rome, and saw 'noble simplicity and calm grandeur' as the marks of classical excellence.

109. *in Horatius*.—see stanza 5.

Chalons, Aulun.—towns in the east of France.

Genoa.—port in N. W. Italy.

110. *Boiardo*.—15th century Italian romance-writer. For the names of his chief characters, see *Paradise Regained* III, 338—43.

Michael Angelo.—(1475—1564) Italian painter, sculptor, architect, poet, 'the universal master of the Higher Fine Arts.'

Dante.—(1265—1321), the first great, and in some respects the greatest, poet of modern Europe; author of the 'Divine Comedy'.—Passionate lover of Italy and Florence, he was exiled from his native city for life. Hence 'his sufferings'.

Alfieri.—(1749—1803), Italian dramatist

Countess of Albany.—wife of Prince Charles Edward, the young Pretender.

Machiavel (li).—(1469—1527), Italian statesman and political philosopher. His 'Prince' is supposed to advocate unscrupulous statecraft, and his name has become a common word for duplicity.

Charge d' Affaires.—ambassador at a minor court.

Lord Melbourne.—(1779—1848), Prime Minister (for the second time), 1835—1841.

Rice (Spring).—(1790—1866), Chancellor of the Exchequer under Melbourne.

Judge Advocate.—an officer of the Crown in control of Courts Martial, from 1806 the officer was an M.P., and P.C., and a member of Government. The office ceased to be political in 1896.

111. *The Pantheon*.—built as a temple to Mars, Venus, etc. in 27 B.C., later used as a church. Its dome, 142 ft. in diameter and 142 ft. in height, is a solid, self-coherent mass.

Augustus.—the first Roman Emperor (B.C. 63—A.D. 14), the golden age of Latin literature was the Augustan.

Vatican.—Palace of the Pope (on the Vatican hill in Rome).

Bodleian.—the great Oxford Library, founded by Sir Thomas Bodley (1545—1613).

112. *Raphael*.—(1483—1520), the great Italian painter.

Demosthenes.—the greatest of Athenian orators—in spite of his weak voice and stammer. By his unwearied exertions, he overcame all obstacles, and acquired enormous influence, and used it for the good of his country.

Æschines.—Athenian orator, contemporary of Demosthenes.

Julius.—Caesar.

'Horatius'.—one of the 'Lays of Ancient Rome' which Macaulay was at this time composing.

posterity. . . *my book die*.—cf. Milton 'something so written to aftertimes as they should not willingly let it die'

Levites.—a tribe which supplied the priests' assistants in Jewish temples.

Mary. . . *Martha*.—See St. Luke x 38—42 Martha was cumbered about much serving and was careful and troubled about many things, Mary sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word.

Civita Vecchia.—a port on the west coast of Italy.

Goulburn (Henry).—(1784—1856), Tory M.P. from 1831—1856, friend and executor of Peel.

CHAPTER VIII

114. *the house shut up*.—as a sign of mourning.

115. *Abercromby (James)*.—(1776—1858). M.P. for Calne (1812—1830), for Edinburgh, 1832, Judge Advocate; speaker of the

House of Commons, 1835-1839; raised to the peerage as Baron Dunfermline

116. *Chre*.—The Essay appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' of January 1840

117. *Melbourne*.—Prime Minister, 1835--41.

119. *Hunt's Book*.—An edition of the Restoration Dramatists, Congreve, Wycherley, etc., with introduction by Leigh Hunt

Jeremy Collier.—In 1698, published 'A Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English stage', being a protest against Restoration Comedy. See Lamb's Essay 'On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century', Palmer's 'Comedy of Manners', Dobree's 'Restoration Comedy'. The Rev. Montagu Summers says: "Jeremy Collier's hysterical screamings and scoldings were to some degree perpetuated by being condensed in the rapid and lack-lustre philippics of one who was both podant and pug, T. B. Macaulay"

120. *The Rohilla War* -1773, Hastings assisted the Nawab of Oude against the Rohillas.

Francis (Sir Philip).—(1740-1818), enemy of Hastings on the Governor-General's Council.

Coalition of North and Fox, Whigs and Tories, 1783

The India Bill.—1783

The impeachment - 1788-95.

121. *Mens æqua in arduis*. - A mind equable amidst difficulties.

Mill (James) - in his "History of India."

Sir Thomas Munro.—(1761-1827), Governor of Madras.

Gladstone. - early learned. - He was then in his 32nd year

122. *Virginius, Lake Regillus* - 'Lays of Ancient Rome'

123. *Accession*. - *Hanover* 1714, when George I. became King of England.

CHAPTER IX

126. *terra incognita*. - unknown region

Senior.—(1790-1864), Professor of Political Economy at Oxford; contributor to the 'Edinburgh Review'.

coming out in America . . . to see trash inserted in my writings . . .

At that time there was no international copyright

127. *Exhibition* - Annual, the best pictures of the year.

Gallery - Permanent; the best pictures of all time.

Titian - (1477-1576), called 'The Divine', a great painter, the representative of the Venetian school.

Claude.—(1600-1682), French landscape painter

Fonblanque (Hbany) - (1793-1872), Radical Journalist; wrote to the 'Times', the 'Westminster Review', the 'Examiner', editor of the 'Examiner'; his best articles were republished in 1837 with the title 'England under Seven Administrations'

Pascal.—(1623-1662), Author of 'Lettres Provinciales', master

of grave temperate irony and of a prose of shining clearness, 'one of the greatest writers who have lived upon the earth'.

precept in the Gospel—St Luke xiv 8—11

128. *Lord Londonderry*.—(1778—1854), soldier and diplomatist.

129. *Prof. Wilson*—(1785—1854), a staunch Tory.

Now, by our sire Quirinus, etc—See stanza xxxvi of the 'Battle of Lake Regillus'. (B C 498. The Romans defeated the Latins).

Quirinus—Another name for Mars.

131. *this period of his political career*—1841—1846, when he was in opposition

132. *Hansard*.—official report of the proceedings of Parliament.

The Loire—runs from east to west; Orleans is over 200 miles, and Angers about 50 miles, east of Nantes; all three towns being on the Loire

Chartres—north of Orleans

133. *St Peter's*—in Rome.

St. Paul's—in London.

article—on Bertrand Barere in the 'Edinburgh Review' for April 1841

Barere—(1755—1841), lawyer and politician, the most notorious Member of the French National Convention. Macaulay's essay on him is "eloquent, but inaccurate."

CHAPTER X

134. *Lord John Russell*—(1792—1878), great Liberal statesman, advocated Reform, 1832, supported repeal of Corn Laws, 1845; Premier, 1846; attempted to alleviate conditions in Ireland and removed Jewish disabilities, 1848, resigned 1852; Cabinet Minister, off and on till 1865

Joseph Hume.—(1777—1855), Radical politician, P.C., F.R.S., in India, as Surgeon and interpreter, 1797—1807

135. *Ultra-Tory Ministry*.—which would retain the Corn Laws (This passage shows the limits which Macaulay set to his party-loyalty. On a question of national importance, he would support the leader of the Conservative Party. He would accept office only for the sake of any power for good which it might confer)

136. *Grey*.—(1790—1882), Home Secretary under Lord John Russell (1846—52); under Lord Palmerston (1855—58 and 1861—66).

Lord Palmerston.—(1784—1865), for several long periods Foreign Secretary; 1830—41, 1846—50, etc; Prime Minister twice. In 1845, both Grey and Palmerston wanted the Foreign Secretaryship. Hence, Lord John's failure to form a Cabinet

course which I have taken—In a speech in Parliament, Macaulay had severely criticised Peel for his inconsistency. Public men, especially those in power, ought to be sternly judged in frequent

'retrospects' of their public conduct. Lomty is immoral because it would ruin the standards of public life.

the landowners—who wanted to retain the Corn Laws and so keep up the price of corn.

137. *coup-de-grace*.—finishing stroke

Sir Culling Kerdley Smith—his rival

take the Chiltern Hundreds—resign seat in the House of Commons. [The Chiltern Hundreds are a Crown Manor, the administration of it is nominally an office under the Crown and requires the vacation (otherwise illegal) of the seat.]

139. *Hugh Miller*.—(1802 -1856), stone-mason, self-made man of letters and geologist; author of 'Footprints of the Creator'.

140. *broadside* (or broadsheet).—large sheet of paper printed on one side only.

Modern Athens.—Edinburgh, considered (by Scotchmen) the home of modern culture.

Aytoun—poet, and Professor of Rhetoric at Edinburgh.

Voluntaries.—Those who hold that the Church should be independent of the State and supported by voluntary contributions.

CHAPTER XI

142. *Craig* (*James Gibson*)—of Edinburgh, an ardent Whig.

143. *Lord Carlisle*—(1802 -1864), statesman and author; Viceroy of Ireland

Hallam (*Henry*)—historian, author of 'A Constitutional History of England' and 'The Literature of Europe'.

Everett (*James*).—miscellaneous writer; founder of the Methodist Free Church.

Mahon (*Lord*).—(1805 -1875), historian.

Milnes—(*Lord Houghton*)—(1809 -1885), traveller, statesman and author

Philip—King of Macedonia

Alexander, the Great. Son of Philip. Demosthenes, the orator, was the leader of the popular party in Athens and spoke against the foreigners in his 'Philippics'.

Dr. Holland.—(afterwards Baronet), F.R.S., physician in ordinary to Queen Victoria.

Milman.—Dean of St Paul's, historian

David Dundas (*Sir*)—O.C., statesman.

Rowland Hill—(1744-1833), a witty preacher, who had his own chapel in London

144. *Lord Aberdeen*.—(1784 -1860), statesman, Secretary for War, Foreign Secretary, etc.

Mrs Siddons.—(1755-1831), actress, daughter of Roger Kemble; she first appeared as Lady Macbeth in 1785; her final performance was as Lady Macbeth in 1812.

Senior Wrangler.—person placed first in the first class in the mathematical tripos at Cambridge, (now the names in the class list are *not* arranged in order of merit).

neces.—Margaret and Alice (Mis. Stratford Dugdale).

my sister.—Margaret, (Macaulay's 'Baba',) daughter of Sir Charles Trevelyan, married in 1858 Sir Henry Holland, who in 1888 was raised to the peerage as Baron Knutsford. Lady Knutsford has written the Life of Zachary Macaulay.

145. *Baba*.—pet name of a child (Indian word).

146. *Paul*.—in 'Dombey and Son'.

the last five books.—of the Iliad. Macaulay says in his journal August 19, 1851: "I walked far into Herefordshire, and read while walking, the last five books of the Iliad, with deep interest and many tears. I was afraid to be seen crying by the parties of walkers that met me; crying for Achilles cutting off his hair, crying for Priam rolling on the ground in the courtyard of his house. . ."

Monomotapa—a Bantu word, found in Portuguese maps of the sixteenth century onwards and applied to an extensive region in South East Africa.

hardly.—by hard work.

147. *William's reign*.—1688—1702.

Londonderry—in Ireland, besieged by James II's forces, April to August 1689

the Boyne—river in Ireland. Here, on July 1, 1690, William defeated James.

Aghrim.—in Ireland, William defeated James, 1691

Limerick—in Ireland, terrible siege and final surrender to William, 1691.

Kinsale—in Ireland, James II landed 1689, taken by Marlborough, 1690.

Namur.—in Belgium; held by the French, 1701—1712, bombarded by the Allies, 1704.

Landen, Steinkirk—Victories for the French, 1693, 1692

Lambeth—palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

148. *Glencoe*—in Scotland; the massacre of the Macdonalds took place on February 13, 1692 (Macaulay's account of this massacre is one of the most famous passages in his History; this passage was written, revised and re-written and took nineteen days to finish.)

Plataea.—was besieged for two years (B.C. 429—427) by the Thebans. Macaulay describes the siege of Londonderry as well as Thucydides describes that of Plataea.

152. *Sir James Graham*.—(1792—1861), statesman; Whig M.P. for many years; refused Lord John Russell's offer of the Governor-Generalship of India, 1847, and other offices.

CHAPTER XII

153. *Black (Idam)*—See pp. 138, 165, 186, and note at p. 219.

154. *since the days of Waverley*—The sale of Scott's novels broke all previous records; of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, 7,000 copies were sold in London alone in nine hours on the first day it was available for sale.

Footle (Samuel).—Eighteenth century actor and dramatist.

Behemoth.—(See Job xl. 15-24, the water-box, hippopotamus)

Tussaud.—who owned the Waxworks

Pantheon.—(lit. temple of all the gods), collection of figures of illustrious people.

is dead.—but the waxworks still go on.

155. *bring*.—benefice

156. *the professorship*.—of Modern History at Cambridge

Stephen (Sir James).—(1789-1859), Under-secretary for Colonies (called 'Over-secretary' from his influence), he was Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, 1840-1859. (See p. 207.)

Kemble (J. M.).—(1807-1857), philologist and historian, studied under Jacob Grimm in Germany; edited *Brown's*, better in Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge

157. *Lovelace*.—accomplished rake, (from a character in 'Clarissa Harlowe')

in Ireland—where he made notes for his account of the Irish war. (See p. 148.)

Wolfe Tone.—(1763-1798), Irish republican and agitator against the English government; author of pamphlets and 'journals', was condemned to death, and being refused a soldier's execution committed suicide

158. *the Trades*.—between 30° North and 30° South latitudes.

But wherefore thou . . . loose.—Book iv, 916-17.

end of the conversation.—end of Book vii

West (Benjamin).—(1738-1820), once a popular historical painter.

Barry (James).—(1741-1806), painter, friend of Burke.

Colosseum.—Vespasian's amphitheatre, the mightiest Roman ruin.

160. *Charleston*.—in America.

Coraggio.—(Ital.) courage

161. *ancestor . . . predecessor*.—James II's line ended with Anne (1714). Victoria's 'ancestors' were George I and James I.

164. *auld . . . ye . . . ain*.—(Scottish) old . . . you . . . own.

Abbotsford.—Sir Walter Scott's place.

CHAPTER XIII

166. *high and rigid bearing*.—e.g., he refused to give a pledge demanded of him by the Scottish Reformation Society.

Coriolanus.—(legendary) hero of ancient Rome, who, on account of his haughty bearing, was unpopular among the com-

mons and so was rejected in the Consular elections. (See Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, II, iii.)

167. *Bright (Richard)*.—(1789—1858), F. R. S., Physician, discoverer of 'Bright's disease'.

Clifton.—in the West of England

168. *Monk (James Henry)*.—(1784—1856), fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Regius Professor of Greek, Bishop of Gloucester (1830—1856).

169. *Master of the Rolls*.—Judge of Court of Appeal with charge of certain public records; the only judicial officer who, before 1873, could sit in the House of Commons.

the House.—would be thin, because the *Committees* (smaller bodies composed of members of the House) were also sitting.

170. *Treasury Bench*.—front bench on the right hand of the Speaker (Chanman), occupied by Ministers.

Grisi (Giulia).—(1811—1862), an Italian opera-singer, a great favourite both in London and in the continental capitals.

171. *in 1873*—by the Supreme Court of Judicature Act of 1873.

Close service—service not open to all

172. *Whitehall*.—Secretariat offices in London, (Government offices generally).

Somerset House—offices of the Inland Revenue in London

Clive's second administration—i.e. third period of service in India, 1765—66. [Clive was in India (1) 1744—53; (2) 1755—60; (3) 1765—66]

173. *Sir Charles Wood*.—(1800—1885), then President of the Board of Control, later 1859—66, Secretary of State for India

Earl of Derby.—(1799—1869), thrice premier, brilliant speaker, 'the Rupert of debate,' classical scholar and sportsman, translated the *Iliad*.

Ellenborough—(1790—1871), Governor-General of India from 1841 till his recall in 1844

those pursuits which constitute a liberal education—See Macaulay's speech on the India Bill of 1833.—"It is said, I know, that examinations in Latin, in Greek and in mathematics are no tests of what men will prove to be in after life. I am perfectly aware that they are not infallible tests; but that they are tests I confidently maintain. Look at every walk of life, at this House, at the other House, at the Bar, at the Church, and see whether it be not true that those who attain high distinction in the world were generally men who were distinguished in their academic career Whatever be the languages, whatever be the sciences, which it is, in any age or country, the fashion to teach, the persons who become the greatest proficient in those languages and those sciences will generally be the flower of the youth, the most acute, the most industrious, the most ambitious of honourable distinctions." (Even if the Ptolemaic system or the

Cherokee language or astrology were taught, the young men who showed most proficiency in these subjects would in after life turn out to be superior men.

arrangiers—were persons placed in the first class, and *amoy optimes*, persons placed in the third class, in the mathematical tripos at Cambridge.

Montague (Charles)—(1st Earl of Halifax, (1661-1715), fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; friend of Newton; Chancellor of the Exchequer.

St. John (Viscount Bolingbroke, (1678-1751), received Doctor's degree at Oxford, 1702; Secretary of State, orator, and author of 'The Patriot King.'

Westminster.—Public School in London.

171. *Metcalfes*.—(1785-1846), went to Bengal, 1800; acting Governor-General, 1835-6, Governor of Jamaica and Governor-General of Canada.

Wellesley. (1760-1842), excellent classical scholar; student of Christ Church, Oxford, Governor-General of India, 1797-1805.

Pass examination.—Qualifying examination, in which all candidates obtaining a certain percentage of the marks are 'pass' or 'qualified' for the degree or appointment. This is distinct from a 'competitive examination' in which only the persons right at the top are chosen to the number required. In the former, many candidates strive only for the minimum and do themselves less than justice; in the latter, every candidate tries to excel every other and thus does the very best work of which he is capable.

177. *Momentous*.—The Crimean War, 1854-6.

179. *Tauchnitz*—the continental publisher.

CHAPTER XIV

182. *St. James's Square*.—a square in London.

Henry VIII—(1491-1547), King from 1509.

Elizabeth.—(1533-1603), Queen from 1558.

Richard II.—(1367-1400), 'King' from 1377.

Henry IV.—(1367-1413), King from 1399.

Sydney.—in N.S.W., Australia, and *Toronto*—in Canada, are new and rising cities compared with the ancient city of London.

184. *Harrow*.—Public School.

piece of gold.—gold coins were then in common use.

history of . . . sciences—See II. 430-510 of Æschylus's 'Prometheus'; arithmetic, writing, 'sage Memory, that wonder-worker, mother of the Muse,' the use of the horse and the sailing ship, medicine, the use of fire and metals, Prometheus gave all these arts to men.

185. *Isocrates*.—the Athenian orator; his orations were intended to be read, not spoken; he influenced the prose of Cicero and so that of Milton and other moderns.

sad about India.—The Sepoy Mutiny was then at its worst
Delhi and Cawnpore.—then being besieged by the mutineers.

186. *Lucknow relieved.*—by Outram and Havelock, after a terrible siege of 87 days.

The old dotard.—Bahadur Shah II, the titular King of Delhi, proclaimed Emperor of Hindustan during the Mutiny, was hunted out by Hodson, a fierce leader of irregular horse, and sent to Rangoon, where he ended his days in exile.

Adam Black.—(1784—1874), politician and publisher of Edinburgh; ('Adam and Charles Black'), Liberal M.P., acquired copyrights of 'Encyclopædia Britannica' 1827, and of Scott's novels, 1851. For his friendly feeling, see pp. 138, 165.

187. *Atterbury*—(1662—1732), Bishop of Rochester, banished for his Jacobite activities. These five articles are really Macaulay's most 'serious and deliberate' essays, in them he is far less rhetorical than in the *Edinburgh*; now he writes, instead of quating on paper.

188. *scholasts*—commentators

189. *Sterne (Lawrence)*—(1713—1768), novelist; author of 'Tristram Shandy', etc.

Fildring (Henry)—(1707—1754), novelist; author of 'Tom Jones', etc.

Horace Walpole—(1717—1797), famous letter-writer, see p. 195
five sister novels—*Sense and Sensibility*, *Mansfield Park*, *Emma*, *Northanger Abbey*, *Persuasion*

At *Winchester*, Jane Austen died and is buried

the old friends in *glory and in obscurity*—quoted from M.'s Essay on Bacon

190. *Gibbon*—in his 'Autobiography' commemorates his obligations to his aunt Mrs Porten "to her kind lessons I ascribe my early and invincible love of reading, which I would not exchange for the treasures of India"

CHAPTER XV

192. *Dr. Guthrie.*—(1803—1873), preacher and philanthropist; joined the Free Church, 1843, followed by most of his congregation; apostle of ragged schools and of temperance.

no easy matter.—because he himself ordered elaborate dinners.

194. *Garrick.*—(1717—1779), actor; pupil and friend of Dr. Johnson; he was the last actor to be buried at Westminster Abbey.

Handel—(1685—1759), musical composer.

Gay.—(1685—1732), poet and dramatist; author of *Fables*, *Trivia*, and *The Beggars Opera*

'His body is buried . . . evermore'—from *Ecclesiasticus*, chap. 44.

EXERCISES

1. Trevelyan was Macaulay's nephew. Would this fact have helped or hindered him in his work as a biographer?
2. Do you think M. was a good subject for a biography? Compare Johnson, Burns, Carlyle, etc.
3. M. thought that Cicero was "at the head of the minds of the second order". How far would this description fit M. himself?
4. M. claimed that Addison was both a great writer and a great administrator. Could the claim be sustained for M. himself?
5. M. has been condemned as a poor philosopher and as a poor critic of art and poetry. What is your view?
6. M. claimed none of the 'privileges and responsibilities of genius'. Consider how his conduct is a model to a son, a brother, an uncle, a master, a customer, a citizen and a party-politician.
7. It has been said that Memory is an enemy of the Imagination. Do you think that M. would have been a better writer, if he had had a weaker memory?
8. Give instances of M.'s extraordinary powers of memory.
9. Write essays on (i) M.'s precocity; (ii) M.'s love of reading and of books; (iii) the influence of Zachary M. and 'the Clapham Sect' on the life and work of M.; (iv) M.'s reading while in India; (v) The permanent value of the work that M. did in India; (vi) M.'s public life before he left for India; (vii) M.'s political career after his return from India; (viii) M.'s oratory and its effect; (ix) M.'s conduct as a politician (1) in office and (2) out of office; (x) M. as an electioneer; (xi) M.'s articles in the *Edinburgh Review*; (xii) M.'s essays in 'the *Encyclopædia Britannica*'; (xiii) M. as a historian; (xiv) M.'s *Fays of Ancient Rome*; (xv) Open competition for the Civil Service; (xvi) The distinction between Competitive and Pass examinations; (xvii) M.'s domestic life and his treatment of relations and servants; (xviii) M.'s generosity in money matters; (xix) M.'s attitude to children; (xx) Mr. Ellis; (xxi) M.'s tender-heartedness and sensibility; (xxii) M. and Edinburgh; (xxiii) M.'s continental tours; (xxiv) M.'s popularity; (xxv) M.'s methods of work; (xxvi) M.'s style.
10. Write short notes on (i) M.'s school days; (ii) The Reform Bill of 1832; (iii) Lady Holland; (iv) Sydney Smith; (v) 'Claissa Harlowe'; (vi) The West India Bill of 1833; (vii) Croker; (viii) The I. P. C.; (ix) India a hundred years ago; (x) Trinity College, Cambridge; (xi) 'Windsor Castle'; (xii) M.'s views on architecture; (xiii) M.'s estimate of Scott; (xiv) Sir Charles Trevelyan; (xv) M.'s conversation; (xvi) M.'s marginalia; (xvii) M.'s literary preferences; (xviii) The reasons which led M. to accept his Indian appointment; (xix) The reasons which led M. first to refuse and then to permit the publication of a collected edition of his articles in the *Edinburgh Review*; (xx) The relative advantages of a literary and a political life.

